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THE NEW YORKER

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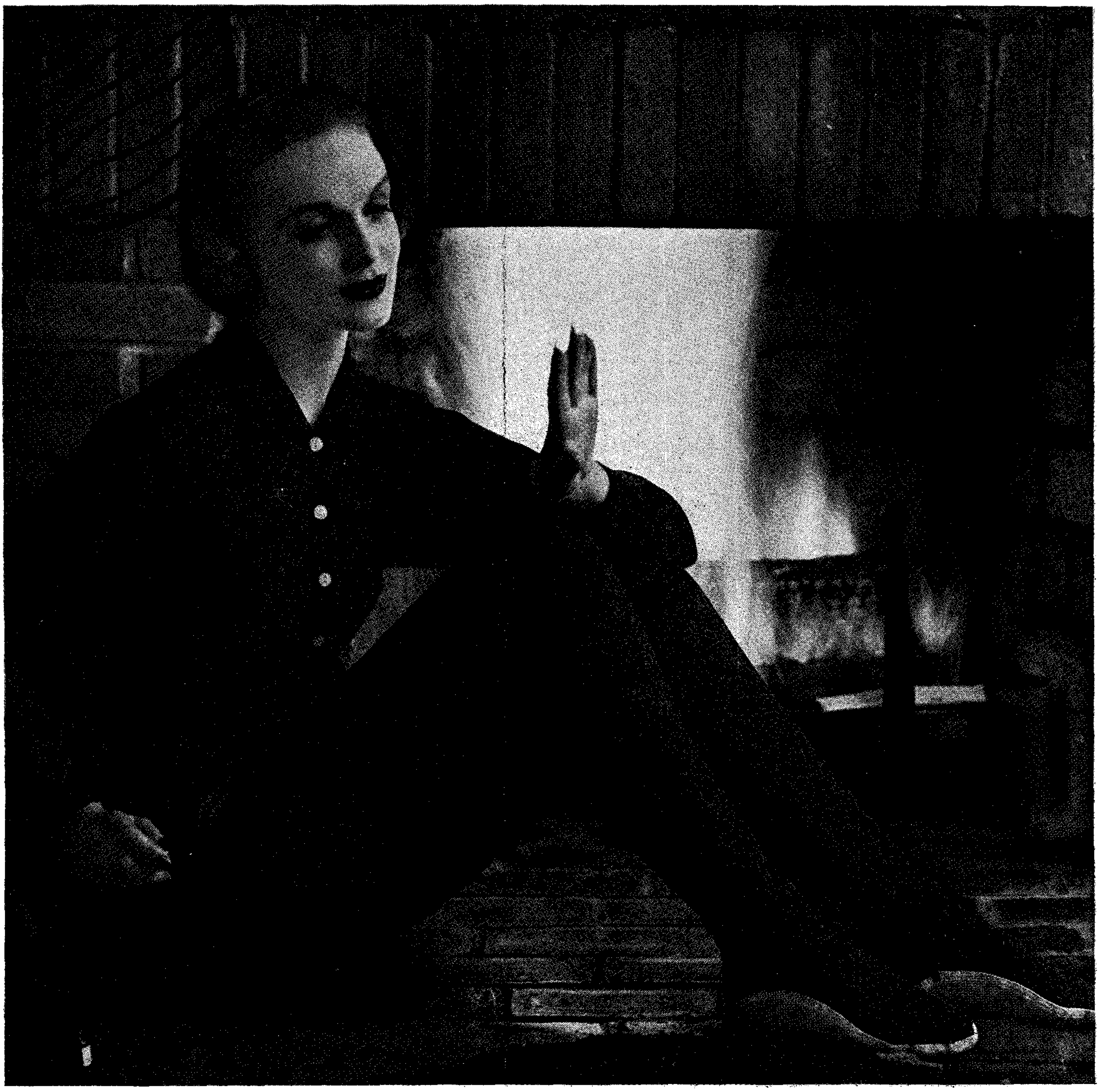

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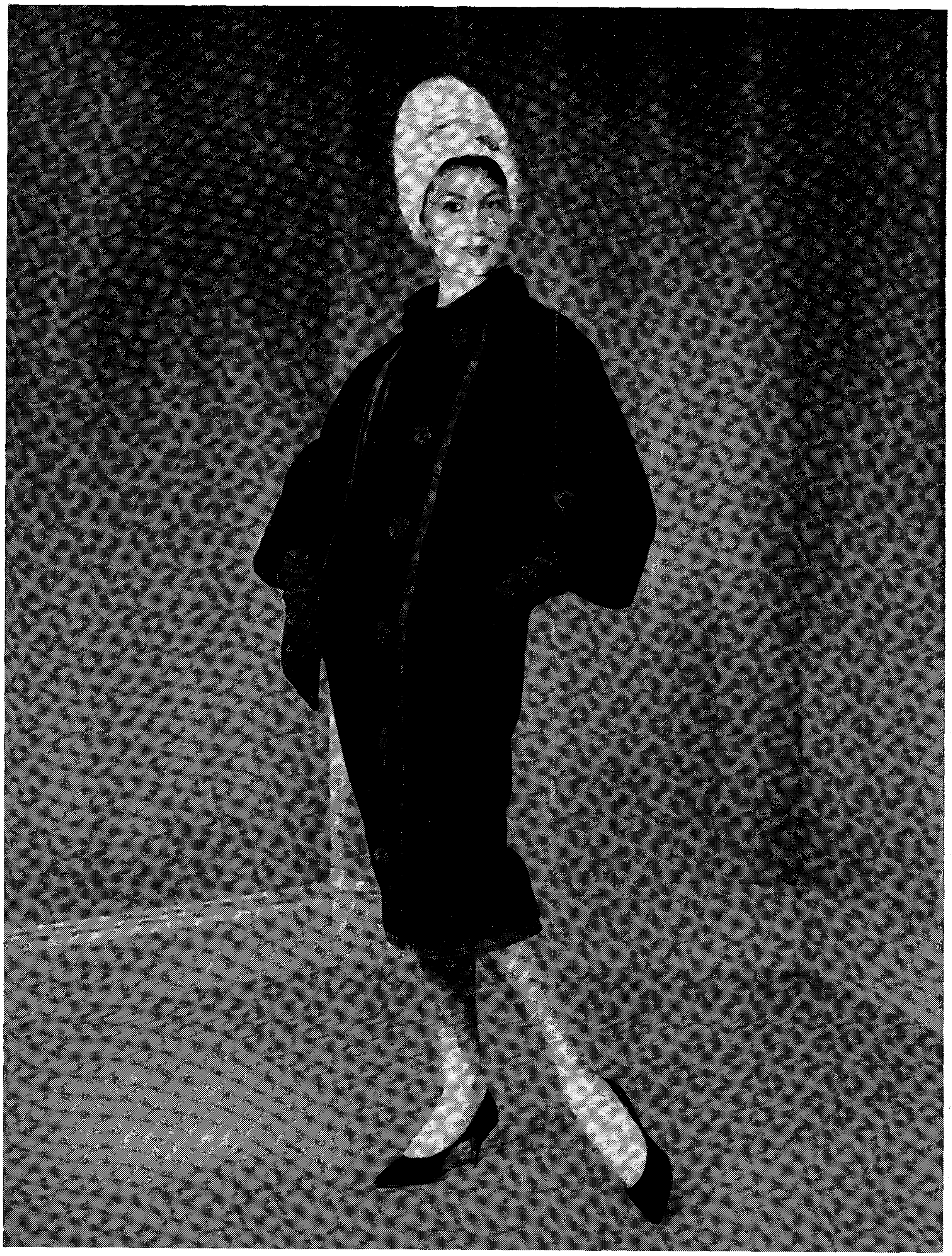

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cave Dwellers—While a good deal of William Saroyan's play about love among the lost is charming, a lot more of it may strike you as rather tiresome, shapeless, and familiar. The cast, directed by Carmen Capalbo, is headed by Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, Wayne Morris, and Susan Harrison. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Compulsion—This adaptation of Meyer Levin's novel based on the Loeb-Leopold case is crowded and eventful, but its literary merit is at best debatable. Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, Michael Constantine, and Howard Da Silva are prominent in the enormous cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Fair Game—Sam Levene and several subsidiary wolves pursue a virtuous divorcée through the wastes of the garment district in this comedy (by Sam Locke), which owes a large measure of its success to Mr. Levene's wonderfully funny performance. Among those associated with him are Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—John Osborne's play about a young Englishman in rebellion against his world is moving, sardonic, and brilliantly performed. The cast, directed by Tony Richardson, is composed of Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Monique—This melodrama is derived from the same French novel that provided the fine film called "Diabolique," but neither the adaptation nor the performances are very satisfactory. Shepard Traube directed a cast that is headed by Patricia Jessel, Denholm Elliott, and Percy Waram. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Nature's Way—Although Herman Wouk is strongly prejudiced against a lot of things, including Southern playwrights, tranquilizers, and interior decoration, the jokes about them in this comedy are a little wan. Orson Bean, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Audrey Christie are in the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Nude with Violin—Noël Coward's comedy, in which he stars with all his old, tremendous skill, is based on the supposition that modern art is largely the work of idiots and children, and the humor is correspondingly tedious and primitive. The cast, directed by the author, includes Morris Carnovsky, Joyce Carey, and Luba Malina. The set, a Paris studio, was designed by Oliver Smith. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Romance and assorted uproars in a mythical kingdom dreamed up by Peter Ustinov, who also portrays the hero of the play. Mr. Ustinov is both funny and energetic, and he will probably make you condone an occasional torpid moment. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Square Root of Wonderful—The answer to this mathematical proposition, posed by Carson McCullers, turns out to be a dreary account of a woman's efforts to reach emotional maturity. Anne Baxter, Jean Dixon, Philip Abbott, and William Smithers are in the cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes gives another of her incomparable performances in this translation of Jean Anouilh's enchanting comedy about an eccentric old duchess, a melancholy prince, and a pretty little milliner. Oliver Smith and Miles White designed the first-rate sets and costumes; Vernon Duke composed the effective incidental music; and among the others in the cast are Glenn Anders, Sig Arno, and Frederic Warriner. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**AUNTIE MAME:** Rosalind Russell is the heroine of this comedy taken from Patrick Dennis's novel. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Eugene O'Neill's study of his youth, with Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.) . . . **THE TUNNEL OF LOVE:** Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. Tom Ewell is the hero, a badgered cartoonist. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET:** Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman (Cyril Ritchard) who drops in on a Virginia household. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, and Joan Blondell in a play by Morton Wishengrad. Staged by Peter Hall and presented by the Playwrights' Company and Gilbert Miller. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—A tale of old West India, featuring the very personable Lena Horne, who sings some excellent ballads but is defeated in the long pull by a book that is somewhat witless. Harold Arlen composed the music, E. Y. Harburg the lyrics, and Mr. Harburg and Fred Saidy the libretto, and Oliver Smith and Miles White are responsible, respectively, for the sets and costumes. The choreography is the work of Jack Cole. Appearing along with Miss Horne are Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.)

New Girl in Town—Thelma Ritter is enormously funny and Gwen Verdon is remarkably agile and lyrical in this musical version of O'Neill's "Anna Christie," put together by George Abbott. The songs, most of which are admirable, are the work of Bob Merrill. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rumple—This offering would be unbearable if it weren't for Eddie Foy and a couple of appetizing girls, and even with them it doesn't amount to much. Irving Phillips wrote the book, and Ernest G. Schweikert and Frank Reardon turned out the music and lyrics, in that order. The cast, directed by Jack Donohue, includes Gretchen Wyler, Stephen Douglass, Lois O'Brien, and Barbara Perry. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

West Side Story—This story of love and violence among uptown teen-agers vaguely follows the pattern of "Romeo and Juliet," and, if it is not especially moving or always plausible, it makes a lively evening. Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the generally successful dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, and Carol Lawrence. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** Judy Holliday as a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The cast also includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **HAPPY HUNTING:** Ethel Merman in a show that

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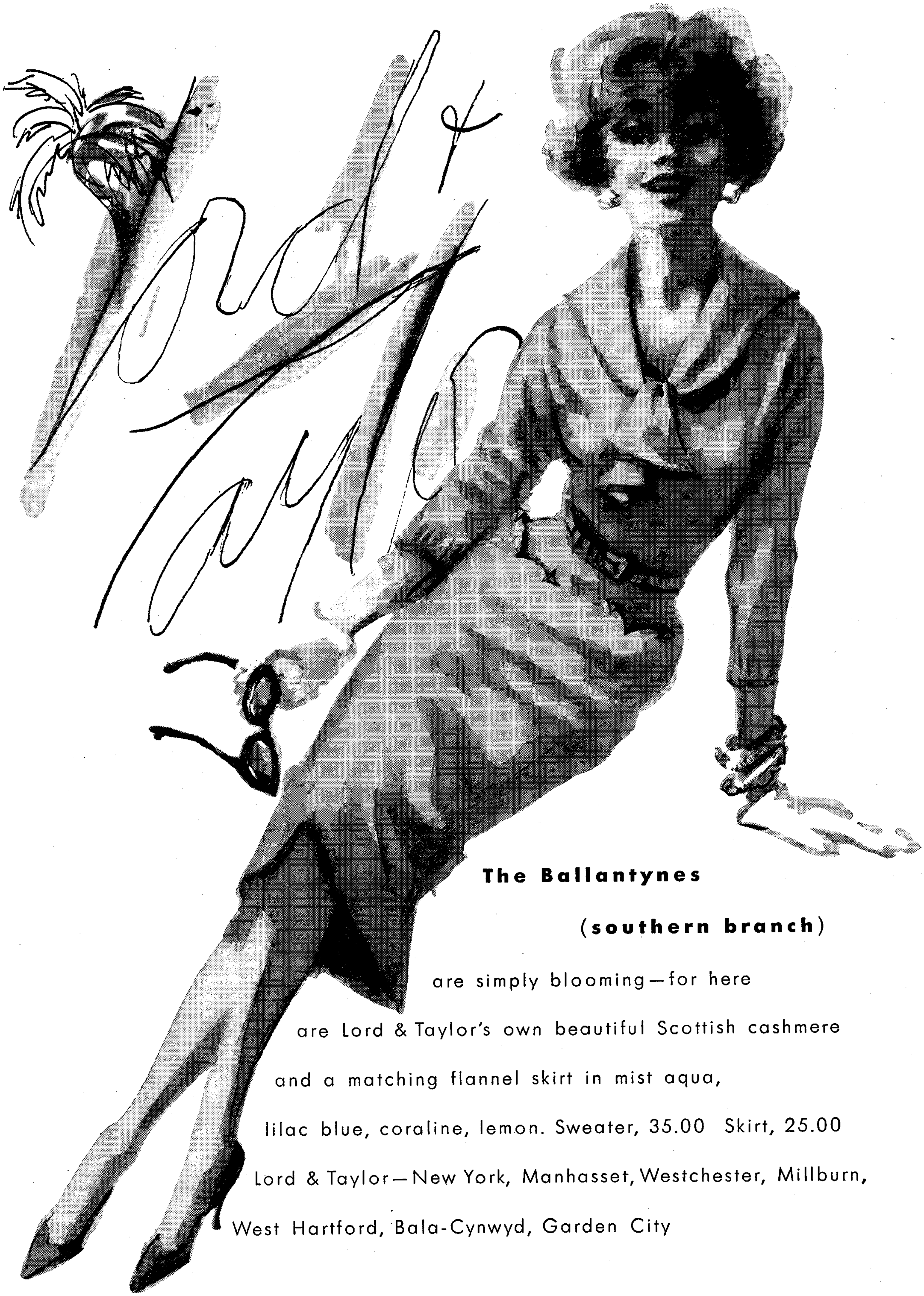

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** An adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip. With Joyce Gladmond, Peter Palmer, Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **THE MOST HAPPY FELLA:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Betty Oakes, Art Lund, and Helon Blount are in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 27, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Closes Saturday, Dec. 14.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Reginald Denny. Edward Mulhare will replace Mr. Harrison starting Friday, Nov. 29. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

THE COUNTRY WIFE—Julie Harris, Laurence Harvey, and Pamela Brown in William Wycherley's Restoration comedy. Directed by George Devine and presented by the Playwrights' Company, Malcolm Wells, and Daniel Blum. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 27. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL—A play by Ketti Frings, based on Thomas Wolfe's novel, with Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith. The director is George Roy Hill and the producers are Kermit Bloomgarden and Theatre 200, Inc. Opens Thursday, Nov. 28. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

ACTORS PLAYHOUSE—Charles Aidman in "Career," a play by James Lee. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, Nov. 22: "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria Rusticana." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

BARBIZON-PLAZA THEATRE—Noël Coward's musical play "Conversation Piece," with Joan Copeland, René Paul, and Sarah Burton. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Humphrey Davis and Brendan Burke. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

CRICKET THEATRE—Vicki Cummings and Barbara Baxley in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden," a comedy written by Meade Roberts and directed by Warren Enters. Previews Thursday through Monday, Nov. 21-25, at 8:40. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 26. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

HECKSCHER THEATRE—The New York Shakespeare Festival production of "Richard III," directed by Stuart Vaughan and with George C. Scott in the title role. Previews Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 8:30. Benefit performance for the New York Shakespeare Festival on Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30; for tickets call SA 2-4008. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 25. (Heckscher Theatre, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Opening-night curtain at 7:45; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30. Free tickets, except for the benefit, can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Eva Le Gallienne, Irene Worth, and Max Adrian in Schiller's "Mary Stuart," adapted by Jean Stock Goldstone and John Reich, and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Eileen Herlie in Karel Capek's melodrama "The Makropoulos Secret," adapted and directed by Mr. Guthrie. Previews Friday through Monday, Nov. 29-Dec. 2, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525.)

RENATA THEATRE—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with songs by him and David Martin, and with Melvin Stewart at the head of the cast. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3:45 and 8.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

THEATRE EAST—Three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." Thursday and Friday at 8:40; Saturday at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sunday at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24. . . . ¶ "The Will and the Way," an Irish comedy by Michael Molloy. Previews Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8:40, and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:40. Opens officially on Monday, Dec. 2. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, Nov. 21: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance" (première), "Pastorale," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 22: "Divertimento No. 15," "Con Amore," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 23: "Interplay," "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Dix," "Pastorale," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 24: "Con Amore," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 24: "Fanfare," "Square Dance," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 26: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Pied Piper." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 27: "Orpheus," "Agon" (preview), and "Apollo." (A benefit for the March of Dimes; for tickets, call CO 5-7460.) . . . ¶ Friday matinée, Nov. 29: "Serenade," "Souvenirs," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 29: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 30: "Concerto Barocco," "Firebird," "Pas de Dix," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 30: "Divertimento No. 15," "Firebird," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Pied Piper." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 19.)

BHASKAR AND SASHA—A program of the dances and music of India. (Carnegie Recital Hall, CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:40.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM—With his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

COLUMBIA THEATRE ASSOCIATES—As their first offering this season, the group will do the Elizabethan comedy "Eastward Ho," by George Chapman, Ben Jonson, and John Marston. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2135. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, at 8:40, and Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a cityscape of dazzle without razzle, murmurs sedate dinner music until ten; then it's on with the dance, led by Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Am Tel & Tel 163½, up ¼; Gen Motors pf 102¼, up ⅜; U S Steel pf 136½, up ½. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra keep any curiosity seekers from hearing what the customers and the customers' men are saying.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Things get a bit table-d'hôte when the Cotillion Room's choir of violinists, overcome by the beauty of the music they're making, break into song; things get a lot better when the fiddlers turn out waltzes and a band led by Joseph Ricardel lets loose its bouncy fox trots. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, goes on humming music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Now you, too, can see a Las Vegas opening night—Hollywood starlet (Marie McDonald), underdone lyrics, overdone orchestrations, and miles of intramural badinage. To lead you safely home to little old small-town New York, there is Ted Straeter, presiding officer of the Persian Room, as well as owner of the world's noblest dinner jacket, a richly

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ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra, its saxophones fainting in those famous coils, is bringing its annual consignment of sweetness and light to the Grill, where it is on duty at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Elysian field days (or, rather, nights) are available in the Maisonette, where the dinner and supper oratorios are executed by Fernanda Montel, a dashing figure of a *femme du monde*, whose insouciant lyrics deal with the problems of marriages of inconvenience and the like. In between times, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's little dance bands tinkle away the livelong night. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seven days a week, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Plenty of room for dancing in the Café Rouge, where Buddy Morrow's band bows out on Thursday, Nov. 21. Next evening, Les and Larry Elgart's orchestra, which is still individualist at heart, will get going. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Harry Belafonté has the floor at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, and he covers most of it in the course of his song-and-strut recital, which involves several of our good neighbors—the Caribbean republics, the Ozarks, and Tin Pan Alley. Emil Coleman's orchestra and a gypsy band do the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's dance music by Jozsi Ribari's and Bernie Leighton's trios from eight until one. They're away Sundays, when the Empire Room's gypsies do the job from eight to twelve.

NOTE—Pie in the sky, to say nothing of canapés and cocktails—all in the Rainbow Room, a quarter of a mile straight up from Fifth Avenue. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then. This goes on from four-thirty to nine. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey runs the piano quietly and efficiently for cocktails, dinner, and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday handyman. The *mise en scène* is practically House of Lords. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Real people, and people invented by Damon Runyon and Elsa Maxwell, all democratically rubbing shoulders. In an alcove beyond the bar, Bud Gregg plays night-life piano after ten-thirty. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The show of hands here—Goldie Hawkins', Ralph Strain's, and Wayne Sanders'—makes the place a regular piano playhouse. The music begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. The room is a matey sort of place. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A Roman holiday for both strings and sybarites. The strings, Teo Fanidi's corps of fiddlers, are local color; the sybarites just drop in for dinner or supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of an entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his specialties in a fashionable watering place from five-thirty to eight and again from ten to one-thirty or so. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar takes a Mediterranean honeymoon cruise all the way from Seville to Sorrento, holds sway from nine to one every evening. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, a diva of vast aplomb, sets forth in the best of songs her rueful conviction that love conquers all, even though practically no one lives happily ever after. She's a supper-hour delight, but there's piano from the cocktail hour on, some of it by Sam Hamilton, her faithful amanuensis. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Armor that's a perfect fit for a king (Henri IV, of course), and lots more engines of war. Wandering unawed from table to table, Norbert Faconi and his what-are-we-waiting-for violin make sweet music from dinner through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): After the dinner hour, the gathering place of those for whom every night is their night out. The permanent objet d'art is the floor-to-ceiling gallery of oils; the transient ones are the sparkling trio of Lee Evans and the bland, worldly piano of Don Carey. They stay home Mondays, when a trio with which Denzil Best and the West Coast pianist Cecil Young are concerned turns on the heat. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spaniards going exuberantly native, which makes for some pretty fair song and dance. Dancing for the visitors, as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, as well as perambulating minstrels, whose music is all valentines and the after-dinner songs of some lady-in-waiting or other. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): An old Spanish custom in a new and handsome setting, offering the mixture as before—provender and wine of the country all evening; piano, violin, guitar, and song from seven-thirty on. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The blue Danube, flowing as gently as the sweet Afton through neat and largely sedate surroundings. The instrumentation runs to zimbalons and violins and sopranos, the nourishment to Vienna. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after nine in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, always pulsating to a spate of casual piano. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Rather grand but rather relaxed, too. George Feyer plays tinkly piano from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. The room is closed Sundays. . . . **NINO'S,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti evolves a very rambling sort of piano from five to ten. All is dark Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Amid a fine exhibition of oak panelling, Peter Walters runs off strictly parlor piano from five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty every day but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER—Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737)—The season's remembrance of *temps perdu* is being provided by Milton Berle—not a kinescope but projected live from a colossal stage. He can, when his taste buds are working, be a remarkably funny man. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Unlike any other whippoorwill, Martha Davis can accompany the nocturnal mating calls of her species with the kind of piano Fats Waller used to make. She and Calvin Ponder, her bassist and duettist, rest up Mondays. Seven nights a week is the rule for Phil Leeds, a humorist in a doom-shaped world of his own; Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who turn in an owlish report on conditions behind the American scene; and Les Garçons de la Rue, four nearly bilingual Parisian *diseurs* who are still acquiring their land legs. Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard are a comfortable cushion for all concerned. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is again conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there is a session by the Lyonses and the Davises. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk has constructed the third of his annual two-by-four revues by

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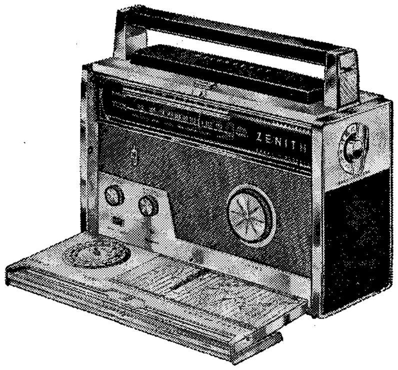

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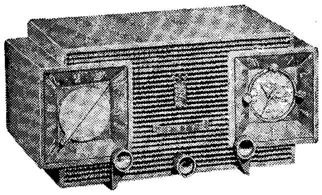

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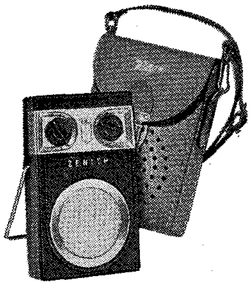

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simply assembling a foursome of engaging mice (Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law) and adding to it a big, bold cat (Ronny Graham). The ensuing game (of cat-and-mouse, naturally) is almost hysterically merry. The rascally words and music come from Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding; the orchestration comes from the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The only ivory tower on Sixth Avenue, inhabited, for the moment, by two sterling examples of San Francisco night life—the piano-and-song duets of Lovey Powell and Brooks Morton, whose songs and bon mots are always the unexpected ones. The *régisseur* is Julius Monk, of the Downstairs Room, and he is assisted in the music-making by Warren Vaughan, who is also a romantic tenor. The San Franciscans depart this carefree life on Wednesday, Nov. 27; next evening, the return of Stella Brooks and her serpent-of-the-Nile songs, along with the harpist Daphne Hellman, now heading a trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mort Sahl, the bulldog edition of the world's news (he starts going to press around ten), writes a trenchant editorial and draws a wild, woolly comic strip. His conversation is sandwiched between sets by the Jimmy Giuffre trio—studious as owls, soft-spoken as mourning doves, and progressive as hell. Sundays, there are matinées at 4:30 P.M., as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Nonsense by Kaye Ballard, back in town with a whole new Pandora's box of verbiage, and parody by Tony and Eddie, whose roguishness knows no bounds. And that isn't all; there's also Annette Warren and her perky songs; Jimmie Daniels, articulator of lush-life lyrics; and the Three Flames, a group of instrumentalists without let or hindrance. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar, Ralph Blane, a *Meistersinger* of vast skill and *joie-de-vivre*, intones a bundle of the prize songs he and his partner, Hugh Martin, have thought up through the years. There is also humor by Bobo Lewis, a lively girl and a sly one, and lots of piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, lifetime keepers of the inn involved. Mr. Blane is off Sundays, when old movies are added; Miss Lewis is off Mondays, when amateur talent has its brief moment. . . . **LE CUPIDON,** 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): The finishing touches Bobby Short gives his songs and his piano (it's kind of a Garrison finish) are apt to make anyone sit up and take notice. His first revival meeting is at nine-thirty, but he's a late, late stayer. Sunday is his holiday. His place of business looks like the inside of Jules Verne's submarine. Dancing, mostly Latin.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Pee Wee Erwin, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Through a smog of table talk come the steady, precise measures of Eddie Heywood's threesome and the sound of a group, new to this section of the hemisphere, known as the Remarkable Rubin Trio. Sundays, when the regular hired hands are off, the floor is held by other practitioners. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Wilbur and Sidney de Paris, eyewitnesses of the birth of the blues, are still being their steadfast American primitive selves, along with Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. The place is shut tight on Sundays. Jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): In the rear room, three pianists of note exchange views on what's new in music. Bernard Peiffer and Eddie Costa, who have trios of their own, get to work about nine. Johnny Mehegan, an earlier bird, does an involuted turn at the piano from six to nine in the evening, and all night Sundays and Mondays; Saturday is his holiday. The Peiffers are away on Sundays, the Costas on Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The pièce de résistance is Sarah Vaughan and her wonderful roller-coaster voice. Also present: the Johnny Smith quartet and the Jimmy Smith trio. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland, a light-fingered pianist if there ever was one, goes to work at the head of her refreshing trio. Absolute silence on Mondays. . . . **BOURBON STREET,** 330 E. 56th St. (EL 5-8865): A fine assortment of hobbledehoys called the Riverboat Five Plus Two is having a good romp amid all the fumed-oak panelling. Tuba and banjo are prominent in the proceedings. An old-timer, Harry Brooks, is at the piano between sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by Billy Maxted's band, which has great respect for tradition. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): There really isn't another girl in the world exactly like Barbara Carroll, whose piano impressions of the latter-day music have all at once a vigor, a delicacy, a humor, and a warmth for which there are no substitutes. Her trio graces this little grotto every night but Sunday. . . . **CHERRY LANE,** 42 Commerce St. (OR 5-5310): In surroundings resplendent as the Baths of Caracalla, Mary Lou Williams, a progenitor of progressive piano, and her trio wind up their tour of duty on Sunday, Nov. 24. The restaurant is closed Mondays. Tuesday, Nov. 26, the piano-bass-guitar assembly of Dick Hyman, Milt Hinton, and Joe Puma moves in. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Men of iron, firing point-blank and selling their lives as dearly as possible. Dixie is their home. Among the players in a just about continuous performance are J. C. Higginbotham, Tony Parenti, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon play host to Charlie Shavers, Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, and Russell Moore. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): In what was once the ballroom of the Henry Hudson Hotel, Bobby Hackett's horn hangs like a silver moon. In its beam are such old-line stalwarts as Buzzy Drootin, Bob Wilber, and John Dengler. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Uproar that's a form of ancestor worship—or how to amuse the children over the weekend. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, the mob scene should include Charlie Shavers, the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Johnny Windhurst, Willie the Lion Smith, Gene Sedric, Tony Parenti, Art Trappier, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): The devotional services here are sometimes conducted in a tongue that resembles modern American when it doesn't simply pass all understanding. As of latest reports, the principals are the George Wallington trio and the Buddy Rich quartet. Sunday, Nov. 24, the last night for the Rich mixture, there'll also be a rumble from three-thirty to seven. Next evening, the quintet called Les Jazz Modes is due. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Hero sandwiches, beer, and music by the quintet of the protean Charlie Mingus, whose music suggests that there is no past, very little present, and a wide-open future. The place is no bigger than a robin's nest and quite cheerful. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6; they will all be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

SAUL BAIZERMAN—A memorial exhibition of hammered-copper sculptures, done in the last years of his life; through Friday, Nov. 29.

(Artists', 851 Lexington Ave., at 64th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Eugene Berman—Preliminary drawings of the sets and costumes used in the Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Don Giovanni;" through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Virginia Berresford—Water colors—landscapes mostly, and lacily Japanese in atmosphere; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Forrest Bess—Oils, mixing symbolism and abstraction, by a Texas painter; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Aaron Bohrod—Still-lifes in oil; through Dec. 7. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Doris Caesar—A loan exhibition of bronze sculptures, dating from 1927 to the present; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Stephen Csoka—Landscapes and figure studies, in a small but spirited exhibition of his oils; through Friday, Nov. 22. (Contemporary Arts, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.)

Gladys Rockmore Davis—Figure studies and portraits; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Elaine de Kooning—Big, boldly patterned Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

José de Rivera—Constructions in forged bronze and stainless steel; through Dec. 14. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Enrico Donati—New abstract oils, richer in color and design than formerly; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Edward Giobbi—Paintings, highly simplified in style and bright in color; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St.)

William Glackens and His Friends—Paintings and drawings by Glackens, supplemented with works by Luks, Sloan, and almost a score of others; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Peter Grippe—New sculptures, lavishly baroque in feeling, in his first solo exhibition in ten years; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Herbert Kallem—Metal sculptures; through Dec. 5. (Roko, 925 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

James Kearns—Sculptures and drawings, both done with a kind of Flemish solidity of form; through Dec. 2. (Gallery G., 200 E. 59th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner—The first comprehensive exhibition (1902-32) in this country of paintings by one of the founders of the German Expressionist school; through Dec. 7. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Klee—Water colors and drawings, ranging in date from 1914 to 1940; through Dec. 14. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Stefan Knapp—Brightly colored abstract paintings on metal, and somewhat more sombre sculptures. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Giorgio Morandi—Oils and other works, mostly still-lifes, and these mainly of bottles in various arrangements, by an Italian who makes this his specialty; through Dec. 7. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

George L. K. Morris—New abstractions, more fluent in design than previously; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Betty Parsons—Recent abstractions, many of them on New Mexican motifs, in her first exhibition in almost three years; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Jackson Pollock—Drawings and other graphics, 1934-56, none of which have ever been exhibited before; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gregorio Prestopino—A small set of biting studies of prison life; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Abraham Rattner—A triptych entitled "Last Judgment," with related gouaches, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Pierre Soulages—New paintings, broadly calli-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

graphic in style, by one of the leading Paris moderns; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

Sahl Swarz—Sculptures, somewhat archaic in inspiration and done in a skillful variety of mediums and techniques; through Friday, Nov. 22. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Mark Tobey—Explosively effective drawings in ink and wash; through Dec. 7. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St.)

Vlaminck—Flower paintings and landscapes, dated 1909-56; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

John von Wicht—Abstract paintings, full of color and movement; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Sculptures—Pieces by Falkenstein, Hepworth, Marini, Moore, Richier, and Smith; through Saturday, Nov. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by, among others, Herman Rose, Philip Evergood and Moses Soyer; through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The current show contains oils chosen by Vaclav Vytlacil, Anthony Toney, and George Tooker; through Friday, Nov. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DELIUS**, 24 E. 67th St.: A wide-ranging study of the nude in art, from the fifteenth century to the present; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Marsden Hartley, Jules Pascin, Ben Benn, and others; through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **FINDLAY**, 11 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French painters—Utrillo, Bonnard, and Monet, to name three; through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Fifty paintings and drawings by twenty-three modern masters, including Léger, Modigliani, and Severini; through Dec. 21. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 11 E. 68th St.: Such Expressionist and contemporary German artists as Nolde, Kandinsky, and Baumeister; through Jan. 4. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Drawings and water colors, from Tiepolo to Picasso; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Fourteen oils by Braque, Vlaminck, and other French artists, plus a single sculpture by Modigliani; through Dec. 21. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Fernand Léger and André Masson, from the middle years of their careers, along with predominantly European sculptures by Degas, Henry Moore, and other twentieth-century artists; through Dec. 7.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Group show; starting Monday, Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Group show; starting Monday, Nov. 25. . . . **HELLER**, 63 E. 57th St.: JoAnne Schneider; starting Tuesday, Nov. 26. . . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Germaine Richier; and Sam Francis; starting Wednesday, Nov. 27. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Ethel Schwabacher; starting Monday, Nov. 25. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Reginald Pollack; starting Monday, Nov. 25. . . . **POINDEXTER**, 21 W. 56th St.: Yektai; starting Monday, Nov. 25. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Robert Cook; starting Monday, Nov. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Afro; starting Monday, Nov. 25.

Note—An exhibition and sale of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by contemporary Americans (for instance, Julian Levi, Raphael Soyer, and Alexander Calder) will continue at the New School, 66 W. 12th St., on Thursday and Friday, Nov. 21-22, from 10 to 10, and Saturday, Nov. 23, from 2 to 5. For the benefit of the school's scholarship fund.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and sculptures, some of them recent acquisitions. Among the artists represented are Homer, Marin, Pollock, and Noguchi. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts (by Raphael, Rembrandt, Goya, Degas, and others) from the Edward S. Harkness, the J. P. Morgan, the Felix Warburg, and other private collections that at one time or another have been donated or bequeathed to the Museum; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of twentieth-century German paintings and sculptures by Kirchner, Klee, Lehmbruck, and others; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by Grosz, de Chirico, Mondrian, and others) acquired by the Museum during the past year; through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—American portraits of the past two hundred and fifty years, including works by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Oil paintings by Adolph Gottlieb; through Dec. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of religious art, including scale models of contemporary churches and synagogues in the United States; a series of tapestries designed by such American artists as Abraham Rattner and Hans Moller; and modern ceremonial objects in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A new selection of painted figures, masks, ritual vessels, and ceramics from the New World, Africa, and Oceania, in an exhibition stressing the use of color in primitive art; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The League of Present-Day Artists' sixteenth annual exhibition of paintings and sculptures; through Sunday, Nov. 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1957 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, oils, and water colors, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and eighty-six artists; through Jan. 12. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, Leonard Warren, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 22, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 2: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Alessio De Paolis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Cesare Valletti, Frank Guarrera, Cesare Siepi, and Fernando Corena. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Lucine Amara, George London, Richard Tucker, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Giuseppe Campora, Cesare Siepi, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Antonietta Stella, Helen Vanni, Daniele Barioni, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Zinka Milanov, Flaviano Labò, Leonard Warren, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2: "Aïda," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Alessio De Paolis. (A benefit for the Hartman-Homecrest Children's Services.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—The première of "The

Sweet Bye and Bye," an opera with music by Jack Beeson and a libretto by Kenward Elmslie. Conducted by Frederic Waldman, staged by Frederic Cohen, and with Shirlee Emmons, soprano; Ruth Kobart, mezzo-soprano; and William McGrath, tenor. For the benefit of the Juilliard Student Aid and Scholarship Fund. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall—André Cluytens conducting on Thursday, Nov. 21, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 22, at 2:30 (both with André Tchaikowsky, piano); Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3 (no soloists); and Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 2:30 (both with Guiomar Novaes, piano). . . . ¶ André Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:45 (with Leonid Hambro, piano).

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a program of baroque cantatas, with six soloists, the Canterbury Chamber Chorus, and an instrumental ensemble. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Nov. 22, and Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30, the first two in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:15, a varied program. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Barylli Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Marais and Miranda—Folk singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 23, at 8:40.)

Roland Hayes—Tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 3.)

Chamber Music Circle—The first in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 5:30.)

Renata Tebaldi—Soprano, with the Symphony of the Air conducted by Max Rudolf. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Ania Dorfmann—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Isidor Lateiner—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

Mahalia Jackson—Gospel singer. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call GR 7-0351.)

Alexander Uninsky—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

Rita Streich—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Francis Cassel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

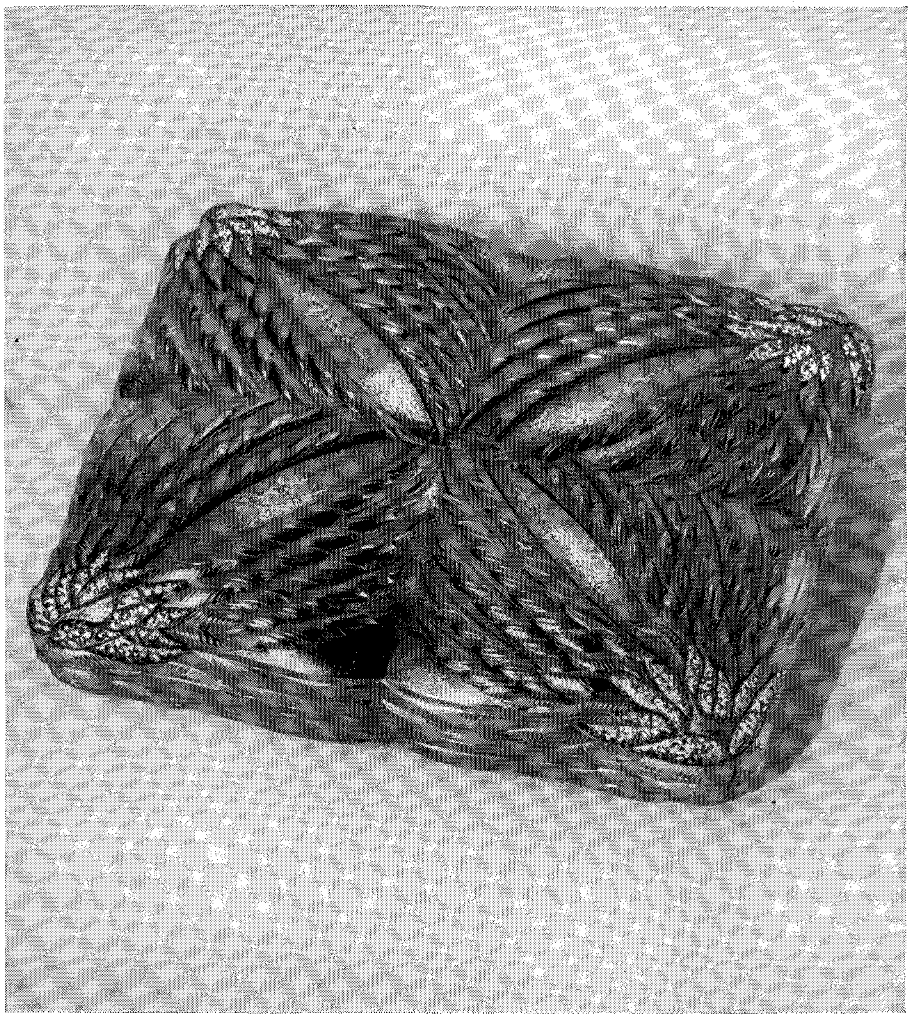
Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Note—The Budapest String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 26, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—George Shearing's quintet, Gerry Mulligan's quartet, Miles Davis's quintet, Chico Hamilton's quintet, Helen Merrill, and the Australian Jazz Quintet are scheduled to appear on Friday, Nov. 22, at 8:30 and at midnight. . . . ¶ Billie Holiday, Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra, Ray Charles, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Chet Baker, Zoot Sims, Sonny Rollins, and others are expected on Friday, Nov. 29, at



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FIELD'S AFAR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30 and at midnight. A benefit for the Morningside Community Center.

Folk Concert—Marais and Miranda, Josh White, Oscar Brand, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 27, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 22: Rory Calhoun vs. Bobby Boyd, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29: Paolo Rosi vs. Johnny Busso, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 23 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Harvard, at New Haven. . . . THANKSGIVING DAY: Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 30 (both at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 24, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 27, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 3: Rangers vs. Detroit.

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Club Fall Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 23, at 9: Knicks vs. Syracuse. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 26, at 7: Detroit vs. Minneapolis and Knicks vs. St. Louis.

Racing—At Jamaica: Weekdays at 12:45; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1; Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25; and Thanksgiving Day between 10:30 and 1.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track weekdays at 6:51; additional trains Fridays and Saturdays at 7.)

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade—By now, it's as traditional as the turkey and the pumpkin pie. Four thousand costumed marchers and thirteen bands. Starts at 9:45 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 11.

Concerts—By the NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Thomas Schippers conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Saul Goodman, tympanist, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 23, at noon.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Sonny Fox, narrator; Robert Nagel, trumpet; and a band from the High School of Music and Art. A second performance of a concert given on Nov. 17. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—By the TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE: "Pinocchio." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Friday, Nov. 29, at 11 and 2:40.) . . . JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

Recital—Marais and Miranda in a program of folk songs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 24, at 2:40.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The solar system and its various planets, satellites, asteroids, comets, and meteors, not to mention its Sputniks, are described in the current show, "Captives of the Sun." Through Dec. 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except Nov. 29, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Friday, Nov. 29, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)...¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—John Ciardi reading from Dante's "Inferno." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:40.)

Chrysanthemum Show—The annual indoor showing of chrysanthemums, which have come a long way since the days when they were called corn marigolds. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Sunday, Nov. 24.)

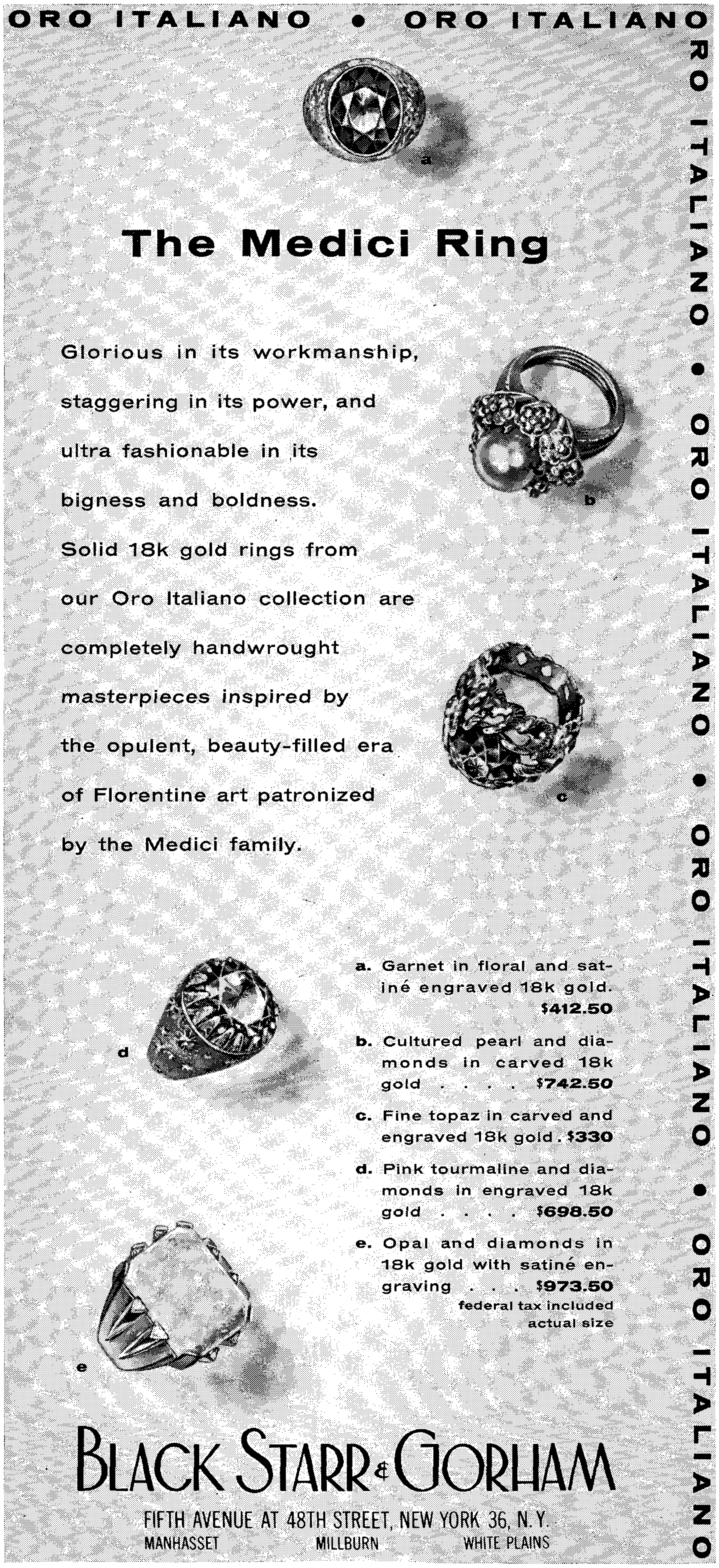
National Postage-Stamp Show—In this ninth annual exhibit, the United States Post Office Department will have an outstanding display, valued at a million dollars, that includes full sheets in mint condition, imperforates, original die proofs, and other philatelic rarities. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 22-23, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 24, from 2 to 8.)

Museum of the City of New York—Two hundred and fifty years of fashion are represented by a display of costumes worn by members of New York society during the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries; through March 2....¶ A collection of forty-four winter scenes by Currier & Ives, among them "Home to Thanksgiving," "American Whalers Crushed in the Ice," and "The Belle of the Winter." (Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Amateur Needlework of Today—The tenth national exhibition will contain handbags, tapestries, rugs, pictures, chair covers, religious vestments, and other pieces, in petitpoint, grospoint, and crewelwork. For the benefit of the Friendship Fund of the Lighthouse, the New York Association for the Blind. (The Lighthouse, 111 E. 59th St. Tuesday, Nov. 26, through Saturday, Dec. 7. Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, from 10 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 21-23, at 1:45: American furniture, principally by New England cabinetmakers; Early American and English pewter; Wedgwood, Staffordshire, Leeds, and other porcelains and china; glassware; American paintings and prints; and a number of hooked rugs. From the collections of Mrs. Gale H. Carter and the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Vanderbilt. ...¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 26-27, at 1:45: Chinese Art, including jade and other semiprecious mineral carvings, snuff bottles, porcelains, bronzes, and paintings; the property of Countess Irene Cittadini and others. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 22.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Past and Present: A Selection of German Films, 1896-1957"—Through Nov. 23: "Ghosts Before Breakfast" (1927-28), directed by, and with, Hans Richter; and "Spies" (1928)....¶ Nov. 24-27: "Hands" (1928) and "Asphalt" (1929). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, though perhaps a bit too long. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a flawless performance in this compelling French film, based on a novel by Zola, which has to do with the unhappy lot of the lower orders during the Second Empire. Miss Schell is sturdily assisted by François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Love in the Afternoon—Audrey Hepburn chases Gary Cooper through the confines of the Ritz, in Paris, with success and charm and grace, accompanied by a mad gypsy band of musicians. A delightful romp, produced and directed by Billy Wilder, who (with I. A. L. Diamond) also wrote the script. Maurice Chevalier, in top form, plays a French private detective. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Pajama Game—A peek at what goes on in the Sleeptite Pajama Factory. Almost the entire cast of the original musical (with the addition of Doris Day) is on hand—John Raitt, Carol Haney, Eddie Foy, to name a few—and the results are a treat. George Abbott and Stanley Donen produced and directed the film; Mr. Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the screenplay. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Nov. 23, tentative. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 26, tentative. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Nov. 24-26, tentative. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting Nov. 24, tentative.)

The Red Balloon—An appealing fantasy about a small boy who wanders all over Paris, trailed by a balloon that has become his pet. The picture was written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, and the small boy is played by Pascal Lamorisse, the creator's son. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 27, tentative.)

The Sun Also Rises—Mr. Hemingway's fine novel has been made into an impressive film, if a somewhat attenuated one. Tyrone Power is a sympathetic Jake Barnes, Ava Gardner an enticing Lady Brett Ashley, Errol Flynn a persuasive Mike Campbell, and there is more darn bullfighting than in "Death in the Afternoon." (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Nov. 27.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a vivid swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also visible in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 23.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 21.)

Key Largo (1948)—An adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play, with Humphrey Bogart and Edward G. Robinson. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 24-25.)

The Mudlark (1950)—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria (Irene Dunne) stop brooding about Albert. With Andrew Ray. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 26-27.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Nov. 27, tentative.)

La Strada (1956)—An Italian film that deals with the fortunes of a strong man (Anthony Quinn), a half-witted girl (Giulietta Masina), and a carnival clown (Richard Basehart). (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting Nov. 27.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE
AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," Richard Egan, Jan Sterling.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Pal Joey," Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Don't Go Near the Water," Glenn Ford, Gia Scala.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"The Story of Esther Costello," Joan Crawford, Rossano Brazzi.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Nov. 21: "The Story of Mankind," Ronald Colman, Hedy Lamarr, Vincent Price.
From Nov. 22: "Bombers B-52," Natalie Wood, Karl Malden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Kiss Them for Me," Cary Grant, Jayne Mansfield, Suzy Parker.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Nov. 26: "Zero Hour," Dana Andrews, Sterling Hayden, Linda Darnell.
From Nov. 27: "The Sad Sack," Jerry Lewis, David Wayne.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Operation Mad Ball," Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:40 and 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.

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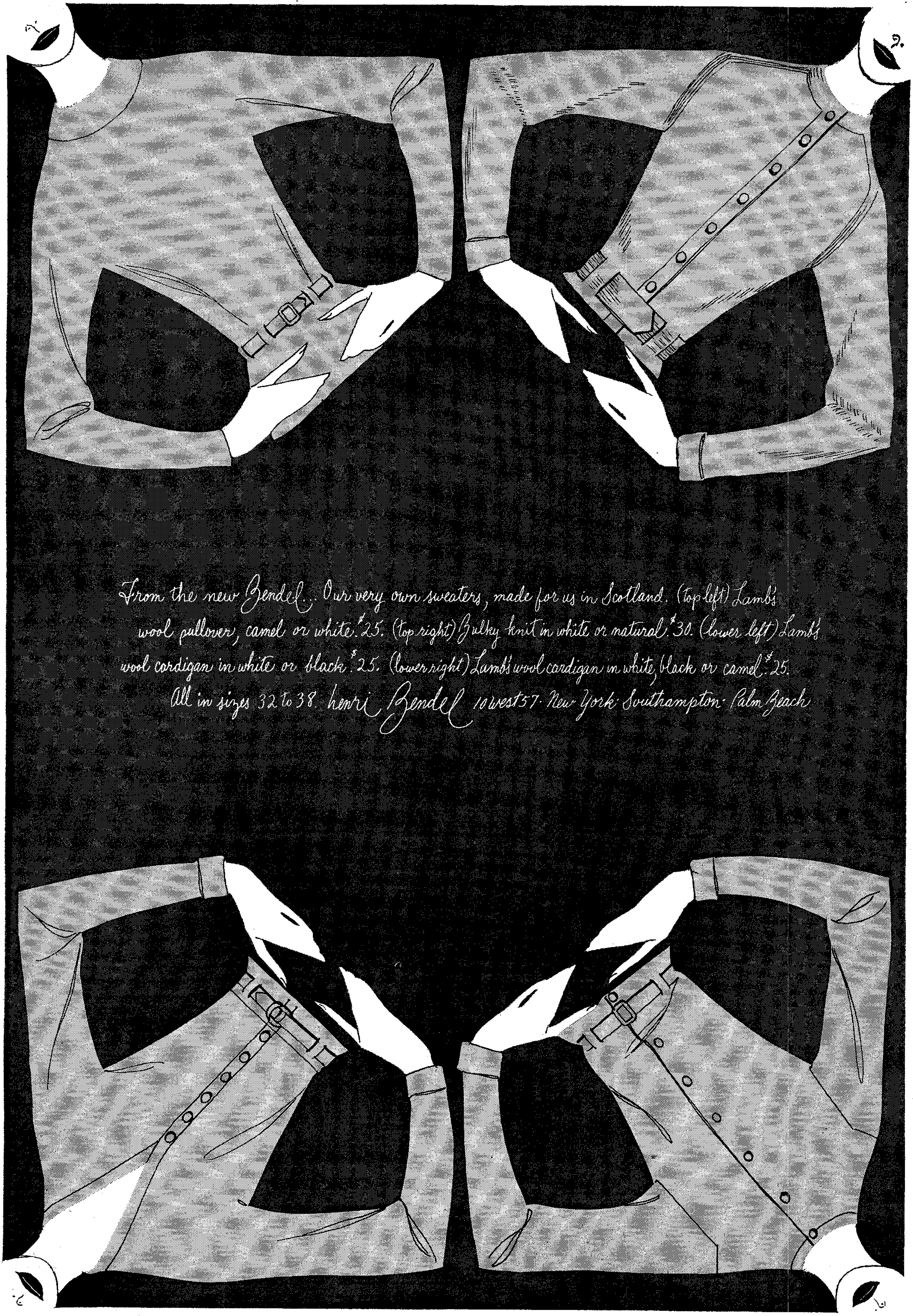

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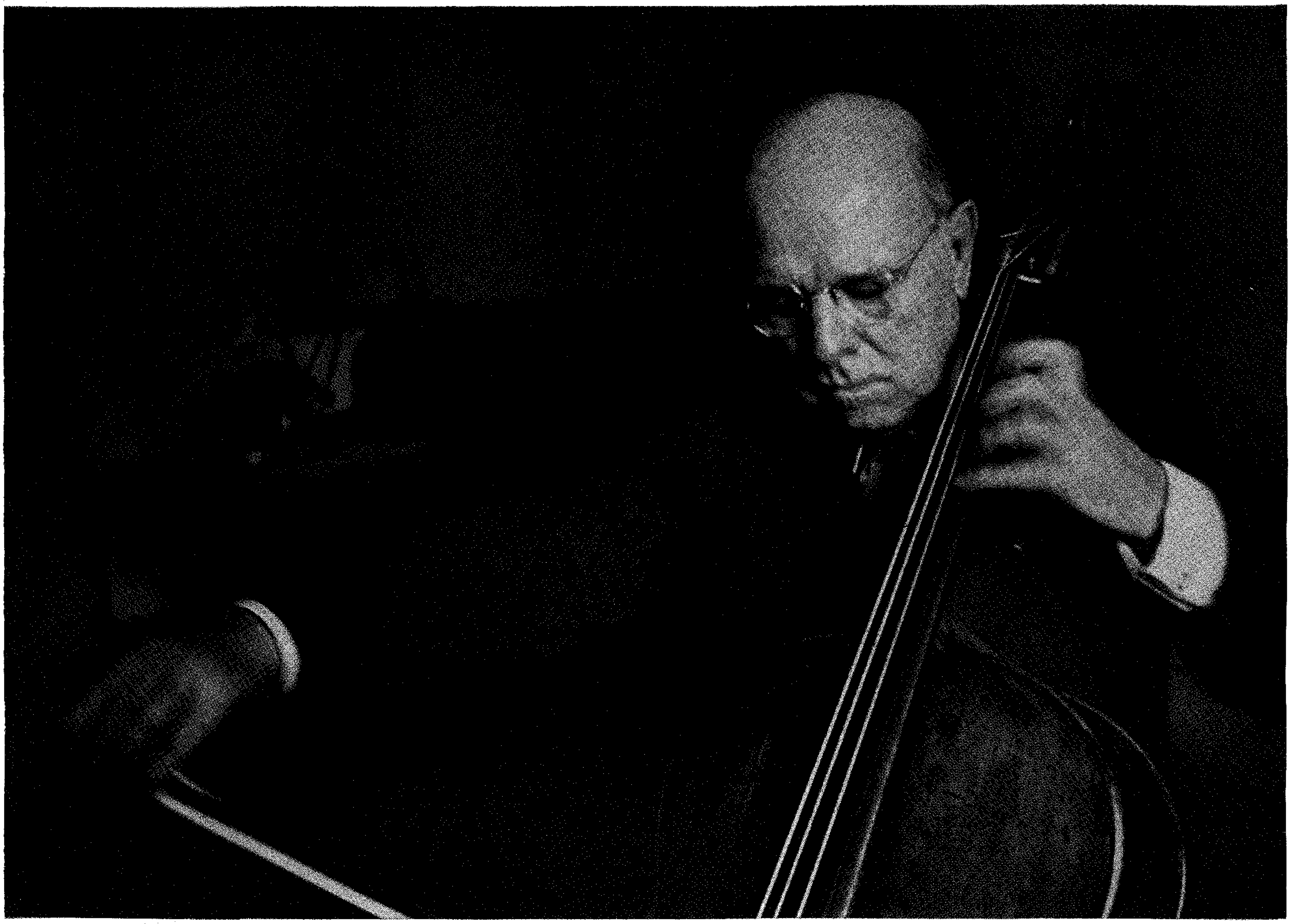

Pablo Casals to play again—in Puerto Rico

LAST SPRING, the Casals Festival in San Juan ended on a note of singular poignancy. The audience applauded an *empty* podium. Pablo Casals was ill with a heart attack.

Now it seems that a thousand prayers have been answered. The beloved master of the violoncello has made a remarkable recovery. In fact, Pablo Casals has already consented to lead San Juan's *second* festival, which is planned to run from April 22 to May 8, 1958. Once more, this gentle man will accept the role of festival director with no thought of glory for himself. It is a son's tribute to his Puerto Rican mother—and a gesture of love to the enchanted island that is now his home.

As for the people of Puerto Rico, who are meeting their challenges in such good heart, Pablo Casals makes an artist's comment. "*They walk in dignity.*"

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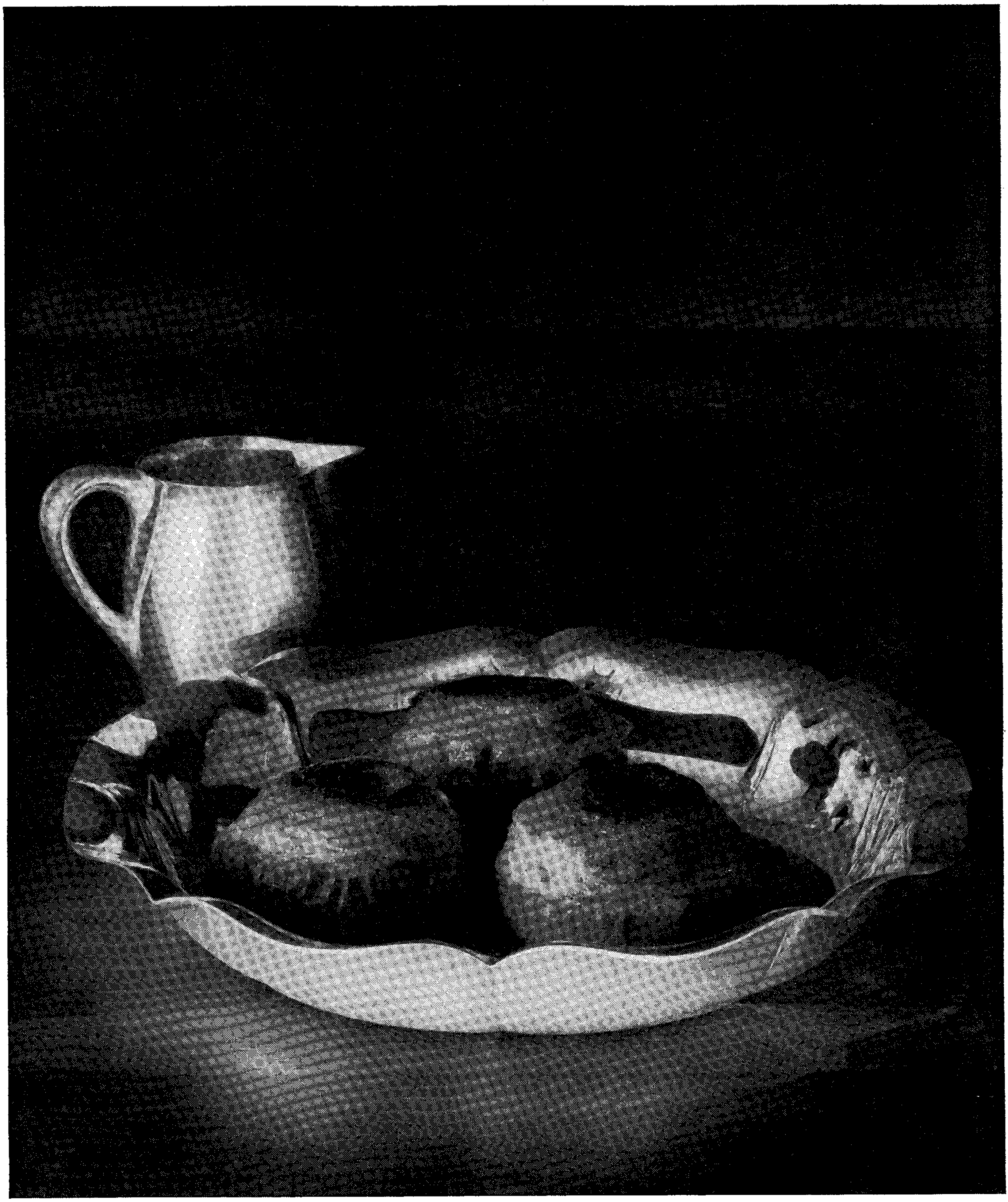
Viyella is a cunning mixture of lamb's wool and long-staple cotton. (One reason for its *softness* and *strength.*) But the English aren't telling how Viyella gets its other remarkable qualities. Fall overboard and it won't shrink. Get it damp and it won't chafe. Wash it for years and it comes up smiling. Some say it actually gets *better* as it grows older.

All of which leads us to one conclusion. *Viyella is the finest shirting for outdoor men.* And Hathaway tailors it with outdoor men in mind. Long tails that stay in your trousers. Plenty of room round the shoulders. Full, one-piece sleeves. Generous button-over to keep the wind out.

Pictured above is a rare District Check from Scotland — $17.95. Go to the better stores and ask to see Hathaway's whole thundering range of Viyella shirts.

IMPORTANT: Refuse to buy anything that *sounds* like Viyella — but isn't. The Viyella label is on every Viyella shirt. If you can't find the real thing, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.



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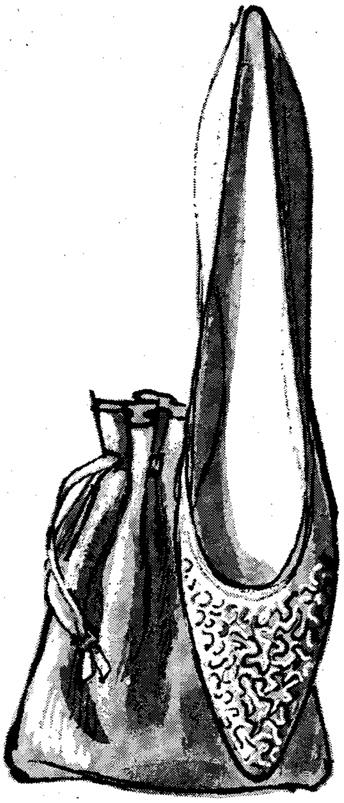
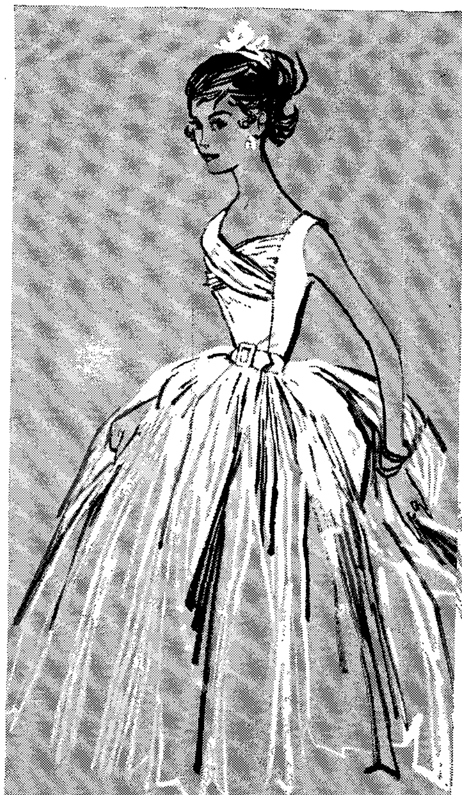


Casing the slipper. Pretty cord-embroidered slipper plus pouch, both of Pearlized leather. Pink, blue, beige, white. Slipper sizes: small, medium, med.-large, large, extra-large. 5.95.



Party partners in nylon chiffon. Rayon-lined top with stay-pleated décolletage, 7.95. Stay-pleated full skirt with net petticoat over taffeta petticoat, 17.95. Both, white, red, blue; 7-15 sizes. Young Circle Shop for Young Juniors.

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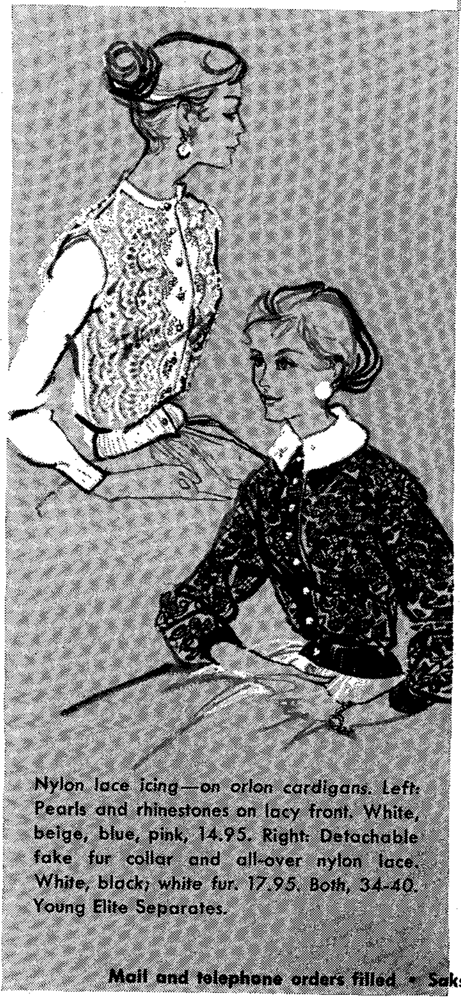
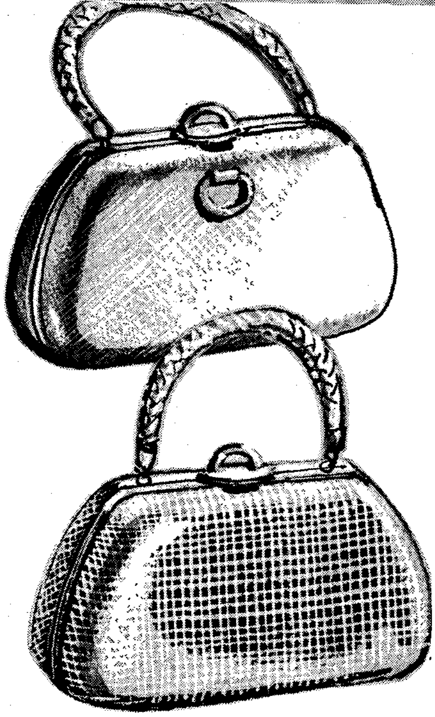
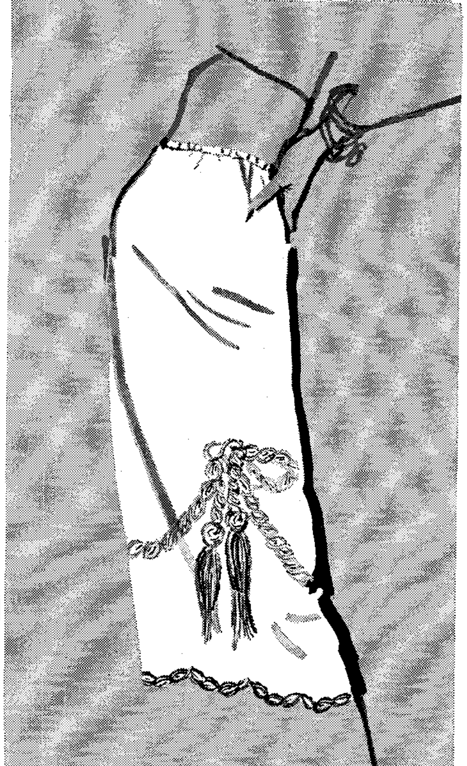
GIFTS FOR
A VERY
MERRY CHRISTMAS!



Nylon lace icing—on orlon cardigans. Left: Pearls and rhinestones on lacy front. White, beige, blue, pink, 14.95. Right: Detachable fake fur collar and all-over nylon lace. White, black; white fur. 17.95. Both, 34-40. Young Elite Separates.



Golden carryalls. Our pretty little handfuls that shine in the night. By Evans. Smooth surface, 22.50. Mesh surface, 25.00. Plus 10% Federal tax.



Embroidery under cover. Nylon tricot half-slip with contrast cord and tassel embroidery and petal-scalloped hem. White, black, pink, grey. Fits waist sizes 24-40. 17.95.

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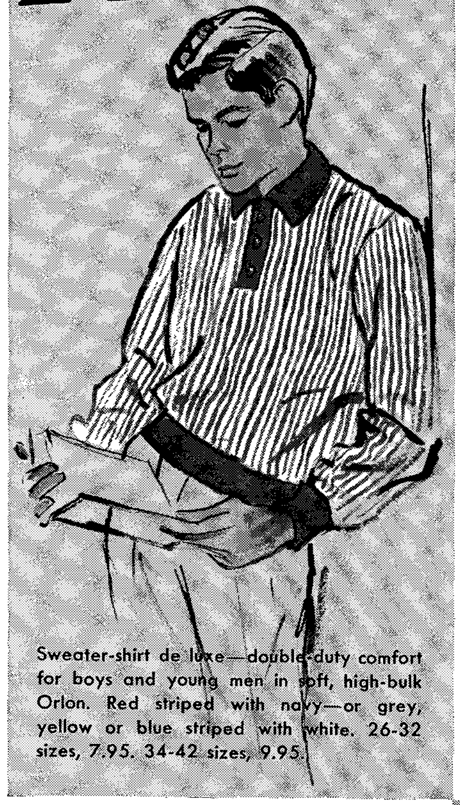
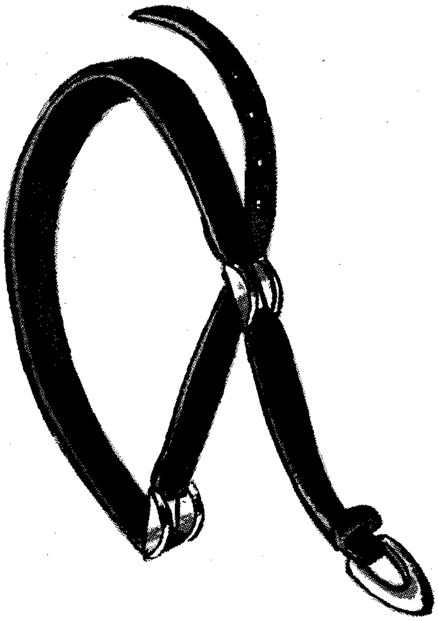
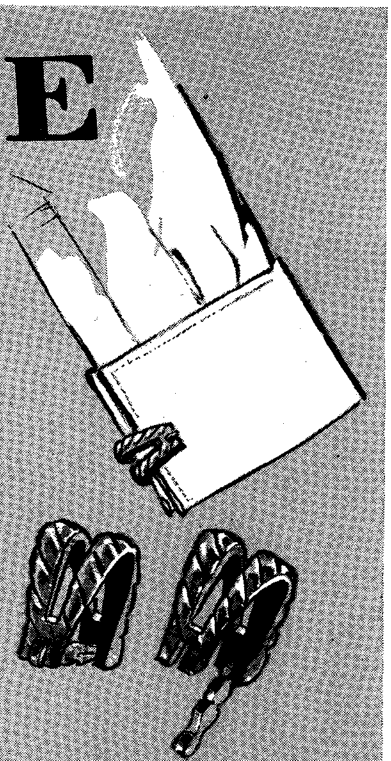


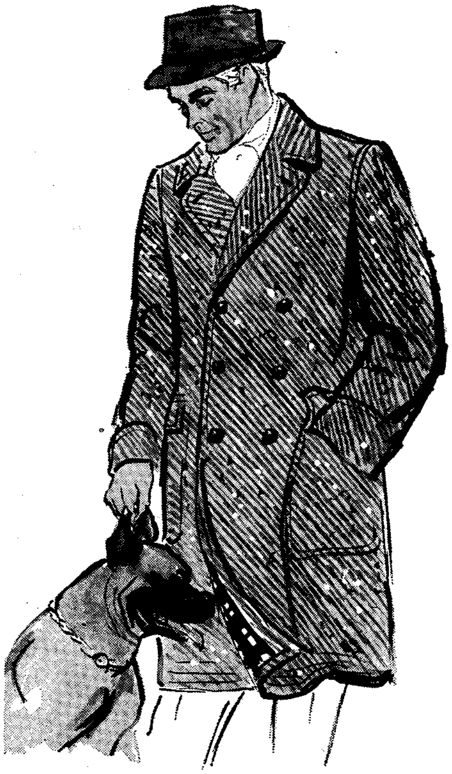
Sweater-shirt de luxe—double-duty comfort for boys and young men in soft, high-bulk Orlon. Red striped with navy—or grey, yellow or blue striped with white. 26-32 sizes, 7.95. 34-42 sizes, 9.95.



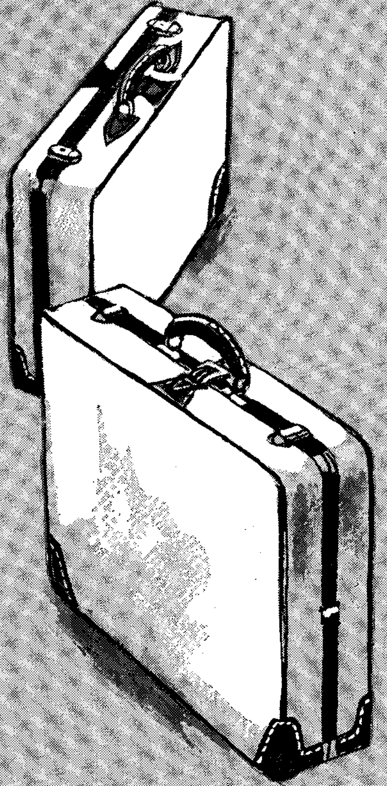
Stretch for comfort! Our exclusive Italian hitch-ring calf belt has a specially-treated panel that expands up to 6 inches. Black or brown; 30-44 sizes, 16.50.



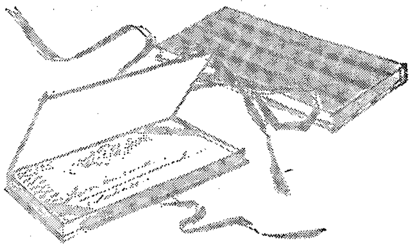
Sterling links—"clipper" type that wrap around cuff edges in a handsome new way. Sterling silver. 12.50 plus 10% Federal tax.



Our exclusive touring topper—a Viennese inspiration tailored in a trimmer, shorter length and lined with plaid wool. It's in imported loden cloth and a variety of tweeds in a full range of sizes. 125.00.



Traveling light—our handsome flightweight luggage in water-repellent beige canvas, trimmed with saddle leather. 21" weekender, 47.50. 4-suiter, 69.50. (not shown): 1-suiter, 55.00. 2-suiter, 59.50. 24" case, 52.50. 26", 59.50. 29", 69.50. 32", 82.50. Plus tax.



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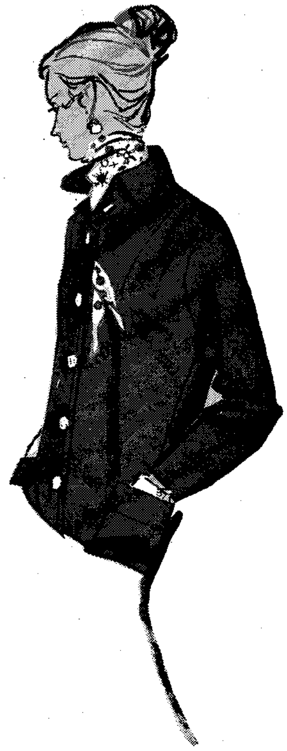
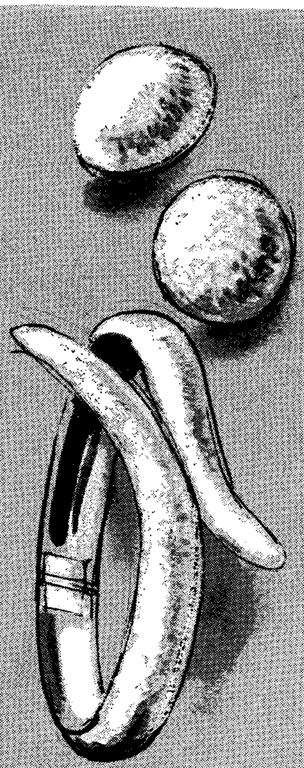
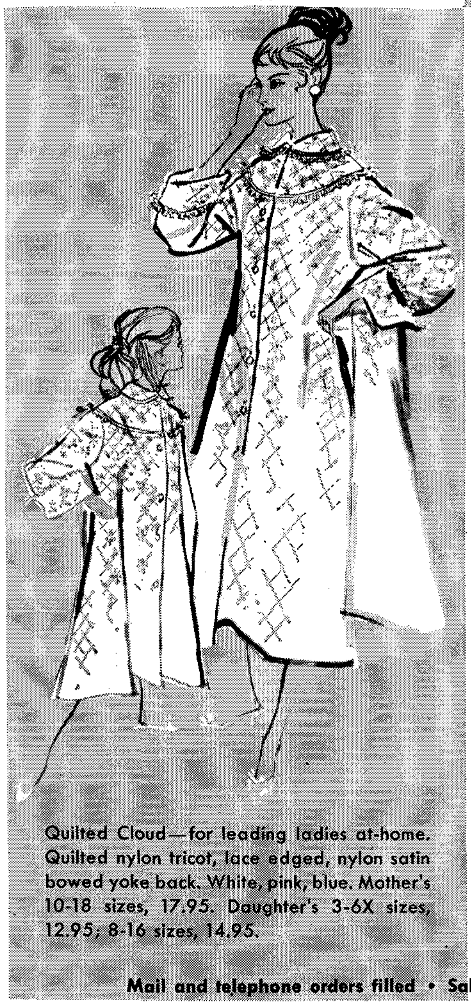


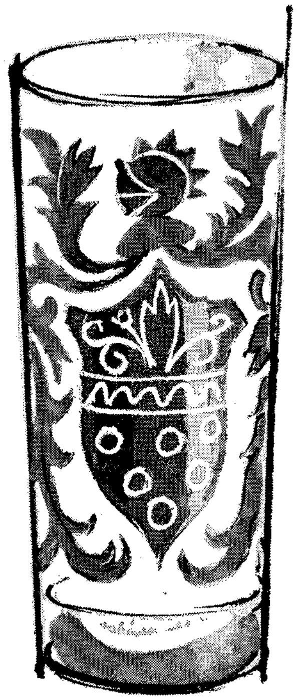
Leather de luxe—our exclusive kidskin jacket makes a top-brass gift. Buttoned in brass with square pockets at hip. White, red, black. 10-16 sizes. 49.95.



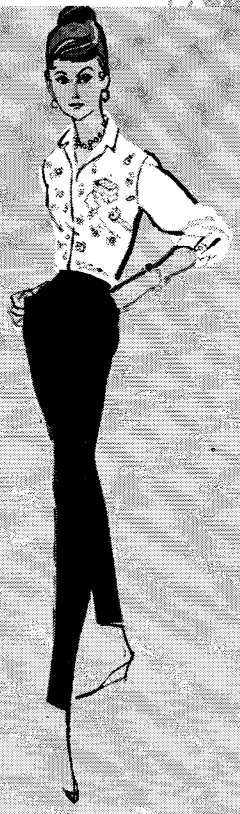
Gild the Girl—with our pale golden gifts by Mazer. Gleaming swirled bracelet, 10.00. Matching earrings, 5.00 plus 10% Federal tax.



Quilted Cloud—for leading ladies at-home. Quilted nylon tricot, lace edged, nylon satin bowed yoke back. White, pink, blue. Mother's 10-18 sizes, 17.95. Daughter's 3-6X sizes, 12.95; 8-16 sizes, 14.95.



Crests of Gold—on our exclusive highballs herald the season of toasts. Sparkling glasses embossed with gold come eight to the set, 7.50.



Queen's Ransom—exclusive separates. Jewel-Chest cotton shirt, white with colored "gems". 10-18 sizes. 14.95. Watch-pocket pants tapered without a seam. Cotton velvet in purple, emerald, black. 8-18 sizes. 17.95.

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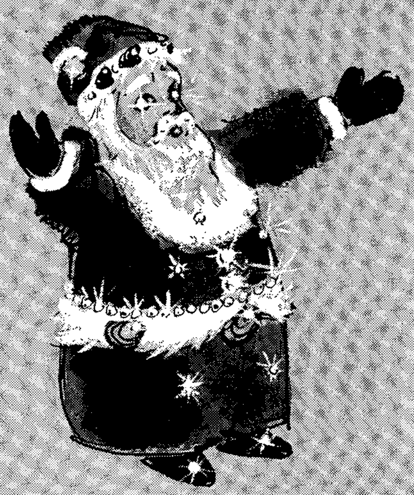
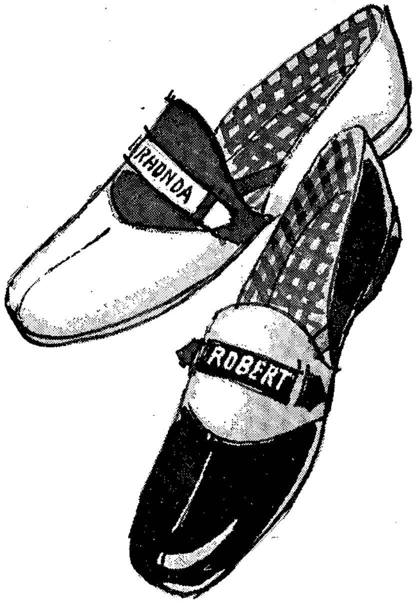
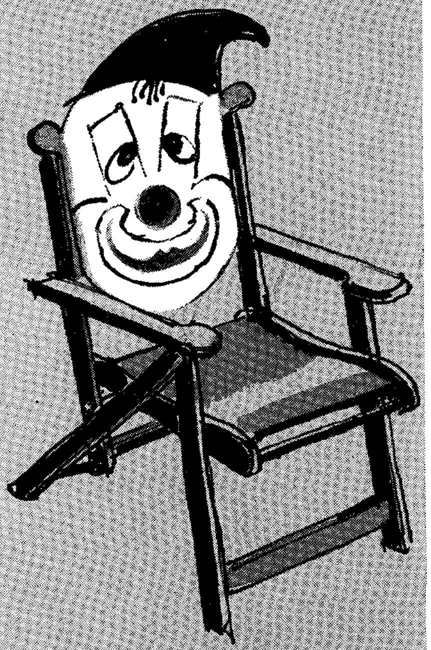


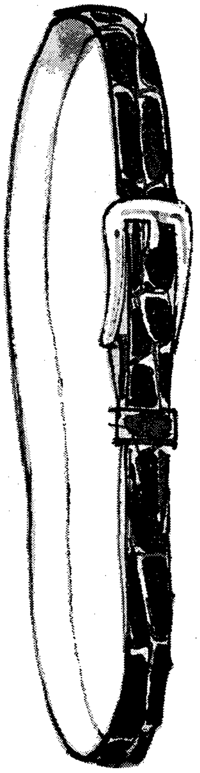
Santa's turn for a song—and our plush, bejewelled Mr. Claus plays Jingle Bells via a hidden music box, as he goes merrily round. By Boutique, 15.00.



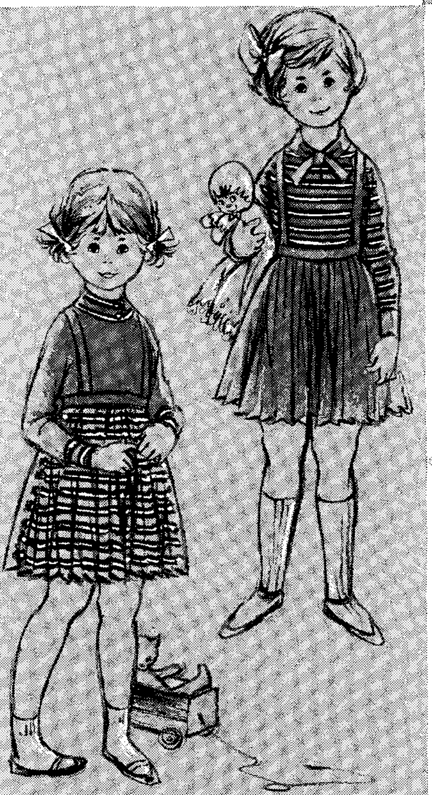
Name, please? We print it in gold leaf on the removable strap of our exclusive elk leather slippers for children. Pink/light blue. Red/navy. Navy/red. 6-12 sizes, 4.50. 13-3 sizes, 4.95.



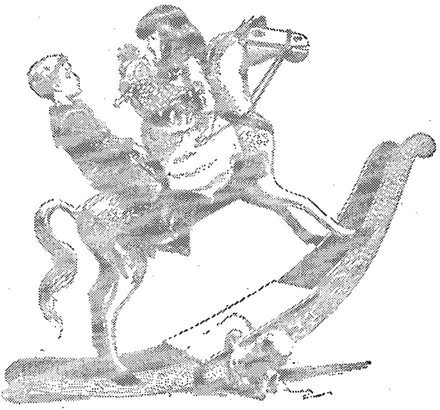
Small fry directors love our exclusive wood TV folding chair. Beautifully hand-decorated with clown, kitten or pig. Suitable for child up to 8 years. Pink or blue, 5.95. Matching pillow, 2.95.



Give him an alligator—his pet belt. One of the smart little luxuries a boy likes around him. Slim, classic styling in brown. 22-34 sizes. 5.00.



Good-news knits—smartest for fashionable little girls because they're washable Alamac Thalspun, orlon and wool jersey. Red, blue frost or yellow with navy stripes. Solids to match. 3-6X sizes. Blouses, 3.95. Skirts, 4.95.



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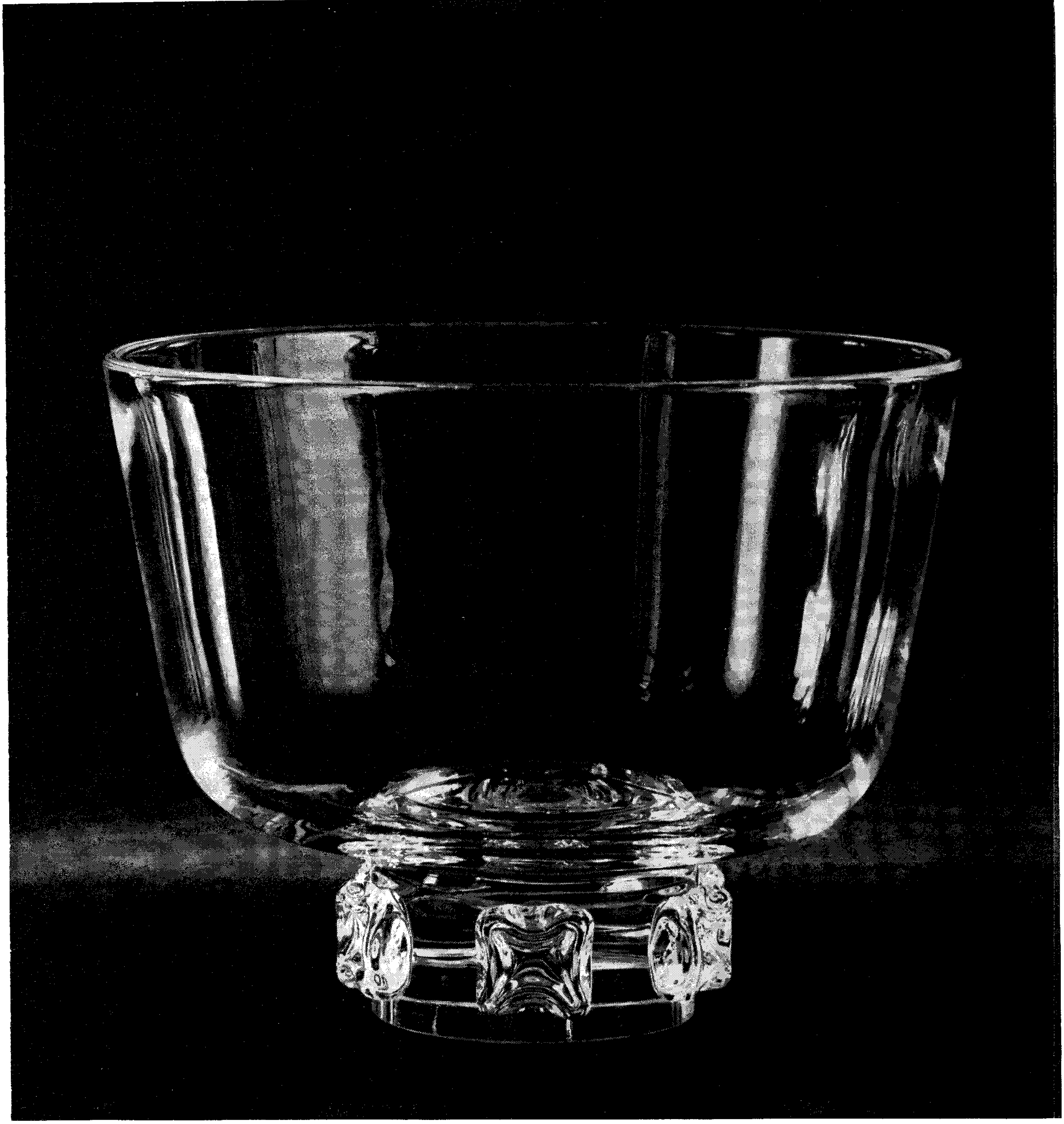

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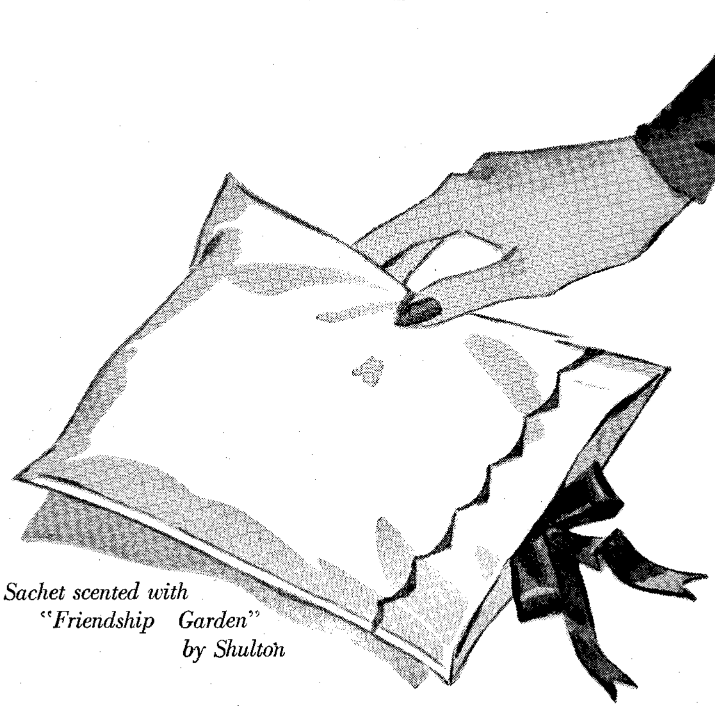

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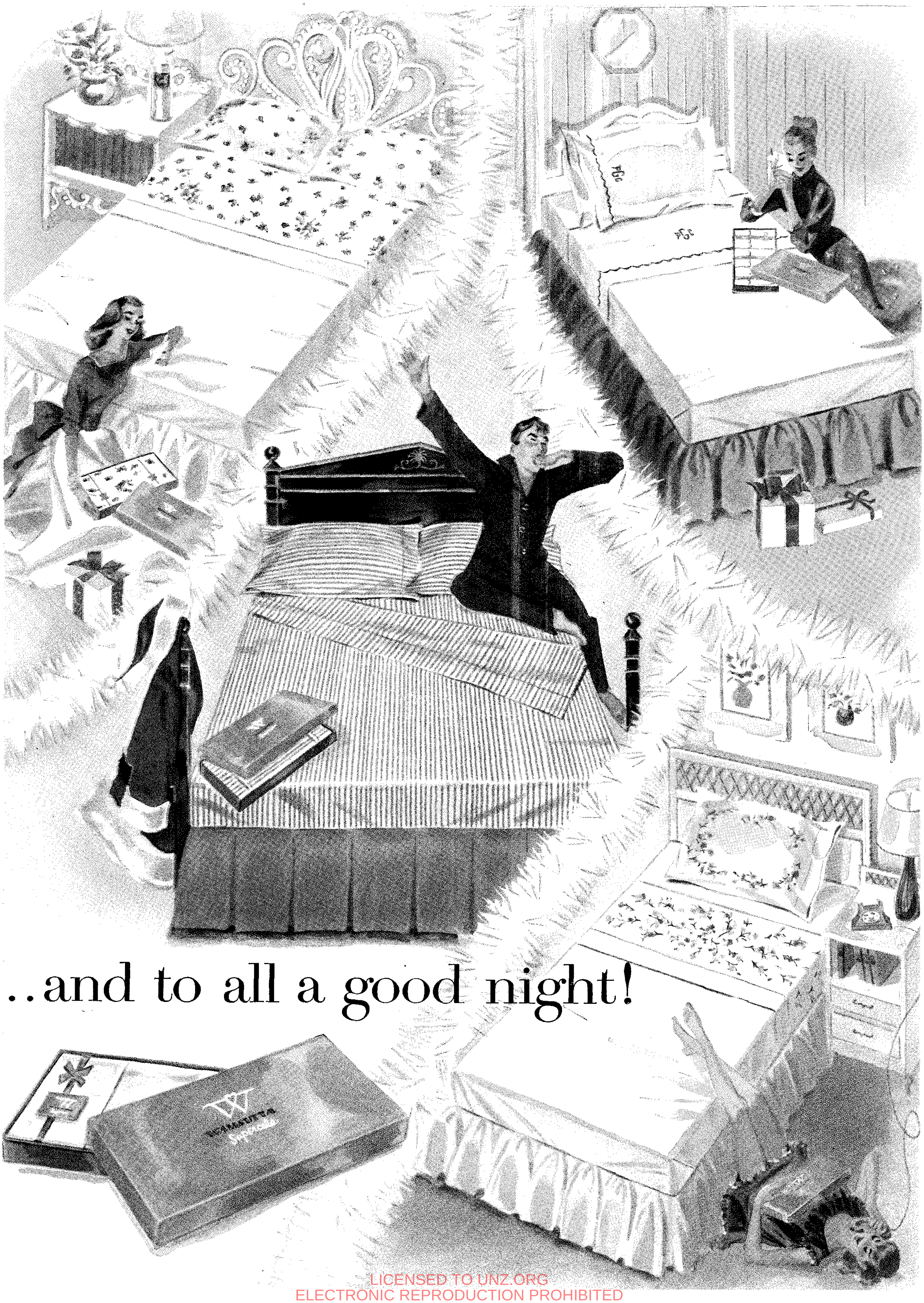
..and to all a good night!
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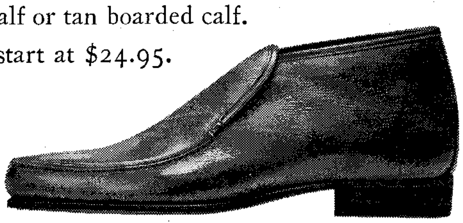

New Sweaters of "ORLON" for Men
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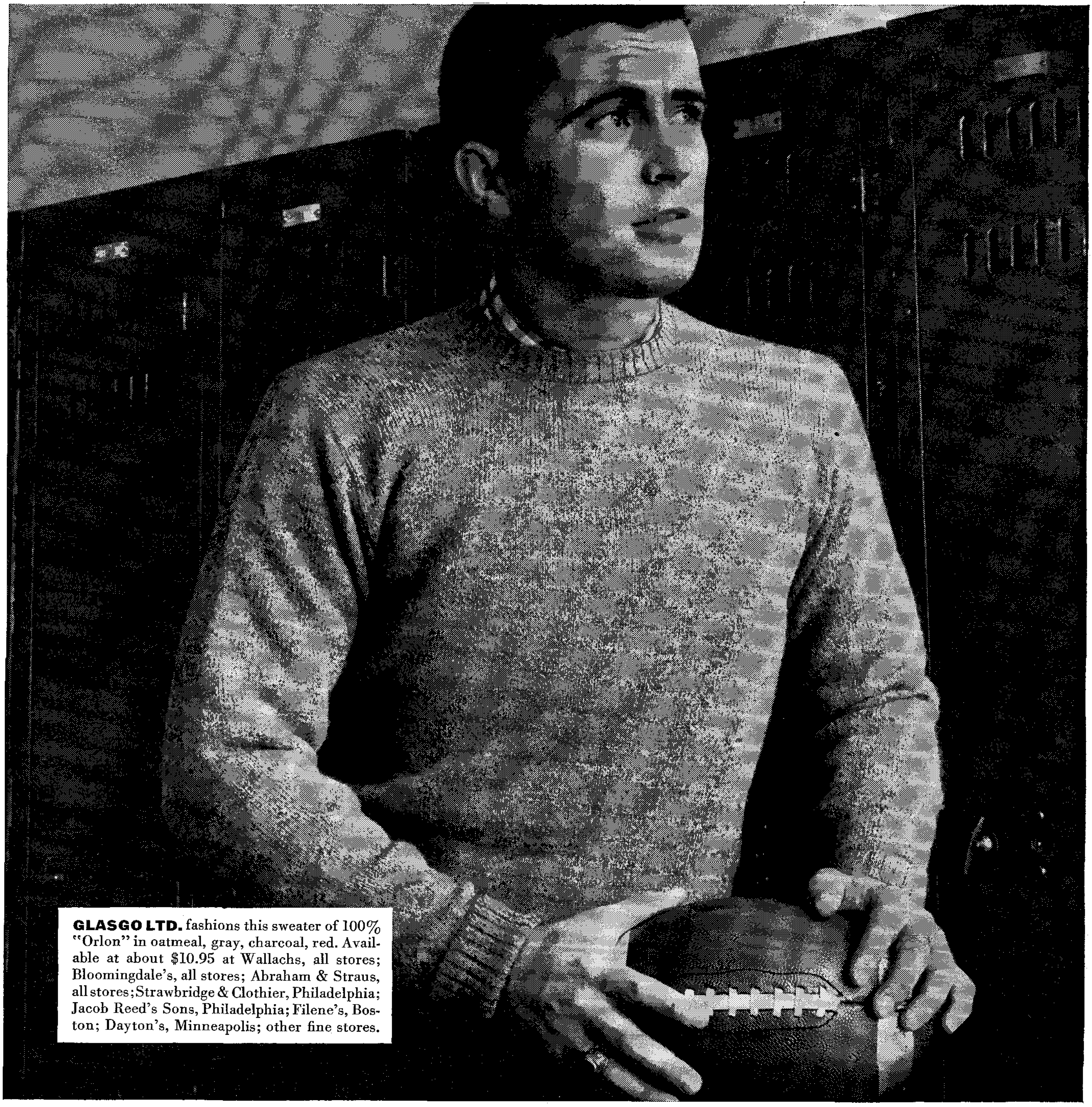

GLASGO LTD. fashions this sweater of 100% "Orlon" in oatmeal, gray, charcoal, red. Available at about $10.95 at Wallachs, all stores; Bloomingdale's, all stores; Abraham & Straus, all stores; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Jacob Reed's Sons, Philadelphia; Filene's, Boston; Dayton's, Minneapolis; other fine stores.

For the man among men—"Orlon"
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At a glance you can tell that here is a sweater manifestly masculine. One of the new textures in "Orlon"* acrylic fiber, this campus sweater is virile, robust, and assuredly aristocratic. No pampering needed when washed, it dries the same shape, same size without any blocking or stretching. Finally, there's comfort—easy, casual, friendly. It's a sweater you certainly should get close to soon.

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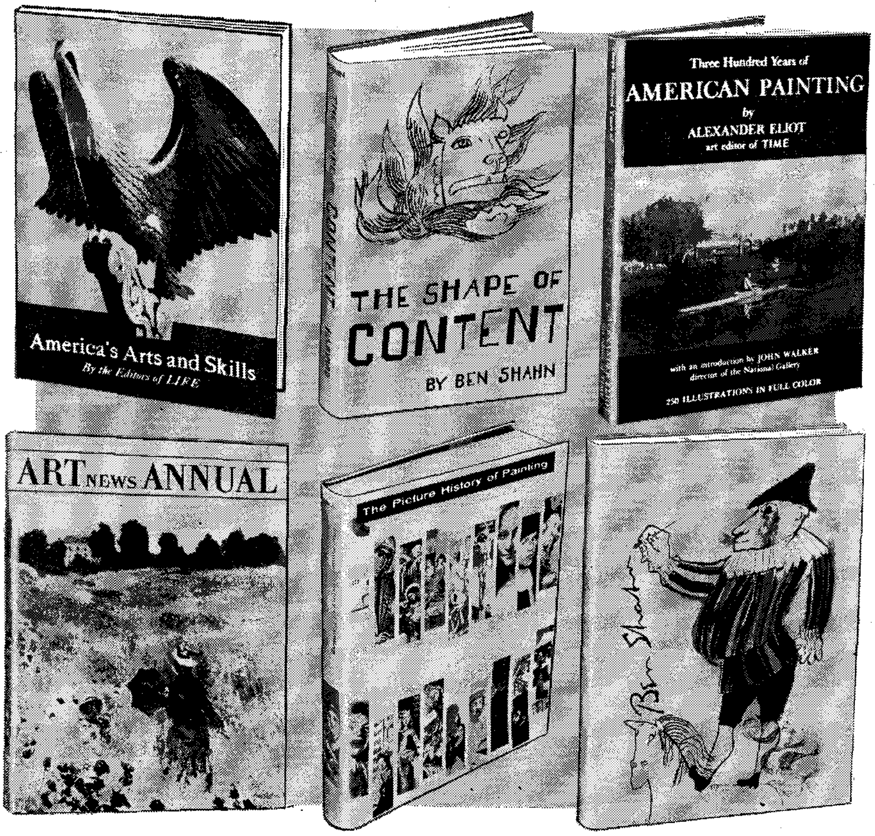
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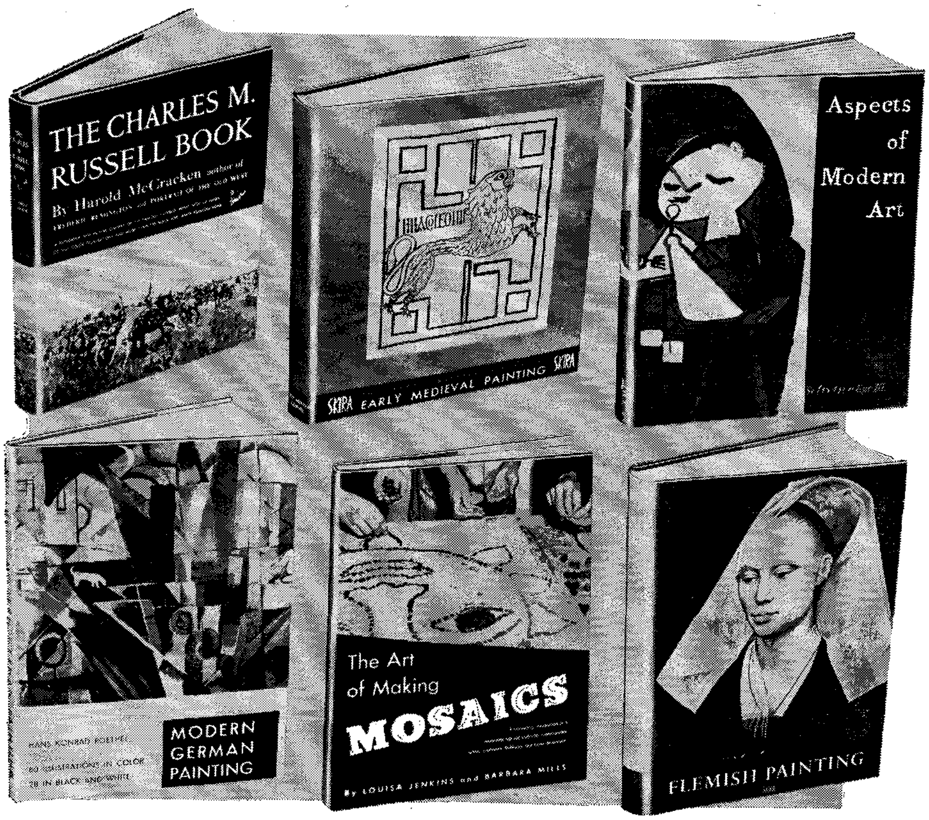
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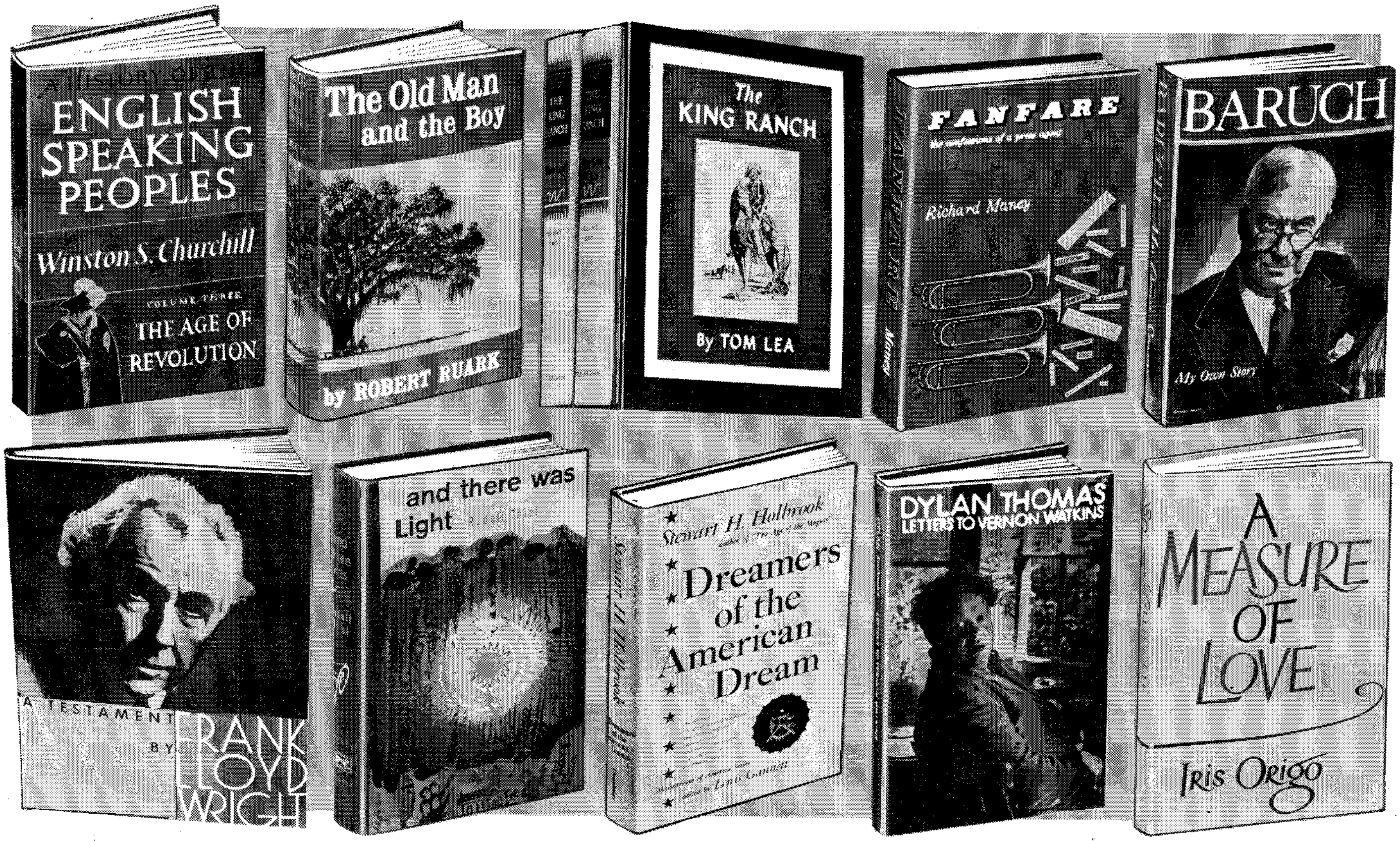
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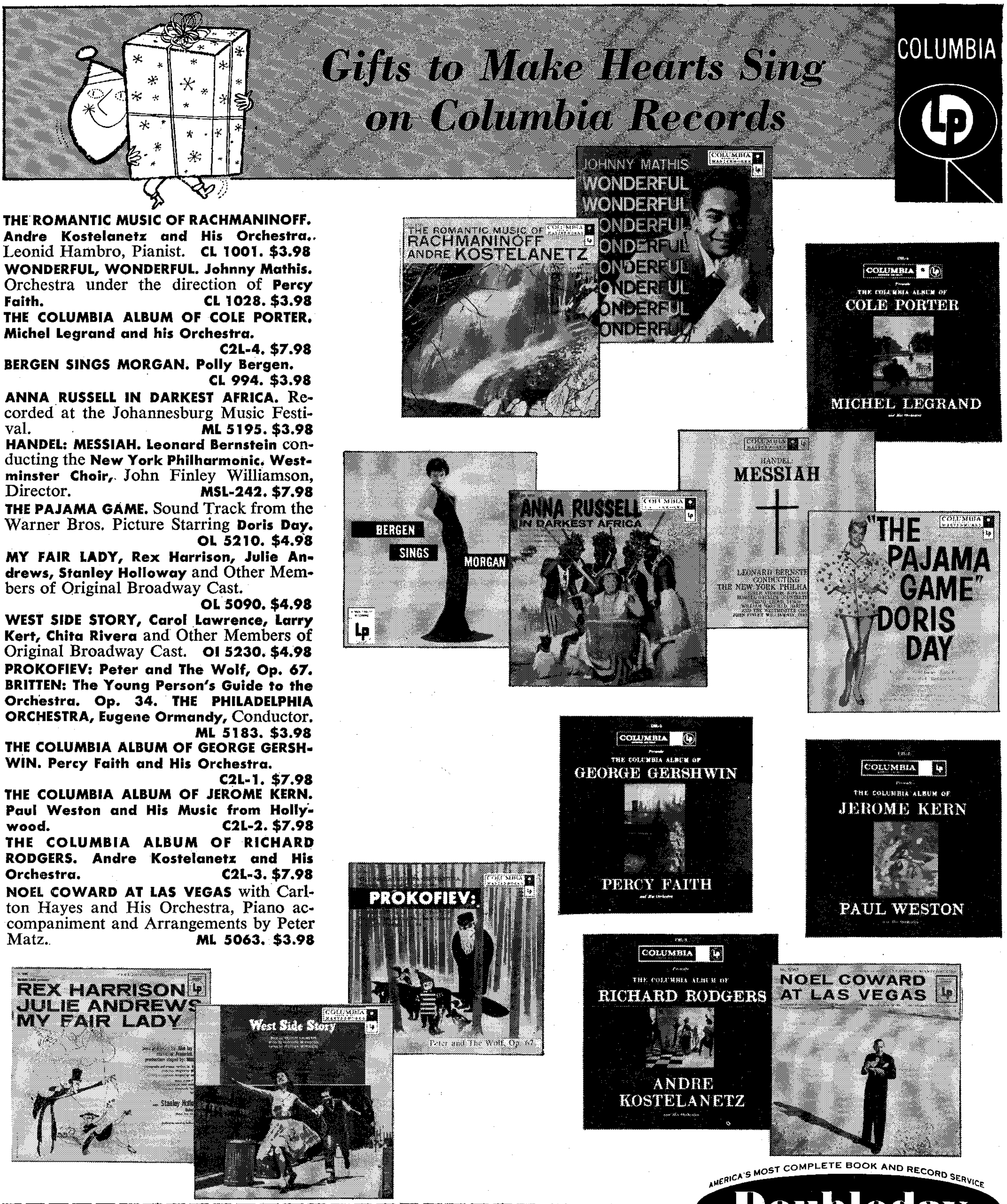
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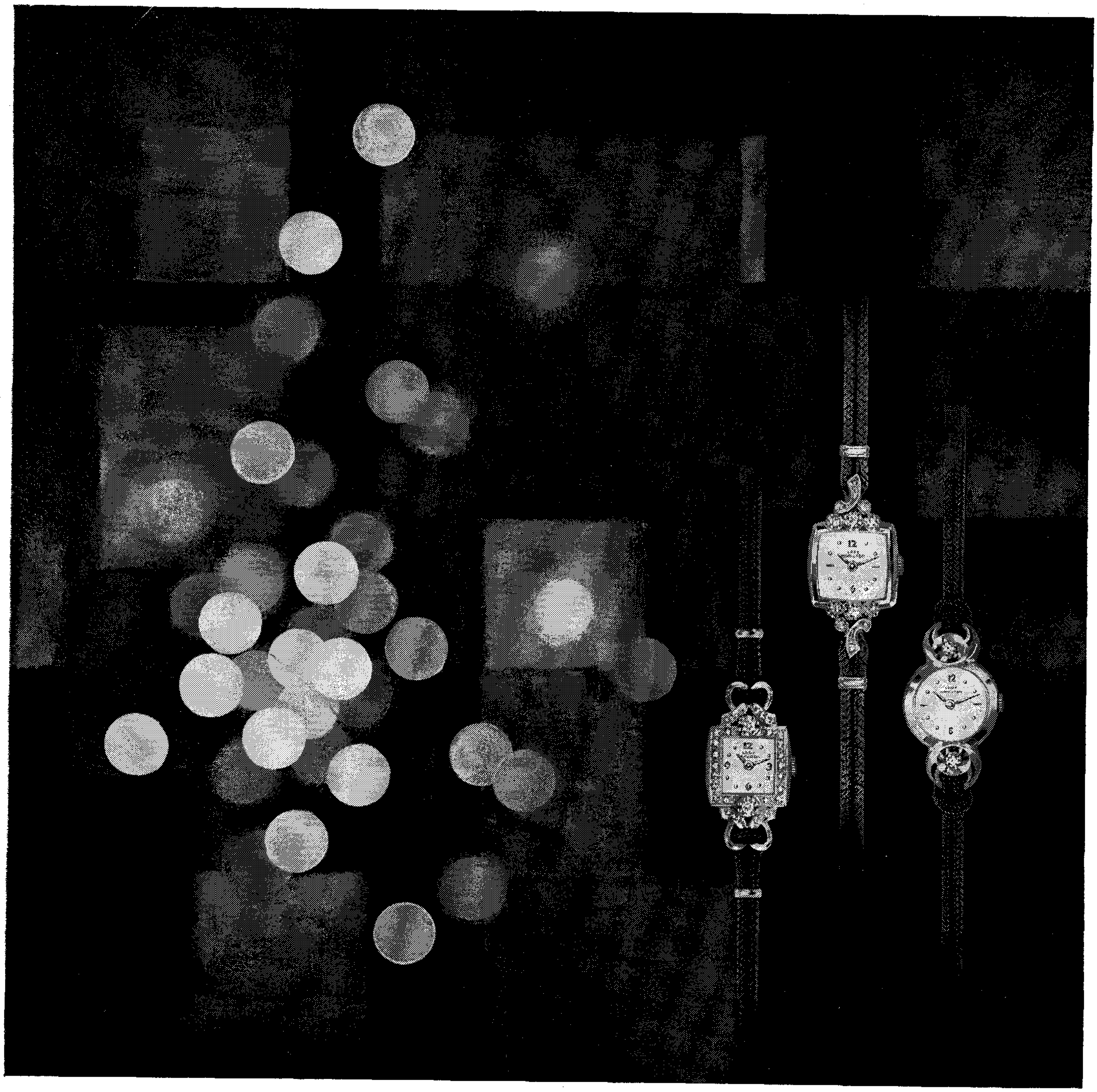

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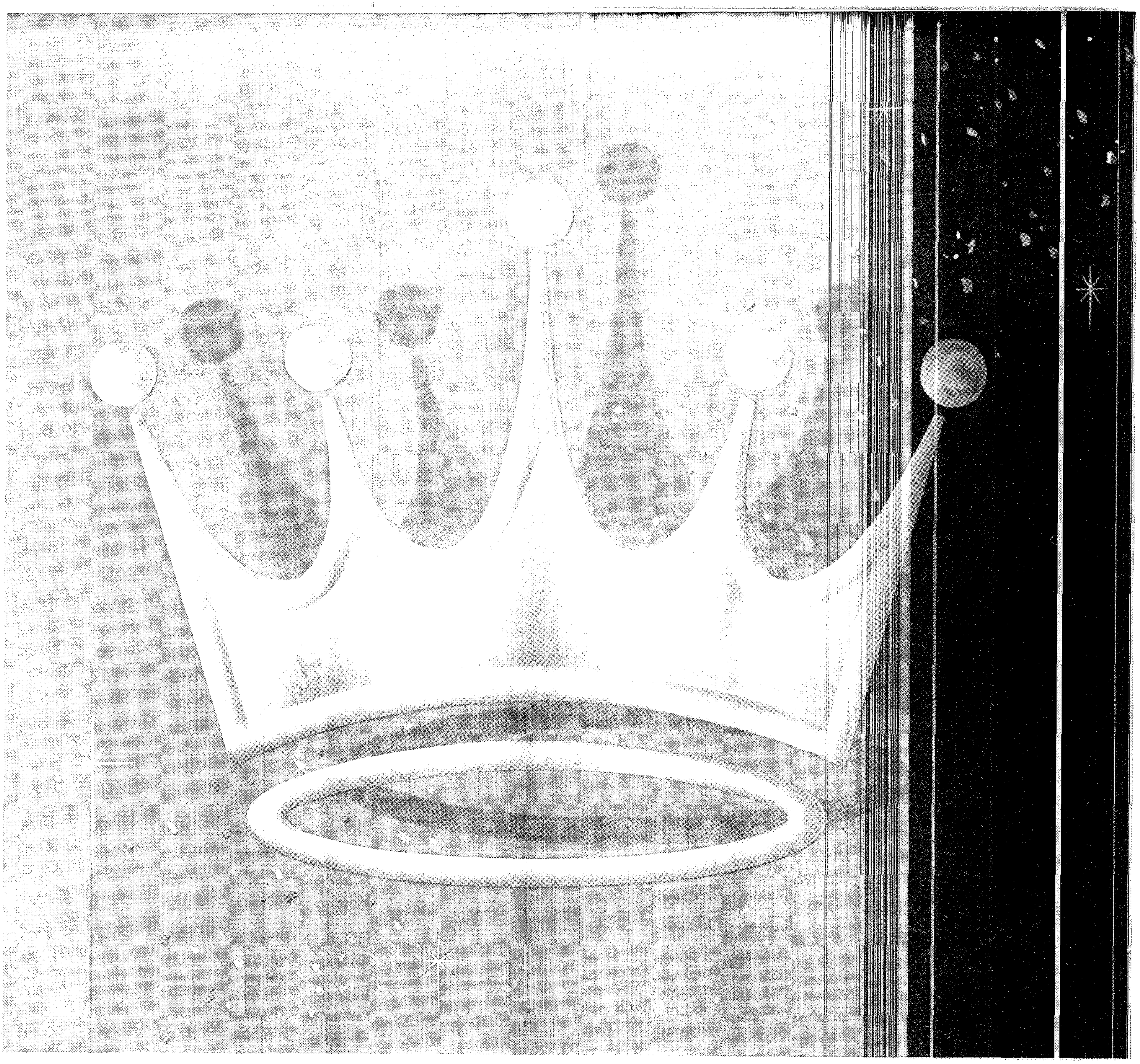

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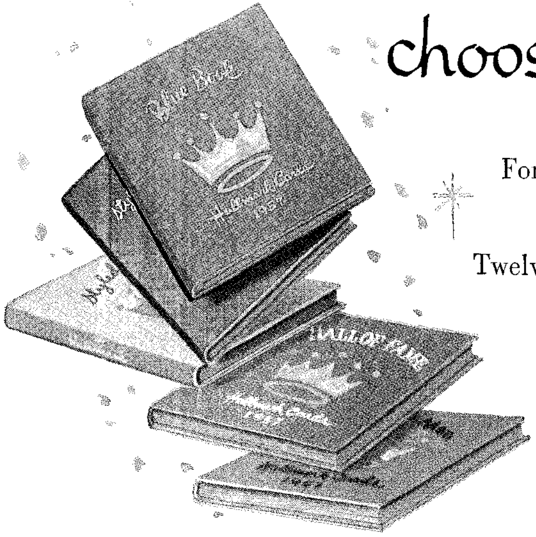

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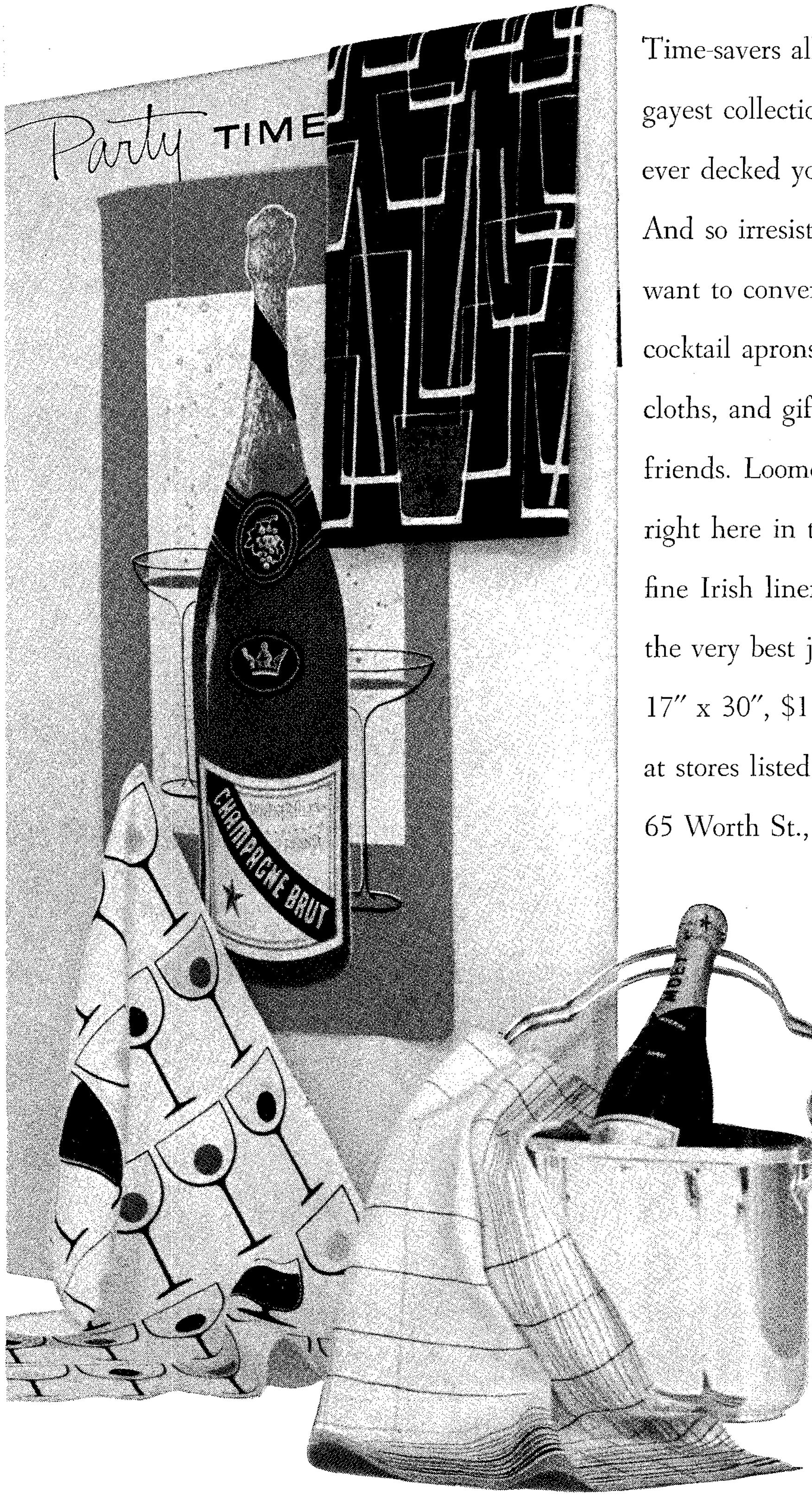

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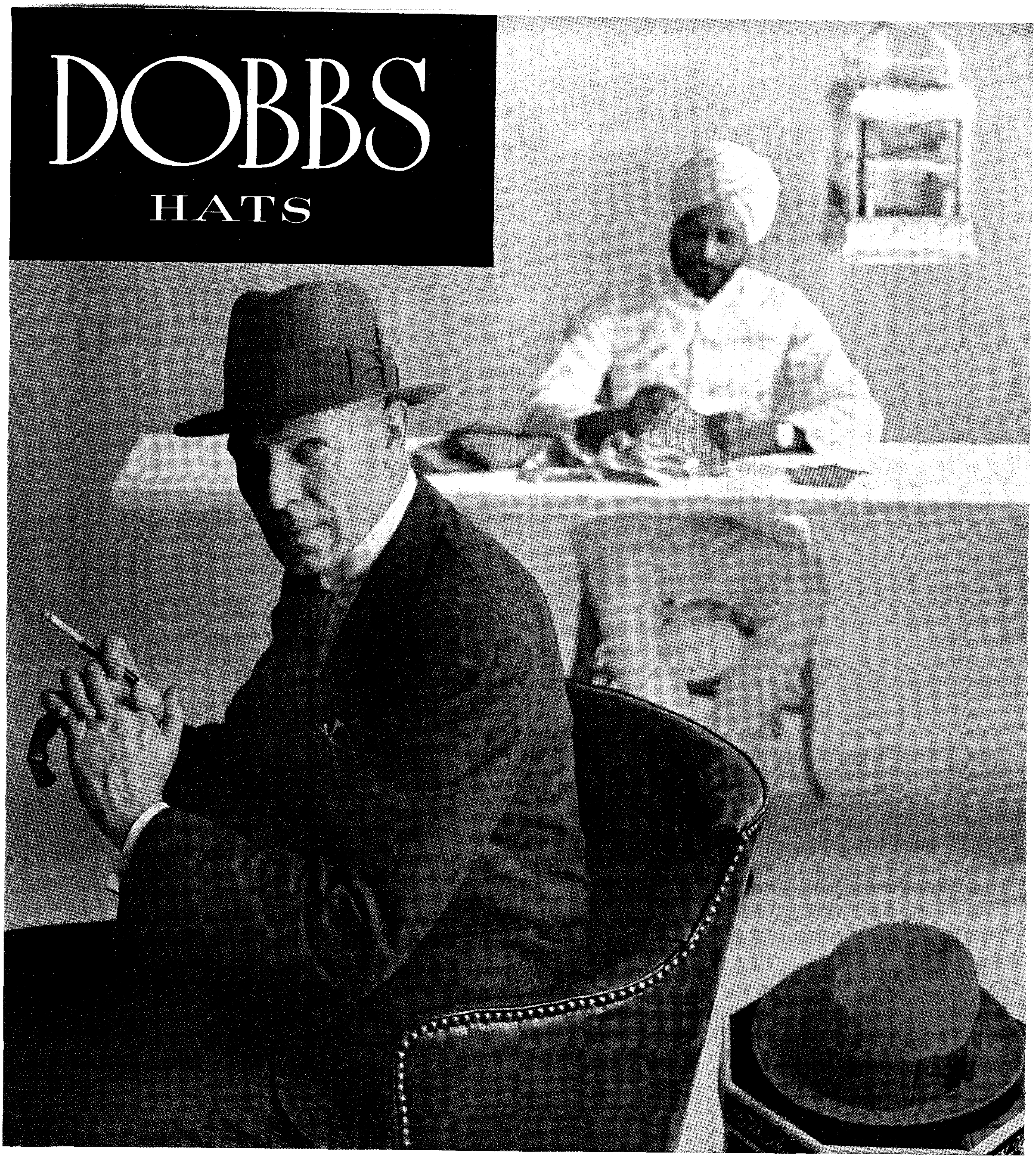

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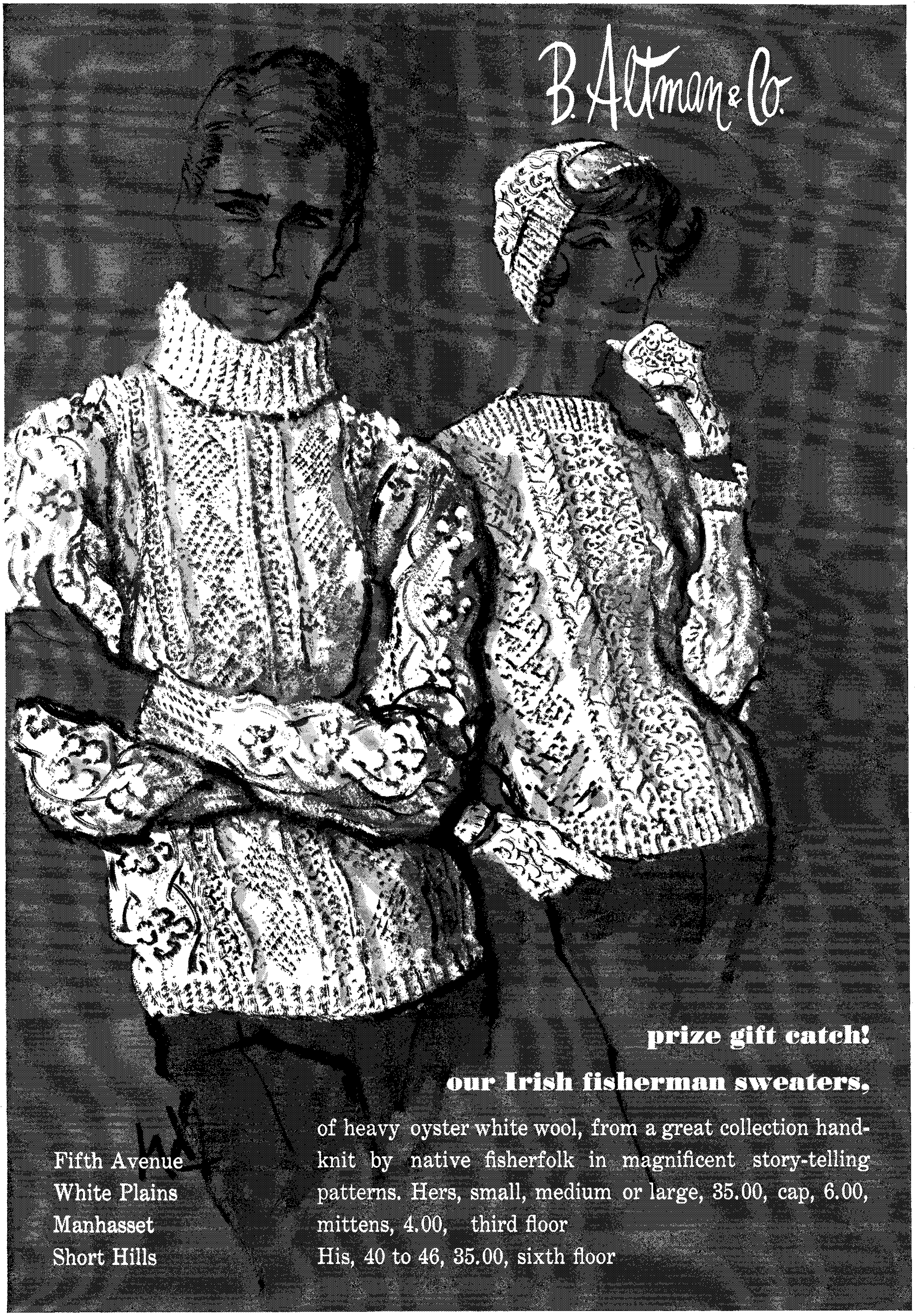

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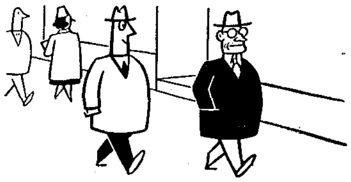
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are delighted to be able to report that the streets of this city—O million-faced! O lost!—are still capable of arranging the meaningful chance encounter for a pedestrian. We were walking back to the office after lunch one day last week when we noticed that the man walking just eighteen inches to our left was Harry Truman. He was alone and so were we, and his pace and direction were identical with ours; under the circumstances, we decided, it would be unfriendly not to speak. We managed a small sidewise bow, and said, "It's nice to see you in town, sir."



"Why, thank you very much," said Mr. Truman, with a much more graceful sidewise bow. "I appreciate that more than I can say."

We walked together for the next block and a half, skirting garbage cans and overtaking laggards while we chatted about such topics as the burdens of the Presidency ("It's a job nobody can do entirely right," said Mr. Truman), the burdens of the Mayor of New York ("Nothing in the world could persuade me to want *that* job," said Mr. Truman), and New York traffic ("Worse than anything I've seen, except maybe Los Angeles," said Mr. Truman). At the corner of Sixth Avenue, Mr. Truman said, "Well, I'm heading north here," and we wished him good luck. "Good luck to *you!*" he replied cheerfully.

As far as we could determine, the only person who recognized the former President during our stroll together happened to be a friend of ours, a lawyer, who performed a double take worthy of the late Oliver Hardy. We hadn't been back at our office five minutes before he called us up.

"What were you and Harry Truman doing together?" he demanded sternly.

"Talking about this and that," we said, and hung up.

Our Own Baedeker

BERTRAND RUSSELL has somewhere said that the word "universe" (derived from the Latin for "turned into one"—the heavenly bodies being turned into one orderly system by their apparent revolution about the earth—and, in a post-Copernican vocabulary, definable as "everything of a physical nature that is or ever could be observed") is not a noun fit to be the subject of a sentence. But now that, if not man, at least man's best friend has been projected into ultra-terrestrial territory, we feel duty bound to risk the monist heresy. The universe, like most of us, would seem to be torn between the gregarious instinct and the need to escape. On the one hand, stars appear in clusters, bodies in space are attracted to one another by a force that is directly proportional to the product of their masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them, and nebulous gases (to hear one respectable theory tell it) band together and form stars; on the other hand, all galaxies are fleeing from each other.

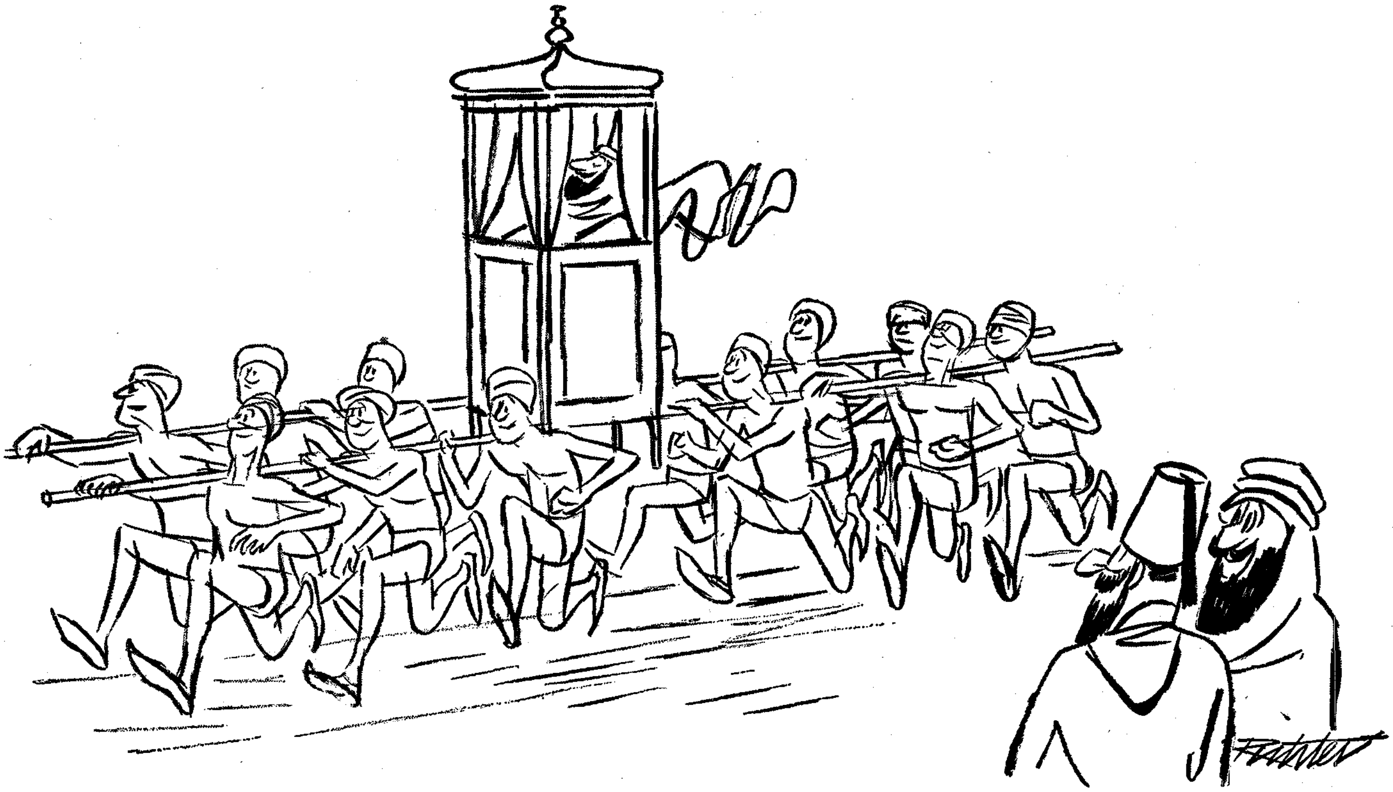
The latter observation is based on Doppler's principle: the lines in the spectrum of a light source tend toward violet if the source is travelling toward us and toward red if it is moving away. Photographs of distant galaxies taken in the nineteen-twenties with the hundred-inch Mount Wilson telescope showed a "red shift," which apparently meant that all other galaxies were retreating from our own at a speed proportional to their distance. Two conclusions followed. If the universe was expanding, all matter must have once been compressed into a dense, infernal mass, which eventually exploded. Also, with a bigger telescope we might be able to overtake the farthest shards of the explosion and thus see the limits of the universe. Accordingly, the two-hundred-inch Mount Palomar telescope was constructed. Although this excellent instrument has obligingly gathered light that began to travel two billion years ago, it has as yet reported no thinning out of galaxies, and the chasm beyond the universe is still unplumbed. The explosion theory, which has revised its estimate of the "beginning" backward to at least five billion years ago, is susceptible to several objections. Both the stars and the nebulae, for instance, give every appearance of uncontemporaneous birth; some are muzzy with age, others full of the pepper of youth. A group of British astronomers, including Sir James Jeans and Fred Hoyle, have characteristically plumped for more gradual creation—the accumulation of nebulous clouds, then of stars, out of atoms wandering in space. In this theory, the universe expands, but politely, to make room for new creations. There is also the possibility that the "red shift" is really a fatigue that light experiences after travelling for more than a million light-years and the retreat of the galaxies is an illusion. Doubt about the beginning of the universe puts its end in shadow, but it seems that matter cannot go on translating itself into energy forever, since the retranslation—into matter—involves stiff headway against the probabilities of the equation $E=mc^2$. The end in sight is a grisly diffused calm entitled "entropy."

Though the universe is bounded on all sides of space-time by mysteries, our own position in it is known with some precision. We and the Russians reside on a planet—planets more likely being condensations of the nebular envelope noticeable on other stars than the debris of a brush the sun had with star *x*. Contrary to what is sometimes supposed, there is no reason to be ashamed of the sun. While not so big as Antares or so dense as Sirius B, it is a little above average in most respects. Neither blue giant nor red dwarf, it has its own secure niche in the yellow band, and lies comfortably between vast extremes of stellar size, density, and absolute brightness. If Antares were placed in the sun's position, it would engulf the orbit of Mars, whereas van Maanen's star, smaller than Neptune, would warm us hardly at all. A cubic inch of Sirius B would weigh three-fourths of a ton on the earth, whereas air at the earth's surface is a hundred times more substantial than the mean density of Betelgeuse. Curiously (and without doubt significantly), the variability of stars in regard to mass is surprisingly restricted; all are between one-tenth and fifty times the weight of the sun, whose tonnage is 1,980 followed by twenty-four zeros. The sun, with its family (a crew including the playful comets, whirling in and out of ken on elliptical orbits, and the darling asteroids, few bigger than Pennsylvania and some no bigger than a grand piano), is situated about halfway between the center of the galaxy—taken to be the brilliant star-clouds in Sagittarius—and the rim.

Our galaxy, too, is something to be proud of. A flat spiral a hundred and twenty thousand light-years in diameter and about a tenth as thick, it contains not only the six thousand stars you can see on a clear night—which were mostly named by Greeks before 500 B.C., when their heads were still full of the Argonautical legends—but from one to two hundred billion more. It also contains quantities of dust and gas and "dark matter." Luminous nebulae are excited to brightness by ultraviolet radiation from nearby stars, and nebulae with no stars at hand appear as shadows, in queer shapes—that of a horse's head, for instance, in Orion. Dark nebulae account for the holes in the Milky Way—this celebrated path being the profusion we see when we look through our galaxy the long way, toward the edge of the coin. In all galaxies, the dark matter greatly outweighs the luminous. Beyond the void that surrounds our galaxy, the nearest neighbors are the two Magellanic Clouds, gauzy bits visible in the Southern Hemisphere; these are a hundred and fifty thousand light-years away—hailing distance, as cosmic proximities go—and may be satellites of our galaxy. A true rival is the great spiral nebula in Andromeda, more than two million light-years distant. As we noted above, they are still counting other galaxies, but already the figure runs into the millions, as does everything else in this realm. For instance, no matter how rare the circumstances that lead to the creation of planets habitable by intelligent life, the probabilities suggest that there are millions of such planets in the universe. The trick is to reach them.

Astronomical billions have become as familiar to us as the friendly face of our annual budget. Yet when it comes to space travel, Man may get all dressed up and have no place to go. The other planets, still several technological magnitudes away, are, at the most optimistic conjecture, as congenial as a combination of Antarctica and a sewer main, and beyond them the leap is great, despite all the plausible speculation about how slowly the wristwatch of a space traveller will tick as he approaches the speed of light. After our sun, the nearest star is a million times as distant as the nearest planet—Venus, which dares venture to within twenty-four million miles of us. If the sun is the dot over this "i," the next-nearest star, Proxima Centauri, is ten miles away. Space is thinly populated; Jeans estimated that if all the matter known to exist were evenly distributed, the density of the universe would be 10^{-30} that of water. (10^{-1} is one-tenth, 10^{-2} is one-hundredth, etc.) The velocities that even General LeMay can achieve will not unduly impress the universe. In addition to accomplishing its own revolu-

"Oven-ready costs a few cents more and oven-ready is worth a few cents more!"



"By Allah, there's a souped-up job for you!"

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tion, rotation, and precession, the earth is speeding, in company with the sun, toward the constellation Hercules at the rate of twelve and a half miles a second, within a galaxy whose rim rotates at a rate somewhere between a hundred and fifty and two hundred miles per second, in a universe where galaxies at least appear to be dispersing with such swiftness that in time light itself will be unable to bridge the gaps between them. The whence and wherefore of such bustle most scientists regard as a philosophical—and many philosophers as an improper—question.

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OVERHEARD in Le Gourmet on a Saturday night: "What Jack doesn't seem to realize is that Harvard has become a mother figure to him."

Career Man

COMMODORE SIR IVAN THOMPSON, captain of the Queen Elizabeth, having reached the Cunard Line's mandatory retirement age of sixty-three, recently relinquished command of the biggest liner afloat, and shortly before that event we were privileged to enjoy a farewell lunch with him in his quarters aboard ship. For all that it was a sort of valedictory, the occasion was exceedingly cheerful. A bulky man with close-cropped grayish hair and something of a Churchill look about his nose and outthrust lower lip, Sir Ivan greeted us in his comfortable, panelled cabin with protestations of fear lest the Elizabeth's larders prove unequal to the task of feeding us. "Docked this morning, sailing tomorrow," he said. "Dining saloon closed, no regular meals to be had. I do hope Smithy finds us a thing or two."

As if on cue, the Commodore's steward popped into sight. "Never fear, sir," he said, and, having taken orders for drinks and served them, proceeded to suggest a collation of lamb-and-barley broth, cold ham, salad, and ice cream. The Commodore nodded assent. "I'm on this damned diet," he said. "Supposed to help me get over a slipped disc. Nine hundred calories a day, but every day I cheat a little. Not many calories in ham, are there, Smithy?"

"Hardly a one, sir," Smithy said, with conviction.

We noticed a plaque on the wall beside us, which read, "The timber used in the lining of this cabin, though botanically known as *Ulmus americana*, or rock elm, has the popular designation of Waterloo elm. It was obtained from the piles driven in 1811 under the original Waterloo Bridge over the Thames. The change to grey color was caused by the bleaching action of tidal waters and discovered when the piles were withdrawn in 1936 to prepare for the new bridge."

"I think they put that plaque there to give the captain something to talk about with his passengers," Sir Ivan said. "I gave two cocktail parties a day during the crossing. I've met so many people that I've no memory left for names. I mustn't be indiscreet, but in the course of my career with Cunard I've met just about everybody you could think of. I've had Sir Winston aboard five times, and almost every other important political figure except Eisenhower. New York is the greatest of all the great cities I've seen. To my mind, it has everything—the finest harbor and the most skillful pilots and the best shows and by far the most beautiful women. I'm trying to talk my wife and children into coming to America, but the extraordinary thing is that they prefer to be where they are right now—Liverpool."

Sir Ivan, who was born in Lancashire, signed up at fifteen as a cadet on a tramp steamer. "Why? God knows," he said. "In those days, the sea was romantic. Travel was a rare and inviting thing to a young fellow. Today, there's nothing to it. Everyone's been everywhere, and it's all so easy." After a brief stay ashore, at Toms River, New Jersey, to which his parents had emigrated, he returned to the sea. He joined the Cunard Line in 1916 and was given his first ship in 1939. After serving as captain of the Britannic and relieving captain of both the Queens, he was made captain of the Mary in 1952. In 1954, he became captain of the Elizabeth, at the same time assuming the title of commodore. He received his knighthood in 1955. "Forty-seven years at sea!" he said pensively. "A wasted life, I suppose. What do you think, Smithy?"

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir," Smithy replied. "I expect it's had its moments."

Let Your Mind Go Blank

A BANKING executive we know recently sat in on a demonstration of some electronic equipment that can foot up accounts at a fantastic speed. As a clincher to his sales talk, the demonstrator observed, "These machines can be run by a de-skilled operator."

Lippolds and Ligustrums

IS there anything to prenatal influence? Consider. The Metropolitan Museum of Art was born in the Union League Club, but it was sired in Paris, by an 1866 Fourth of July after-dinner speech, in which John Jay, addressing a bunch of American fellow-junketers, plumped for a national art gallery. The Union League was then a hive of culture, and some of his listeners formed a committee that petitioned it to implement his suggestion, which in 1870 it, or its art committee, did. What happened? Well, American paintings were acquired, all right, but for decades, by and large, they played second fiddle to European paintings, being spotted, as far as permanent exhibits went, in galleries dominated by the Continent. Contemporary Americans, by and large, weren't even spotted much, or bought much, until a few years ago. Now all has changed, or is in the process of changing. The Museum has established its first permanent home for American art—six galleries and two balconies—which it opened, with a nocturnal preview, a couple of weeks ago. We attended this historic *vernissage*, gazed at Hoppers, Zorachs, Lippolds, Edwin Dickinsons, and Loren MacIvers in a company that included, *in propriis personis*, Hopper, Zorach, Lippold, Dickinson, and Miss MacIver, and went back the next day for a chat with Robert Beverly Hale, Curator of American Paintings and Sculpture, who selected and hung the modern section.

We asked Mr. Hale how he felt about everything, and he accommodatingly told us. "I feel that New York is the unnamed capital of the world and that there is a great necessity for the full tradition of American art to be put before the public of this city and its visitors," he said. "I feel that our contemporary artists are doing some of the best work in the world and that visitors who come here from all over should see them. We have some twenty-five thousand items of American art, and it's a pity that we haven't the funds or space to show them. Now we can at least show a fraction, and while there are some dreadful gaps in the present exhibition—the Illusionists are left out, the whole Impressionist School is left out, the Ashcan School isn't there, many other first-rate artists have been omitted—I'm inclined to think that with this start some rather exciting things may happen. Enthusiasm for American art is increasing quite perceptibly. Hitherto, it's been somewhat embarrassing to me when distinguished visitors, such as the Queen Mother, Molotov, and President Sukarno of Indonesia, asked to see the American paintings. Molotov, incidentally, was extremely fond of Winslow Homer—'True American realism,' he said—and did not appreciate the abstractions. We have a very strong and splendid American tradition, you know. I think it's possible that Copley was one of the finest portrait painters of his time before he went to England to live and took over the European style. Stuart had undoubted talent. Homer and Eakins had great talent. Cassatt at times approaches Degas."

Mr. Hale took us on a tour of the remodelled and rehung galleries, and in a room of Calders, Motherwells, Noguchis, and O'Keeffes we approached a large West Indian tree fern. "How do you like my tree?" he said. "I bought it at the Julius Roehrs nursery, in East Rutherford, New Jersey. We have a big plant pool here. A guard who has a special knowledge of horticulture is detailed to water the plants and keep them happy. I'm afraid that *Cyathea arborea* has withered since it was first exposed in this gallery. I hope it isn't because of the— Well! Here's a ficus tree—*Ficus exotica*—which I expected to put with the Lippold 'Sun' construction, but I found it went better with the Zorach. I've put four pyramid ligustrums on the sculpture balconies. We always use plants to bring out an exhibition. There was a cactus with a marvellous texture at Roehrs', which I thought would go well with a Pollock, but the man said it had a tropical disease, and he wouldn't sell it."

We followed our guide to Homer's "Prisoners from the Front," which shows a Union soldier delivering three prisoners to a lordly-looking colonel. "Pure Boston," said Mr. Hale, who is a grandson of Edward Everett Hale. "The prisoners strike me as a bit fictive, but the colonel is a Boston Yankee, in a day when the aristocratic principle still flourished."

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SCANDINAVIAN INTELLIGENCE: According to a sign, in English, in its window, Tokanten, a restaurant in Copenhagen, serves "Three bottles of beer for the same price."

Little Augie

WE had lunch at Dinty Moore's one day last week with Augustine Rios, a ten-year-old who is doing quite well his first time out on Broadway, in "Jamaica;" his mother; and his manager, George Scheck. When we came upon Augustine, a slight child wearing a broad smile, a gray long-trousers suit, and massive tortoise-shell glasses, he was making fairly heavy weather with a menu.

"What I don't like," he said, "is anything but a pizza and spaghetti and watermelon."

"You sure come to the right place," said a waiter who was hovering over our group. "We don't have this pizza, spaghetti, or watermelon. We got honeydew melon, but what we don't have is watermelon. What you want is frankfurters."

"Hot dogs," said Augustine enthusiastically.

"Positively," the waiter said.

"What Augie really likes is these pizzas," said his mother, a plump lady in brown.

"Nothing like them for a growing boy," said Mr. Scheck.

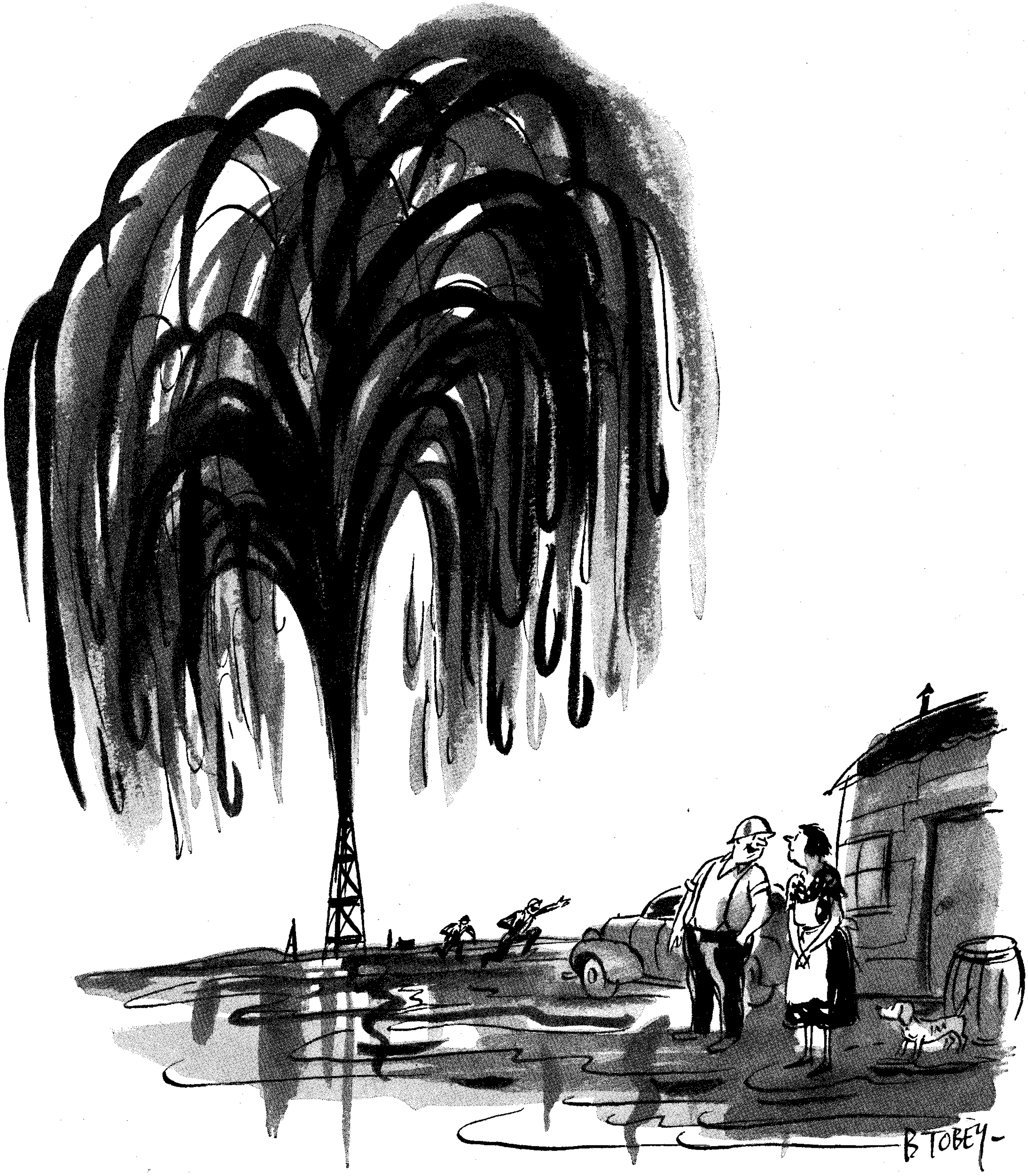
"If they don't have watermelon, I'll have fruit salad," said Augie.

"Anything you want you can get," said Mr. Scheck expansively.

"I'll bet I can eat anything," said Augie, "but what I like is—"

We ended the gastronomic discussion by asking Augie how he was doing at school.

"Fine," he said. "Just fine. Excuse



"Do you know what this means to me? It means from now on, when I have something to say, people are going to listen."

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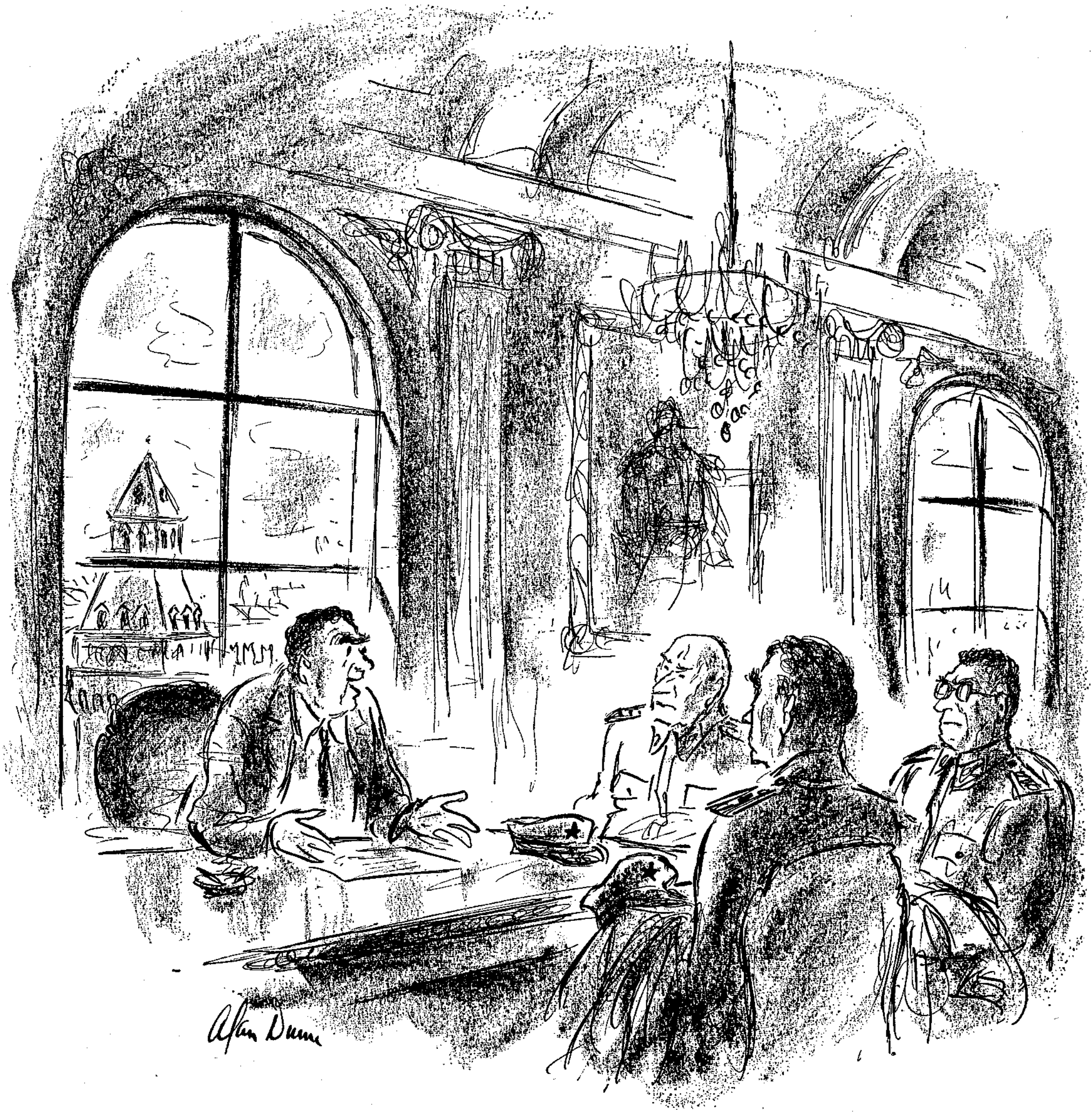
me." He went table-hopping to another area of Dinty Moore's, and his mother observed, "He goes to see Ricardo Montalban. He loves him because he bought him pizzas, and also took him to Lindy's, where he had spaghetti."

"You know," said Mr. Scheck, "when I first spotted this boy, I knew he had it. How did I know? Well, let me tell you. When I was a kid, I worked with Gus Edwards—after Jessel, Winchell, and so forth, but Edwards knew I had it. You know, the spark. And then, when I wasn't so young any more, I started in TV running kiddie shows—way back in 1939. Pretty soon I got this 'Star Time' going, which is still very active locally. So to get talent for the show, this 'Star Time,' I opened up studios for kids in Manhattan, Queens, and Brooklyn, and everything worked out real fine. When I laid eyes on Augie, I knew he had the spark."

"We come from Puerto Rico," in-



"Just to put you straight, Comrades, the cult of personality is one thing, Nikita thinking he's the whole cheese is quite another."

• •

terposed Mrs. Rios, "and both me and my husband have nice jobs—I work as an operator on blouses in a firm at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, and my husband, he is a polisher in the Bronx, where we live. I took a leave of absence—I am on piecework—to be around Augie while the show was in Philadelphia and Boston, but a leave of absence here only a couple of weeks. Everybody loves him."

"What does your husband polish?" we inquired.

"Buttons, and things like that," said Mrs. Rios.

We were rejoined at this point by Augustine, who apologized for his excursion by saying that he'd had a good deal to discuss with Mr. Montalban. "Any day," he added, "we go to Lindy's again." The waiter brought hamburgers for Mrs. Rios and Mr. Scheck, oysters for us, and sauerkraut and frankfurters for Augie. Eying our oyster fork, Augie decided that he'd eat with one, too.

"If you order oysters, my boy," said the waiter, "you get the little fork. You don't, you don't."

Augie looked hurt, and the waiter relented and brought him a small fork.

"I never ordered an oyster," said Augie. "I never ordered anything but pizza, spaghetti, and watermelon. In Philadelphia, which I like better than Boston, I saw the Liberty Bell. It has a crack in it."

"Who put that crack in the Liberty Bell?" said his mother.

"I did," said Augie.

"Sometimes these kids are hard to manage," said Mr. Scheck. "A lot of ham, as you can understand. He's just an average student in school, but he's got the spark, and for singing and dancing he's right up there. When they opened 'Jamaica' in Philadelphia, I was biting my nails thinking he couldn't manage the two or three lines he had, but he wasn't batting an eyelash, and then it turns out they've fattened his part until he's the sixth most important."

"What time is it?" Augie asked.

We consulted our wristwatch and he consulted his.

"One-thirty," we said.

"I got quarter of two," said Augie. "Miss Lena Horne gave me this watch, and it has my name on the back, and her name."

"Do you ever talk to Miss Horne?" said Mr. Scheck.

"We talk," said Augie, "but it is private."

"Well," said Mrs. Rios, "what do you say?"

"I say how are you," Augie explained, "and she says how are you, and I say well and she says well, and then she asks how I'm getting along at school and I say fine and she says fine, and that is why it is private."

We suggested that Augie tell us about his extracurricular pursuits, and he told us that he likes to solve jigsaw puzzles and to watch his brother dance.

"How old is your brother?" we said.

"I don't know," said Augie, "but he dances real well. He doesn't do it on his feet; he does it lying down."

We learned later from Mrs. Rios that Augie's brother is one year old. "He does kind of dance," she said.

Keeping Up

DURING a trip to Sturbridge, the small Colonial town that has been re-created in Massachusetts, a Bronxville family we know had a splendid time watching a tinsmith, a printer, and other craftsmen working as craftsmen used to work long ago, but were disappointed to find that the candle-dipping demonstration was not in progress. An explanation came from a lady guide who happened by, clad in a long Colonial gown. "Our candle-dipper," she said, "has just stepped out for her coffee break."

YOU'LL ENJOY IT WHEN YOU GET THERE

"SHYNESS is *common*," Rhoda's mother insisted. "I was never *allowed* to be shy when I was a girl. Your grandparents would soon have put a stop to *that*."

The stressed words sounded so peevish. Between sentences she refreshed herself with a sip of invalid's drink and touched her lips with her handkerchief, and then continued.

"Self-consciousness it was always called when I was young, and that is what it is. To imagine that it shows a sense of modesty is absurd. *Modesty!* Why, I have never known a *truly* modest person to be the least bit shy."

The jaundice, which had discolored her face and her eyes, seemed as well to wash all her words in poison.

"It's all right for you, Mother," Rhoda said. "You can drink. Then anyone can talk."

Mrs. Hobart did not like to be reminded that she drank at all; that she drank immoderately no one—she herself least of all—would ever have dared to remind her.

Rhoda, who was sitting by the window, nursing her cat, stared down at the gardens in the square and waited huffily for an indignant rebuke. Instead, her mother said wearily, "Well, you will have a drink, too, before the banquet, and no nonsense. A girl of eighteen."

"I hate the taste."

"I, I, I. I hate this, I loathe that. What do you think would have happened if *I* had considered what *I* liked through all these years. Or the Queen," she added. "The poor girl! The rubbish she's been forced to eat and drink in foreign countries. And never jibbed."

"You and the Queen are different kettles of fish from me," Rhoda said calmly. Then she threw up the window from the bottom and leaned out and waved to her father, who was crossing the road below.

"Please shut that window," Mrs. Hobart said. "Leaning out and waving like a housemaid. I despair." She put the glass of barley water on one side and said again, "I despair."

"There is no need. I will do my best," said Rhoda. "Though no one likes to be frightened in quite such a boring way."

SHE sat in the train opposite her father and wedged in by businessmen. In books and films, she thought, people who go on train journeys always get a corner seat.

In a corner, she could have withdrawn into her daydreaming so much more completely, but here she was cramped by the fat men on either side, whose thighs moved against hers when they uncrossed and recrossed their legs, whose newspapers distracted her with their puzzling headlines—for instance, "BISHOP EXORCISES £5,000 GHOST." Her father, with his arms folded neatly across his chest, dozed and nodded, and sometimes his lips moved, as if he were rehearsing his speech for that evening. They seemed to have been in the train for a long time, and the phlegmy fog, which had pressed to the windows as they left London, was darkening quickly. The dreadful moment of going in to dinner was coming nearer. Her father suddenly woke up and lifted his head. He yawned and winked a watery eye at her and yawned and yawned again. She sensed that to be taking his daughter instead of his wife to what her mother called the Trade Banquet made it seem rather a spree to him, and she wished that she could share his lightheartedness.

Like sleepwalkers, the other people in the compartment, still silent and drowsy, began now to fold their newspapers, look for their tickets, lift down their luggage from the racks. The train's rhythm changed, and the lights of the station came running past the windows. All that Rhoda was to see of this Midland town was the dark, windy space that lay between the station entrance and the great station hotel as they followed a porter across the greasy paving stones, and, later, a glimpse from her bedroom window of a timberyard beside a canal.

When she was alone in the hotel bedroom, she felt more uncertain than ever, oppressed by the null effect of raspberry-colored damask, the large intolerable pieces of furniture, and the silence, which only sounds of faraway plumbing broke, or of distant lifts rising and falling.

She shook out her frock, and was hanging it in a cavernous wardrobe when somebody in the corridor outside

"And then he promised to get me into documentary films."

tapped on the door. "Is that you, Father?" she called out anxiously.

A waiter came in, carrying a tray high in the air. He swirled it round on his fingers and put down a glass of sherry. "The gentleman in Number Forty-five ordered it," he explained.

"Thank you," Rhoda said timidly, peeping at him round the wardrobe door. "Very much," she added effusively.

The waiter said, "Thank *you*, Madam," in a quelling voice, and went away.

Rhoda sniffed at the sherry, and then tipped it into the washbasin. I suppose Father's so used to Mamma, she thought. She knew the bedroom imbibing that went on as her mother moved heavily about, getting dressed; every time she came back to her mirror, she would take a drink from the glass beside it.

The hotel room was a vacuum in which even time had no reality to Rhoda. With no watch to tell her, she began to wonder if she had been there alone for ten minutes or an hour, and in sudden alarm she ran to the bathroom and turned on taps, and hurriedly unpacked.

She put on a little confidence with her pretty frock; but, practicing radiant smiles in the looking glass, she was sure that they were only grimaces. She smoothed on her long white gloves and took up her satin bag, then heard a distant clock somewhere across the roofs of high buildings strike the half hour, and knew that she must wait all through the next, matching half hour for her father to come to fetch her.

As she waited, shivering as she paced about the room, growing more and more goose-fleshed, she saw the reasonableness in her father's thought about the sherry and wished that she had not wasted it and, even more, that she had lain twenty minutes longer in her warm bath.

He came as the clock struck out the hour, and, when she ran and opened the door to him, said, "Heavens, Ma'am, how exquisite you look!"

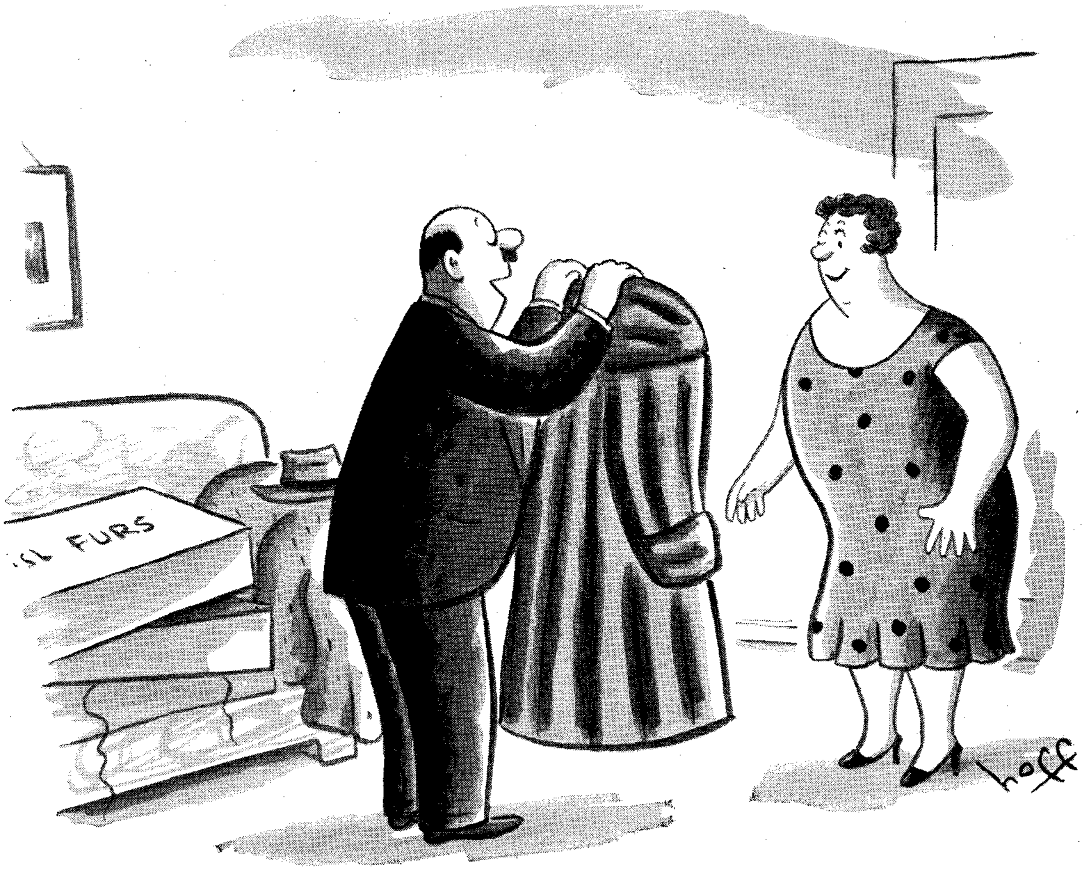
They descended the stairs.

In the reception room, another waiter circled with a tray of filled glasses. Four people stood drinking by the fire—two middle-aged men, one wearing a mayoral chain, the other a bosomful of medals, and two middle-aged women, stiffly corseted, their hair set in tight curls and ridges. Diamonds shone on their freckled chests, and pink carnations slanted heads downward across their bodices. They look as if they know the ropes, thought Rhoda, paralyzed with shyness. They received her kindly, but in surprise. "Why, where is Ethel?" they asked her father, and they murmured in concern over the jaundice and said how dreary it must be to be on the wagon. "Especially for her," the tone of their voices seemed to Rhoda to suggest.

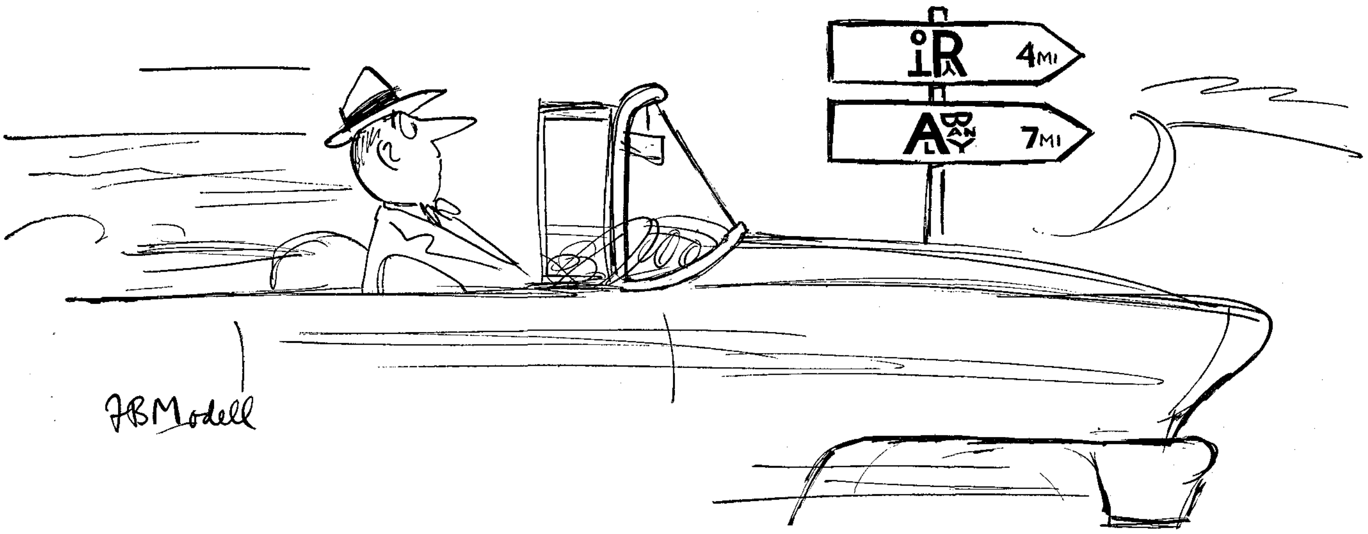
A bouquet was taken from a little side table and handed to Rhoda, who held it stiffly at her waist, where it contended fiercely with the color of her dress.

The six of them were, in their importance, shut off from a crowded bar where other guests were drinking cocktails. On this side of the door there was an air of confidence and expectation, of being ahead of the swim, Rhoda thought. She wished passionately, trying to sip away her sherry, that she might spend the entire evening shut away from the hordes of strangers in the bigger room, but only too soon a huge toastmaster, fussing with his white gloves, brought the three couples into line and then threw wide the doors. Inclining his head patronizingly to guest after guest, he bawled out some semblance of the names they proffered. As the first ones came reluctantly forward from the gaiety of the bar, Mr. Hobart leaned toward Rhoda and took the glass from her hand and put it on the tray with the others. "How do you do," she whispered, shaking hands with an old gentleman, who was surprised to see that her eyes were filled with tears. "You are deputizing for your mother?" he asked. "And very charmingly you do it, my dear," he added, and passed on quickly, so that she could brush her wet lashes with her gloved hand.

"Good evening, Rhoda." The bracing mockery of this new voice jolted her, the voice of Digby Lycett Senior, as she always called him in her mind—the mind that for months had been conquered and occupied by Digby Lycett Junior. This unexpected appearance was disastrous to her. She felt indignantly that he had no right to be there, so remotely connected was he with the trade the others had in common. "Nice of you to come," her father



"Happy birthday, this year through 1967, inclusive!"



was now telling him. They were old business friends. It was Digby Lycett who sold her father the machinery for making Hobart's Homemade Cookies. It was *loathsome* of you to come, Rhoda thought, unhappily.

She took one gloved hand after another, endlessly—it seemed—confronted by pink carnations and strings of pearls. But the procession dwindled at last—the stragglers, who had lingered over their drinks till the last moment, were rounded up by the toastmaster and sent resignedly on their way to the banqueting hall, where an orchestra was playing "Some Enchanted Evening" above the noise of chairs being scraped and voices mounting in volume like a gathering wave.

In the reception room, the Mayor straightened the chain on his breast. One duty done, he was now prepared to go on to the next. All of his movements were certain and automatic; every evening of his life, they implied, he had a hall full of people waiting for him to take his seat.

As Rhoda moved toward the door into the banqueting hall a sense of vertigo and nausea overcame her, confronted by the long walk to her place and the ranks of pink faces turned toward her. With bag and bouquet and skirt to manage, she felt that she was bundling along with downcast eyes. Before a great heap of flowers on the table the six of them stopped. The Mayor was humming very softly to the music. He put on his spectacles, peered at the table, and then laid his hand on the back of a gilt chair, indicating that here, next to him, Rhoda was to be privileged to sit.

At the doors, waitresses crowded, ready to rush forward with hors d'oeuvres. The music faded. Without raising her eyes, instinctively, wishing to sink out of sight, Rhoda slid round her chair and sat upon it.

Down crashed the toastmaster's gavel as the Mayor, in a challenging voice, began to intone grace. Mr. Hobart put his hand under Rhoda's elbow and brought her, lurching—as she could not help doing—to her feet again. The gilt chair tipped, but he saved it from going over; the bouquet shot under the table, and Rhoda prayed that she might follow it. "Please, God, let me faint. Let me never have to look up again and meet anybody's glance."

"*Now* you can, young lady," the Mayor said, helping her down again. Then he turned quickly to the woman on his other side and began a conversation. Rhoda's father had done the same. Sitting between them, she swallowed sardines and olives and her bitter, bitter tears. After a time, her isolation made her defiant. She lifted her head and looked boldly and crossly in front of her, and caught the eye of Digby Lycett Senior, just as he raised a fork to his mouth, and he smiled at her. He was sitting not far across the room, at right angles to her table, where he could perfectly observe her humiliation and record it for his son's interest and amusement later. "Poor old Rhoda . . ." She could hear the words, overlaid with laughter.

She ate quickly, as if she had not touched food for weeks. Once, her father, fingering a wineglass restlessly, caught and held as he was in conversation by the relentless woman at his side, managed to turn his head for a moment and smile at Rhoda. "All right?" he asked, and nodded his own answer, for it was a great treat for a young girl, he implied—the music, the flowers, the pretty dress, the wine.

Someone *must* talk to me, she thought, for it seemed to her that, through lack of conversation, her expression was growing sullen. She tried to reorganize her features into a look of animation or calm pleasure. She drank a plate of acid-tasting red soup to its dregs. Chicken followed turbot, as her mother had assured her was inevitable. The Mayor, who went through the same menu nearly every evening, left a great deal on his plate; he scattered it about for a while and then tidied it up. Not so Rhoda, who, against a great discomfort of fullness, plodded painstakingly on.

At last, as she was eating some cauliflower, the Mayor turned his moist, purple face toward her. She lifted her eyes to the level of the chain on his breast and agreed with him that she was enjoying herself enormously.

"It is my first visit to Norley," she said gaily, conscious of Digby Lycett Senior's eyes upon her. She hoped that he would think from her expression that some delicious pleasantry was in progress. To keep the Mayor in conversation she was determined. He should not turn away again, and Digby Lycett, Senior or Junior, should not have the impression that she sat in silence and disgrace from the beginning to the end.

"But I have a cat who came from here," she added.

The Mayor looked startled.

"A Burmese cat. A man in Norley—a Dr. Fisher—breeds them. Do you know Dr. Fisher?"

"I can't say that I do."

He was plainly unwilling for her to go on. On his other side was feminine flattery and cajolery, and he wished to turn back for more, and Rhoda and her cat were of no interest to him.

"Have you ever seen a Burmese cat?" she asked.

He crumbled some bread and looked cross and said that as far as he knew he never had.

"He came to London on the train all by himself in a little basket," Rhoda said. "The cat, I mean, of course. Minkie, I call him. Such a darling, you can't imagine."

She smiled vivaciously for Digby Lycett Senior's benefit, but, try as she might, she could not summon the courage to lift her eyes any higher than the splendid chain on the Mayor's breast, for she shrank from the look of contempt she was afraid he might be wearing.

"They are rather like Siamese cats," she went on. "Though they are brown all over and have golden eyes, not blue."

"Oh?" said the Mayor. He had to lean a little nearer to her as a waitress put a dish of pistachio ice cream over his left shoulder.

"But rather the same natures, if you know what I mean," said Rhoda.

"I'm afraid I don't care for cats," said the Mayor, in the voice of simple pride in which this remark is always made.

"On all your many social commitments," the woman on his other side said loudly, rescuing him, "which flavor of ice cream crops up most often?"

He laughed and turned to her with relief. "Vanilla," he said jovially. "In a ratio of eight to one."

"ENJOYING yourself?" Rhoda's father asked her later, as they danced a fox trot together. "I daresay this is the part of the evening that appeals to you—not all those long-winded speeches."

It appealed to Rhoda because it was nearer to the end, and for no other reason.

"You seemed to be getting on well with the Mayor," Mr. Hobart added.

The Mayor had disappeared. Rhoda could see no sign of his glittering chain, and she supposed that he disliked dancing as much as he disliked cats. She prayed that Digby Lycett Senior might not ask her to do the old-fashioned waltz that followed. She was afraid of his mocking smile and, ostrichlike, opened her bag and looked inside it as he approached.

Another middle-aged man stepped forward first and asked to have the pleasure, in a voice that denied the possibility of there being any. Rhoda guessed that what he meant was "May I get this duty over and done with, pursued as it is as a mark of the esteem in which I hold your father?" And Rhoda smiled as if she were enchanted, and rose and put herself into his arms as if he were her lover.

He made the waltz more old-fashioned than she had ever known it, dancing stiffly, keeping his stomach well out of her way, humming but not saying a word to her. She was up against a great silence this evening; to her it was the measure of her failure. Sorting through her mind for something to say, she rejected remarks about the floor and the band and said, instead, that she had never been to Norley before. The observation should have led somewhere, she thought, but it did not; it was quite ignored.

"But I have a cat who came from here," she added. "A little Burmese cat."

When he did not answer this, either, she thought that he must be deaf and raised her voice. "There is a doctor here who breeds them. Perhaps you have come across him—a Dr. Fisher?"

"No, I can't say that I have."

"He sent the kitten to London by train, in a little basket. So pretty and gay. Minkie, I call him. Have you ever seen a Burmese cat?" She could not wait for his answers, lest they never come. "They are not a usual sort of cat at all. Rather like a Siamese in many ways, but brown all over and with golden eyes instead of blue. They are similar in nature, though, if you can understand what I mean."

He either could not or was not prepared to try, and at last, mercifully, the music quickened and finally snapped off altogether. Flushed and smiling, she was escorted back to her father, who was standing by the bar, looking genial and indulgent.

Her partner's silence seemed precautionary now. He handed her over with a scared look, as if she were some dan-

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THE STRANGE CASEMENT OF THE POETIC APOTHECARY

Poets are always in search of the right word, the adjective that is inevitable,
Because an ill-chosen adjective induces levity in the reader, and no poet wishes to be levitable.
A poem filled with the right words is more enjoyable, and therefore takes longer to read;
Hence the old Louisiana saying "The *mot juste*, the less speed."
When, for instance, Keats refers to "magic" casements he is no poetaster who a mass of trite, meaningless phrases spawns;
He did not slap down the first adjective that came to mind because he had left his thesaurus at Fanny Brawne's.
Whosoever thinks so, his ignorance of both Keats and casements is absurd;
If Keats speaks of a casement as "opening," then "magic" is the only possible word.
In the matter of casements Keats was no dreamy lotophagic;
He knew that if a casement was either openable or shuttable it was manifestly magic.
Keats could have written a lot more odes and died with money in the bank
But for the long hours he wasted trying to twist little widgets that were rusted stuck and yanking handles that wouldn't yank.
If his casements were like mine, when open they would not admit the breeze, and when shut they would not exclude the rain,
And when he looked through them he could not see Shelley or anything else plain.
So anybody who thinks there is a *juster mot* than "magic," I suggest they join the lowing herd and wind slowly o'er the lea,
And leave casements to Keats and to me.

—OGDEN NASH

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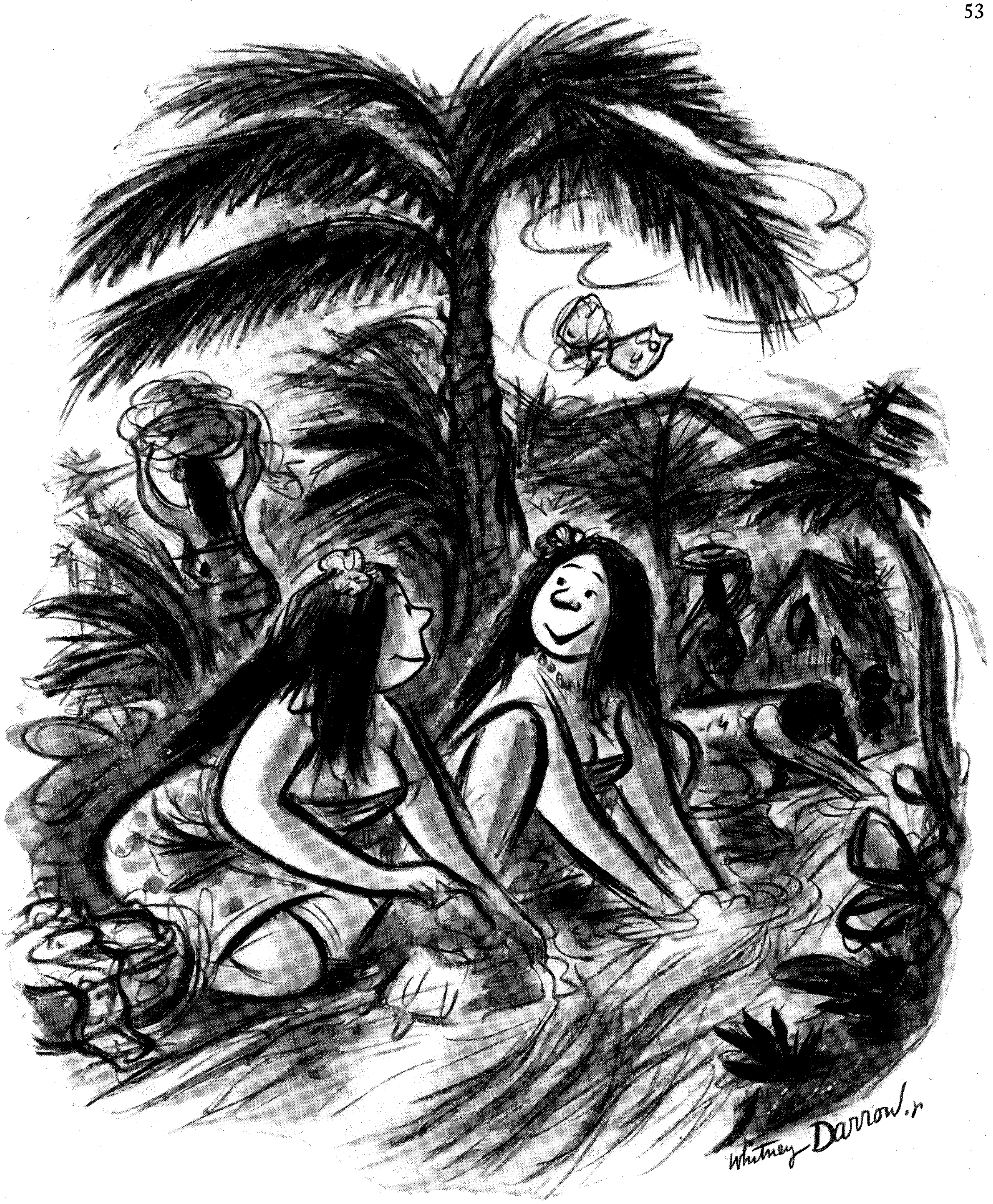


"You know why I like this stream? Because it's so kind and gentle to the hands."

* * *

gerous lunatic. Her father, not noticing this, said, "You are having quite a success with your Mayor, my dear."

"My Mayor?"

She turned quickly and looked after the man who had just left her. He was talking to a little group of people; they all had their heads together and were laughing.

"He took that chain off, then?" she said, feeling sick and dazed. It was all she had had to distinguish him from the rest of the bald-headed and obese middle-aged men.

"You couldn't expect him to dance with that hanging round his neck—not even in your honor," her father said. "And now I shall fetch you a long, cool drink, for you look as if the dancing has exhausted you."

—Elizabeth Taylor

HOWARD AND DINAH

STIFF and tired but wide awake, Philip Laing pulled into his garage shortly after midnight. He had been away from home four days, at a meeting in New York. In those four days he had heard too many papers read, eaten too much hotel food, had his hand shaken or his back pounded by too many biologists too far away from home. To stay for the final dinner would have meant, in addition to some more Shriner foolishness, still another night in a hotel. And so he had got into his car and driven home.

As he opened the car door, it knocked against the handle of the power mower; Helen must have prevailed on Jim to do the lawn one last time but not quite to put the mower back where it belonged. The house was dark. There was no sound of barking from the kitchen; Happy must still be at the vet's. Poor Happy had met a porcupine somewhere in the woods.

Philip went in and put the lights on in the hall and the living room. On his way upstairs, he stopped to pick up the mail Helen had collected for him on the usual corner of the mantelpiece. The top item was a newspaper clipping: "Robert Uhlan, Wife, Die in Car Crash. Noted Artist, 46, Illustrated Children's Books." Philip read the first few words and said "*No.*"

"Phil?" Helen called from upstairs. "That you?"

He was too shocked to answer promptly, and she said, "That you, Phil?"

She came halfway down the stairs in her pajamas. "Oh, you saw."

He nodded.

"I thought you might have seen it in New York. Then when I talked with you on the phone Thursday night, I realized you hadn't."

The Uhlans had been in Boston for a day and were driving back to their home in New Hampshire. It was assumed that their station wagon had gone out of control. The car had plunged several hundred feet down a hillside. Mr. Uhlan's illustrations for a new edition of Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales" had recently won the Jackson Prize. The Uhlans were survived by three small children.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked.

"I thought— Well, you had that paper to read first thing in the morning. And I was thinking how you felt about funerals. You would've decided you had to go. I went."

"The children?"

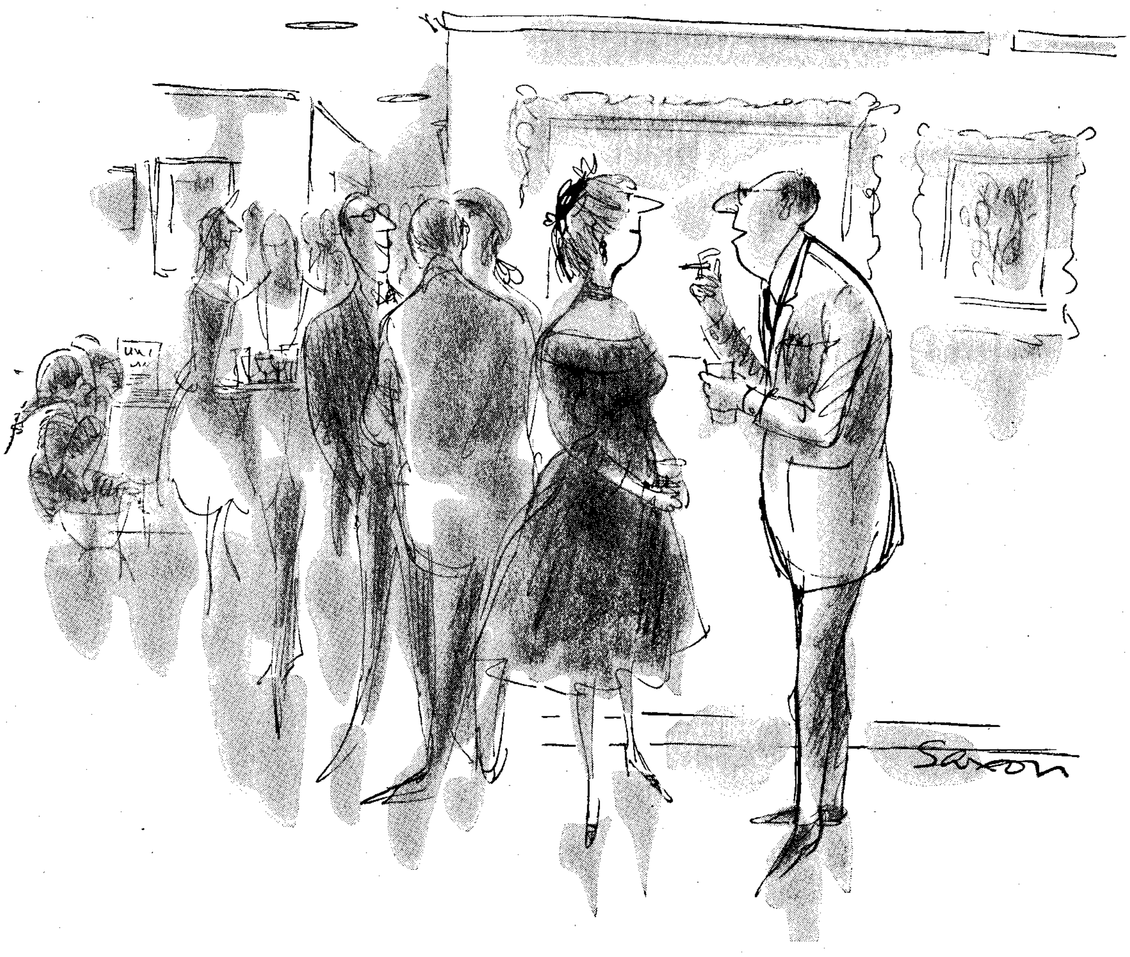
"Wait, let me get a wrap, I'll come down." She started to go back upstairs but paused, watching him with concern.

Philip held the clipping in his hand and read some of the sentences over. He had visited Bob and Betsy in New Hampshire during the time those Andersen illustrations were being drawn. "Fairy tales my foot," Bob had said. "They make the worst of the horror comics look blithe. Read 'The Red Shoes'—drenched in blood. Or 'The Storks.' Why, I thought, this joker must have loathed children. I looked him up in the encyclopedia, and sure enough he did."

Bob's own children were all over the studio, all over Philip. They were storybook children in more ways than one. Not only were they bright, pretty, and endlessly charming but their father, sometimes without knowing it, kept drawing them again and again; you could go into literally millions of nurseries and find their faces in at least one well-loved book.

Helen had often wondered how they got that way—why they weren't insufferable, in fact. Helen ran an orderly house. The corners were dusted, the meals were on time, Jim and Philip were expected to be ready for dinner, and more often than not they were. The Uhlan children ate when they were hungry, were in and out of Bob's studio, slept in tents or in their tree house when the spirit moved them, stayed up all hours. If they wanted Bob to stop working and play with them, he almost always did, at least for a while, and in that single fact, perhaps, lay a large part of Helen's answer. They could be quiet children, too. One or another of them could be perched in Bob's lap for an hour while Bob and Philip talked.

"The children?" Helen said. "I didn't get to see them. They didn't come



"Just exactly what makes you think I'm so well-adjusted, Mrs. Hewitt?"

either to the service or the cemetery. I was relieved. I wouldn't have known what to say. All I could have done was throw my arms around them, and maybe that would have been the worst thing possible. Someone said Betsy's sister was going to start for Idaho with them in the morning. She's a teller in a small-town bank. I met her. It's hard to think of the poor woman spending most of the day in a cage and doing for those three. Unmarried. Very little of Betsy's warmth. I'm sure she's accurate in her accounts. And she's really the only one they have."

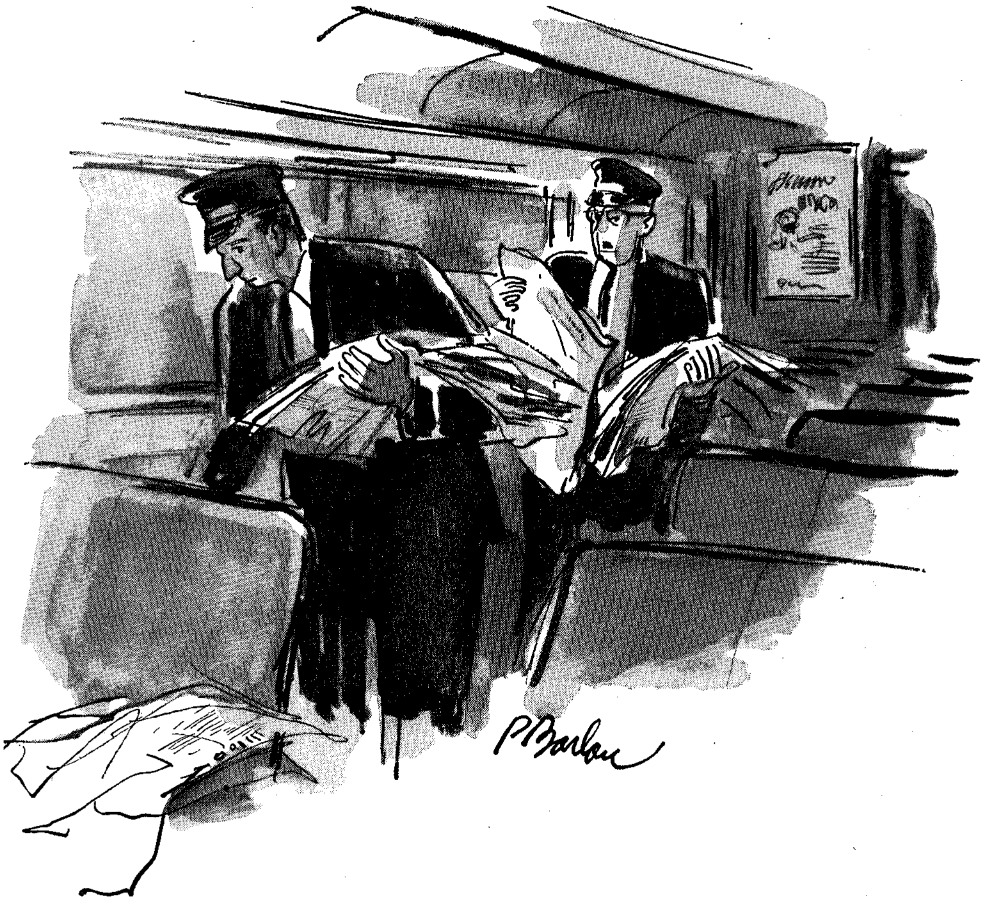
"I wish I could have seen them," he said, frowning at the newel post.

She waited, knowing him, knowing that he was caught, and that in a minute he was going to say, "I've got to do something about those children."

AT least once a day for two weeks Philip sat down to write, and each time he gave it up. When he finally managed to finish a letter, there was no mention in it of Bob or Betsy, but he mailed it anyway, thinking it might serve to remind the children of someone, other than their aunt, whom they might turn to if they wished. He also mailed them a big box of the kind of chocolates he used to take them when he visited.

There was a chance, he thought, that they might do all right with the aunt in Idaho. The momentum of their flying start might carry them a way. He hoped the aunt would also let them sleep in tents when they felt like it. He hoped they would not forget the things that Bob had taught them. Thousands of things.

Bob had taught Philip something, too, one preposterous summer fifteen years ago. Bob had taught him how to play; reminded him how would perhaps be more accurate, for surely as a small child he must have played a lot. But by the time he was six he was not to dawdle on the way back from school. Inexorably, the chores waited for him on that run-down old farm, and each year they multiplied. At the university, he held down part-time jobs from the week he arrived to the month before he got his Ph.D. And the month after he got it, the war went into its first summer; Philip was commissioned a lieutenant in the Air Corps and ordered down to Miami Beach. There he met Bob Uhlan, also a lieutenant. With a third lieutenant, Howard Weller, they were quartered in the former bridal suite of the Duke of Marlborough Hotel.



"Here's a 'Wall Street Journal' that appears to be streaked with tears."

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Reason had clearly played a role in their original assignments down there. Philip had all those degrees and could be presumed to know something about education. Bob had once illustrated a children's atlas, and the authorities had him slated to teach map reading. Howard Weller had been line coach at one of the Big Ten colleges; he was to have taught calisthenics. But those jobs were filled by the time the three lieutenants reported for duty. They were therefore placed in the Scheduling Section, Curriculum Branch, Officers Training School, A.A.F.T.T.C., and provided with a secretary. All very sound, except that the secretary, a remarkably capable young woman named Dinah Bertrand, could and did do all the work they were assigned. The lieutenants were faced with the problem of spending sixteen hours a day much as they liked.

It was then that Bob took over. He found palm trees to lie under on a fairly private beach. He found a restaurant with splendid food. He planned Howard's strategy in wooing a girl who had been the previous year's Miss Fort Lauderdale. By apt precept and happy example, he taught Philip how to loaf. He taught Philip how not to feel a twinge of guilt every time someone said, "You never had it so good." And he became Philip's friend for life—fifteen years, that is. And his wife and his children, now aged nine, eight, and five, also became Philip's friends, and then that car went out of control.

NONE of the children answered Philip's letter. A couple of months later, he wrote to them again, and sent a packing case full of Jim's discarded but still useful toys. He also wrote to Betsy's sister, and had a reply. She asked if he would see Mr. DeGroat, a lawyer who was acting as Bob's executor.

Mr. DeGroat called on Philip at the laboratory. He was an old man, courtly of manner, elaborate in syntax. As he talked, it became apparent that Bob had left his affairs in even worse shape than Philip had feared. With everything sold and all the debts paid off, there would be very little money left. The children's aunt had only what she earned at her job.

What Mr. DeGroat had come about was this: While stationed in Florida, Bob and another lieutenant, Howard Weller, had put three hundred dol-

1
10¢
HOT
COFFEE
RETURN

2
10¢
HOT
COFFEE
RETURN

lars each into a piece of Miami real estate. Looking into the matter, Mr. DeGroat found that for some months now there had been a firm offer for the land of sixty-two hundred dollars and no brokerage. The record title was clear enough; the deed named Howard Weller and Bob as co-owners. But among Bob's papers was a letter, signed by both, agreeing that either of them could sell the property at any time. The letter also said, most ambiguously, that if either one should be killed, the property would pass to the other. Because of the wording, it was not certain how a court would rule on Mr. DeGroat's view that this statement was intended to cover only death while in the service. The letter should have been revised when Bob went off active duty. As it stood, Howard Weller might contend that title had passed to him, since Bob had been killed as defined in the terms of the letter-agreement. Did Dr. Laing know anything about it?

"Why, I know all about it," Philip said. "That agreement was dreamed up just after Bob got his orders to report for overseas processing. I don't think either man really believed in the property. In fact, the whole venture was started as a kind of joke. There'll be no trouble from Howard. Whatever the wording, he'll remember the intent of the agreement as well as I do. He'll be glad to see the children get their money."

"Are you sure?"

"Dead sure."

"People can change in fifteen years."

"Not Howard Weller. Or Mrs. Weller, for that matter. She used to be our secretary. Wonderful girl. You'll have no trouble there."

"Well, I've written him twice," Mr. DeGroat said. "The second time by registered mail. The first letter went to his home, which is in Towanda, New York. He works for Hurd Chemical there, and his title is Director of Community Relations. The registered letter I sent to his office two weeks ago."

"He couldn't have got them," Philip said. "I know Howard. I'm as sure of him as I would have been of Bob, if it had been the other way. Suppose you let me write him."

"I believe it might be more effective if you went to see him, Dr. Laing. If you could find the time. Towanda is about a three hours' drive from here."

"Of course I could find the time."

"And if he should prove more troublesome than you think, I'd be grateful if you didn't transmit my doubts about our ability to make it stick in court. Actually, I think we might—make it stick, that is."

"There'll be no occasion for anything like that," said Philip. "I'll call them right now."

He did. Dinah answered the phone. "Phil!" she said. "Phil! How lovely! Saturday? Can you come early? Can you spend the day? The weekend? Oh, I'll be so happy to see you."

After he hung up, it occurred to him that there had been no reference to Bob, and he had the feeling that she had not heard about the accident. Mr. DeGroat took this to indicate that Howard had not mentioned the two letters; bad sign, he thought. He looked old and patient while Philip tried to explain how wildly absurd his doubts appeared to someone who knew Howard. But as Philip talked, he remembered that it was part of the old man's job to doubt—to doubt even the Howard Wellers of this world. It was one of those things (there had been too many in recent weeks) he wished he could have shared with Bob. With what gusto Bob would have relished this image of poor Howard as a despoiler of orphans; how he would have delighted in the sonorities of Howard's imposing title: Director of Community Relations for Hurd Chemical.

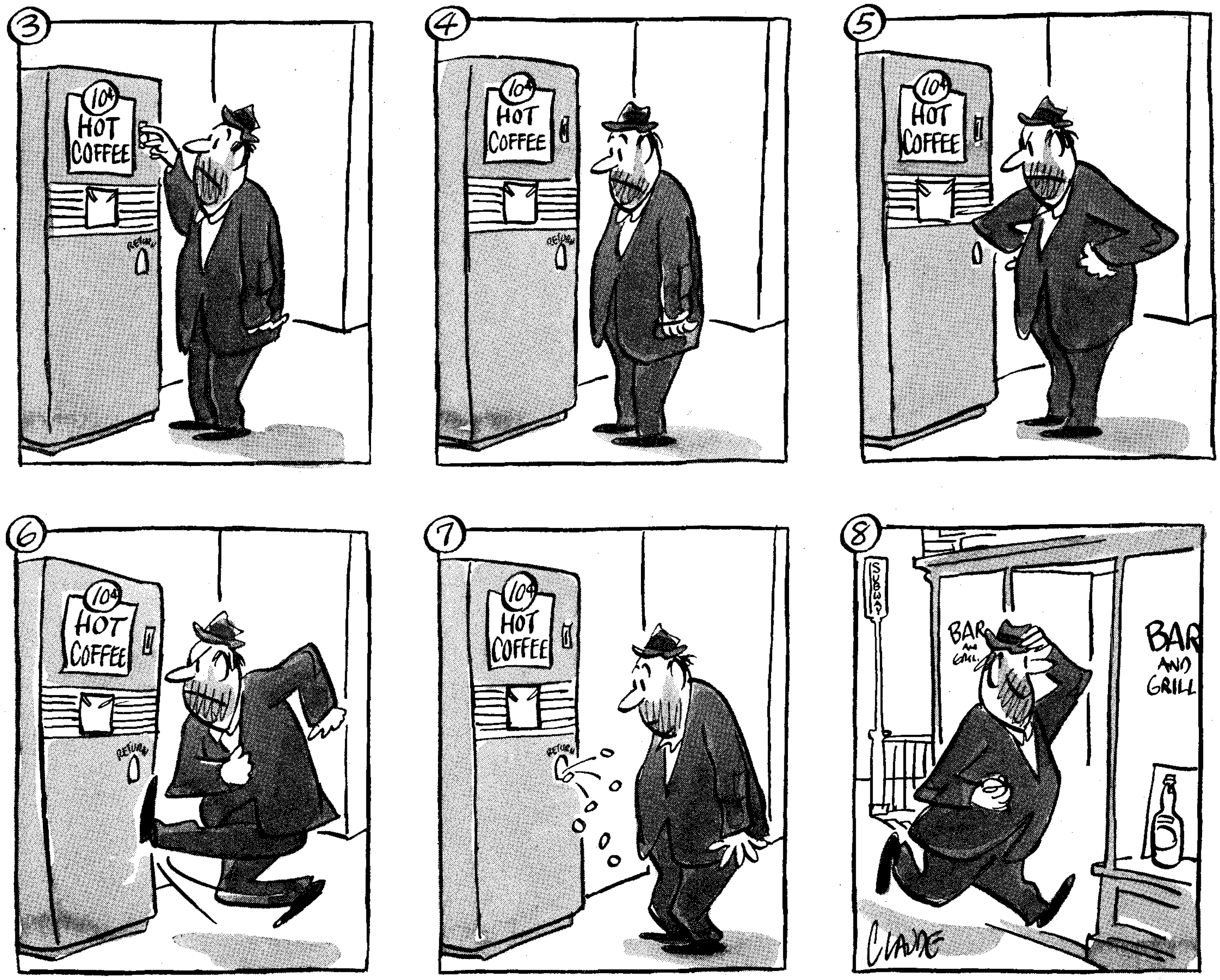
SATURDAY morning, just before Philip was to start for Towanda, his car developed ignition trouble, and he had to take a train. He called the Wellers to let them know, and Howard promised to meet him at the station. Howard's voice seemed not to have changed at all in fifteen years, and Philip said so.

"Neither has yours, boy, neither has yours. You must stay for dinner. Dinah'll kill you if you don't. I got to take off for an hour this afternoon, award a trophy—can't be helped. Dinah's sending the kids to the movies, just so we can talk. She's all busted up about poor Bob. I'll wait for you on the platform. If you have any trouble recognizing me, I'll be the one with gray hairs. No potbelly yet but plenty of gray hairs."

Philip was oddly pleased to hear about the waistline, perhaps because that bit of intelligence, combined with the old Kansas accent, served to bolster his faith in Howard's essential immutability. "I will now conduct you to our bridal suite," Bob had said, a long time ago. "Don't be surprised when you meet our bunkmate, Lieutenant. He's big."

Yet even after that warning, Philip had been startled. In ten years of playing football, the last two with the Green Bay Packers, Howard Weller had always been the tallest and heaviest man on the field. There was no fat at all on his body. Coming out of a shower that day in order to meet Philip, he looked like one of those implausible covers on a physical-culture magazine. But his handshake was gentle, and you could guess that he had had to train himself not to hurt people of normal bone structure.

As the months passed, Philip was further astonished to find that Howard did little or nothing to keep in shape. He ate a lot, which stood to reason, but he indulged in no exercise to speak of. Those muscles seemed to be wholly self-perpetuating. He had apparently learned to take his prodigious body for granted; his response to the unavoidable talk about it was casual, half apologetic. Down there, in Miami Beach, the two things that really worried Howard were, in the second place, his mind, and, in the first, the progress of his court-



ship of Rosemary Wood, the former Miss Fort Lauderdale.

Howard worked hard and conscientiously at improving his mind. He read every issue of *Reader's Digest* from cover to cover, with particular attention to the page entitled "It Pays to Increase Your Word Power." He let few days pass without studying a set number of pages in a volume called "The World's Greatest Orations." And when he came across a passage he found moving or instructive, he read it aloud to Bob and Philip. He begged them to correct mispronunciations, if any. No force could restrain him from time and again exclaiming over his luck in being quartered with two such highly educated fellows. "Damn it, though," he once said, "I had it coming to me. I did. Back at college, I took practically nothing but Phys Ed courses. So when I make a little speech between halves, I can see the smart ones giving each other the eye every time I make a slip in grammar. Boy, when I get out of uniform and back to coaching, I'll give you a clue it's going to be another story."

He was not nearly so hopeful about the girl from Fort Lauderdale. His failure to enthrall her could be attributed, at least in part, he thought, to the same cursed lack of polish. "She's been very carefully brought up," he said. "Like when you come to a door, she'll always stand aside to let you open it. She's so little it's hard not to tromp all over her. Hell of it is, you never know when you've said the right thing. Last night in the restaurant, just to make conversation, you know, I says, 'Look at that lady. She got on the same colored dress like yours.' So she jumps me. '"Lady" is a servant's word,' she says. 'You mean "woman," don't you?' I told her where I come from, a lady is a lady until she's proved otherwise. 'Where *you* come from,' she says, like I was some kind of immigrant. She's pretty proud of her family, and I expect she has a right to be. One of her ancestors was a Confederate general named McLaws."

"Never heard of him," Bob said. "Was it McLaws who ordered the firing on Fort Sumter? Was it McLaws who took over at Shiloh after Johnston was killed? It was not. The general who fired on Sumter and took command at Shiloh was *your* great-granduncle Pierre G. T. Beauregard. And a damn sight more important he was than this stumblebum McLaws."

"Maybe he was," said Howard. "I'll take your word for it. But he wasn't my great-granduncle."

"Yes, he was. I can prove it."

The same day, they went to Miami and in a second-hand store found an old King James Bible. In several shades of artificially faded ink, Bob created on its back pages a family tree to dazzle the most exacting Daughter of the Confederacy. He improvised a body of magnolia-scented family lore and saw to it that Howard had the stories letter-perfect. Filled with misgivings, Howard backed down a few times, but one night he did summon up enough enterprise to go through with the scheme. And when, about a week later, Rosemary allowed him to kiss her good night, he ascribed the triumph not to his own manly charms but to rapture engendered by his antecedents.

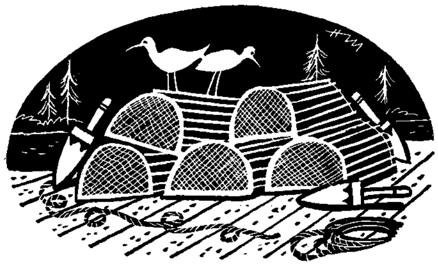
That was perhaps Howard's, as well as Bob's and Philip's, happiest month in Miami Beach. To start with, each of them had had his private apprehensions about serving in the Air Corps, but as time passed, it began to seem likely that unless something awkward came up, they would do as well as, if not better than, thousands of other inexperienced soldiers. They were greatly relieved. At the office, Dinah Bertrand did their work to Major Mullin's satisfaction. After hours, they had their swim, their cocktails, and their dinner, and, later on, their nightly brandy on the terrace of the Duke of Marlborough. Since Miss Rosemary granted Howard only two dates a week, the three lieutenants were usually together. Now and then they were joined on the terrace by Mr. Bruno, who owned the hotel and provided the brandy.

Mr. Bruno was Swiss, and elderly, and he was not, in fact, supposed to be there, because the grounds were off limits for civilians. The Duke of Marlborough was among the smallest of the hundreds of Miami Beach hotels taken over by the Army, but it was all Mr. Bruno had in this world, and he could not keep away from it. Mind, he was not complaining about the rental. The government had been fair, very fair, and what was good enough for the Roney-Plaza was good enough for him. In wartime, we all had to do our little bit. Besides, it might have been worse. If the Duke of Marlborough had been just a few blocks farther downtown, it would have been occupied by enlisted men, and what they could do to an establishment was a crying shame. They had these G.I. shoes, with black composition soles; every floor in every room would have to be scraped and revarnished after the war. Would it be too much to ask the lieutenants to ask Sergeant Frame, the Charge of Quarters, to change his shoes while on duty? Mr. Bruno would buy him a brand-new pair.

No trouble at all. Howard attended to it first thing in the morning. To please Mr. Bruno, Howard did whatever he could to see that the Duke of Marlborough was kept up as it deserved to be. Sergeant Frame and his fatigue detail came to dread the days Lieutenant Weller drew inspection duty. And Mr. Bruno was not ungrateful; it was he who put the lieutenants on to that excellent opportunity in Miami real estate. Short of an earthquake, he thought, there was no way for the investment to go wrong. The city could not help expanding in that direction. He had with his own eyes seen the blueprints for the sewage system to be built immediately after the war.

Philip wanted nothing to do with any real estate. He was all too well supplied with graphic memories of his father's played-out farmland in Vermont. But Bob, who had never owned anything immovable in his life, and Howard, who was thinking in terms of marriage and nest eggs, put up their three hundred dollars apiece. Mr. Bruno said they would both live to thank him.

A few days later, Howard made another investment, in the form of a silver ring for Miss Rosemary. Philip had been sent out to Albuquerque for a week of temporary duty, and Howard knew a shop there that sold just the sort of Indian jewelry she fancied. It was to



WHEELS

Wheels are works of wit: the Greek with its neat
corollas, four-petalled and formed of metal and air,
the barrow's Cyclops eye, and the spider-web circles
that twinkle on cycles, and the airy rings on gigs—
all spare compared to the Japanese coach's twin giants:
full-flowered, thirty-spoked yellow chrysanthemum wreaths.

The early world got the wheel and it was as welcome
as camels to nomads, a comfort in this vale of friction,
where it takes things lightly; a prime mover, like seven-
league boots, it's an ornament, too, gliding, with the calm
of a swami unmindful of time or place, everywhere
with an equal grace, suavely—the swan of the streets.

It carried kings to and fro in Sumeria, Naxos,
Assyria; it was the star of the chariot era,
flashing through fields with satellite lions to war.
It rolled the carts on the cobbles, the prams in the parks,
and bowled down boulevards smoothing the path for elegant
Manet ladies poised in their polished calash.

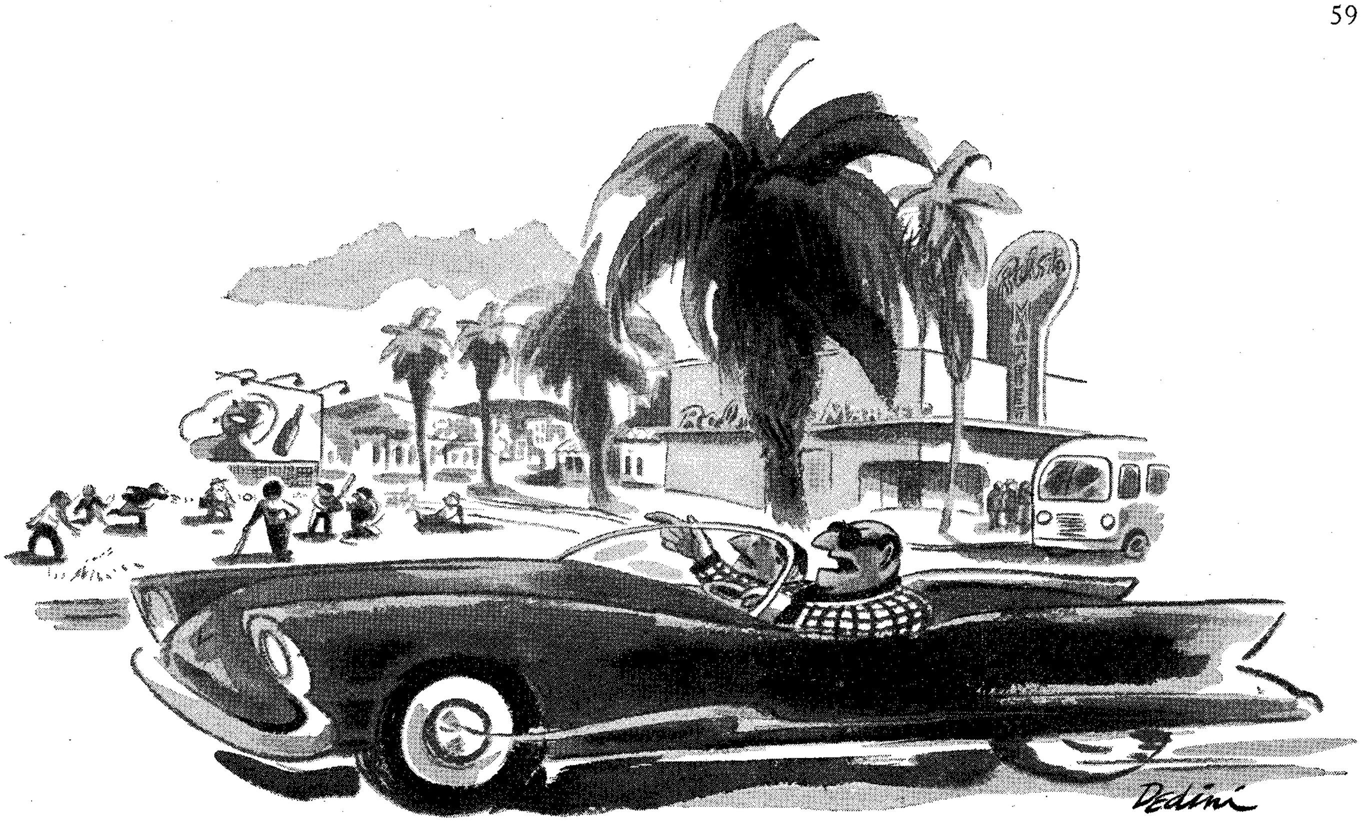
Dappling the air with a firework flaring and falling,
the wheel performs like sun on petals of glass
in a rose window, like wind exposing the silver
concealed under leaves; wheels do what fountains do
to light, pick it apart and cast it aside,
diverted, divided, and brilliantly multiplied.

Even when old and abandoned in battle or barnyards,
propped against fences, battered and scarred, they still sparkle
like the gold-leaved wreath when the victor's head has fallen;
their irrepressible rays—signals that say
we lose our vision unless we look—make all
our vertical values, so prone to collapse, stand up.

The wheel, beginning to move, moves *us* in its whirl;
we are carried away by the radiant change in the facts
as the axle turns up gold in the ore of the air,
and a cloud of dust is churned to blue mosaic,
and commerce becomes a concourse of planets, distant
cousin to the floating traffic of uncrowded stars.

—DOROTHY DONNELLY

• •



"*Now, for instance, why aren't* those *kids at a Saturday matinée?*"

• •

be a sort of pre-engagement ring, Howard hoped, and he urged Philip to spare no expense. Philip didn't; he even had the thing cut down to Rosemary's unlikely size.

The morning he got back, he went directly from the airport to the office. Bob and Dinah were out, but Howard was seated at his desk. Later, Philip told himself he should at once have known something was wrong, since Howard had a day's growth of beard and under ordinary circumstances would have jumped up to greet him. Instead, Howard just sat there while Philip went on about a freak hailstorm over Texas.

"Here's the ring," he said. "I hope you like it."

Howard stared at the ring on his desk. His eyes filled with tears. One of the tears dropped on the blotter, making a dark, irregular spot, while the other ran down the full length of his big face and lodged precariously in the stubble on his jaw.

Appalled, Philip said, "What's the matter?"

Slowly, his eyes full again, Howard let his head down into the crook of an arm and began to cry in earnest. The massive shoulders heaved. At one point, he seemed to be trying to say something, but the sounds that issued from him made no words at all.

Philip was shaken. He had never seen a grown man cry. He thought he heard some steps in the hall, and he did not want a stranger coming in and seeing what he saw. He took Howard by the elbow and led him out through a side door to a washroom. Without making any attempt to hide his distorted face, Howard allowed himself to be conducted. In the washroom, Philip turned on a cold-water faucet. The reflex worked; Howard washed his face. Then, on the verge of beginning to cry again, he told Philip what had happened. Rosemary had gone off and married an ensign she had met only eleven days before.

During the next week or so, Bob and Philip never let Howard out of their sight for very long. They did all the things they knew would give him pleasure. They sat through two successive evenings of double features in Miami. They made him read aloud from "The World's Greatest Orations," and professed to find his diction flawless. Working at first with care and then with abandon, Bob dismantled Rosemary's character until it lay in small, easily disposable shreds. Perhaps because he had not seen Howard cry, he was able to approach the whole thing more lightheartedly than Philip, but even he was surprised at Howard's pace in responding to treatment. By the end of the week, Howard had his first date with Dinah Bertrand.

Then he had another, and another. This was all right, Bob said to Philip, this was fine. Dinah was gentle, intelligent, sensitive; she would take good care of Howard, nurse him back to faith in womankind. And the dates would not do her any harm, either, for she was a plain girl and stood a good six feet in low-heeled shoes. Best of all, she had enough judgment not to let Howard get too serious.

It was Dinah who, alone in the office with Philip, told him that she and Howard were going to be married the next day. They had already taken out their license.

Watching him intently, she said, "You don't approve, do you?"

"Land sakes, child, give me forty seconds to think it over. Married, eh? Sounds like a very good idea."

"No, it doesn't. Neither to you nor to Bob. You think I'm much too bright for Howard. Well, I'm not. You and Bob seem to be able to like without respecting him. I couldn't do that. I like *and* respect *and* love him, Phil. As to whether he loves me or not, I suppose that remains to be seen. He says he does. If that's true, my guess is it's not so much me he loves but an image of me that you and Bob have somehow created in his mind. Anyway, I'm grateful. I'd be still more grateful if you didn't disabuse him between now and tomorrow. We thought Bob might consent to be best man. Will you give me away?"

Major Mullin let them all have a day off. The ceremony was performed by an Air Force chaplain, a sententious youth full of strictures about wartime marriages. Mr. Bruno contributed a magnum of champagne.

Throughout his adult life, Bob Uhlan remained fonder of good champagne than any American of modest means had a right to be. Champagne was what he brought as a house present whenever he visited the Laings after the war, and champagne was what Philip always took to the Uhlans' in New Hampshire. Sipping it, they sometimes speculated about Howard and his bride.

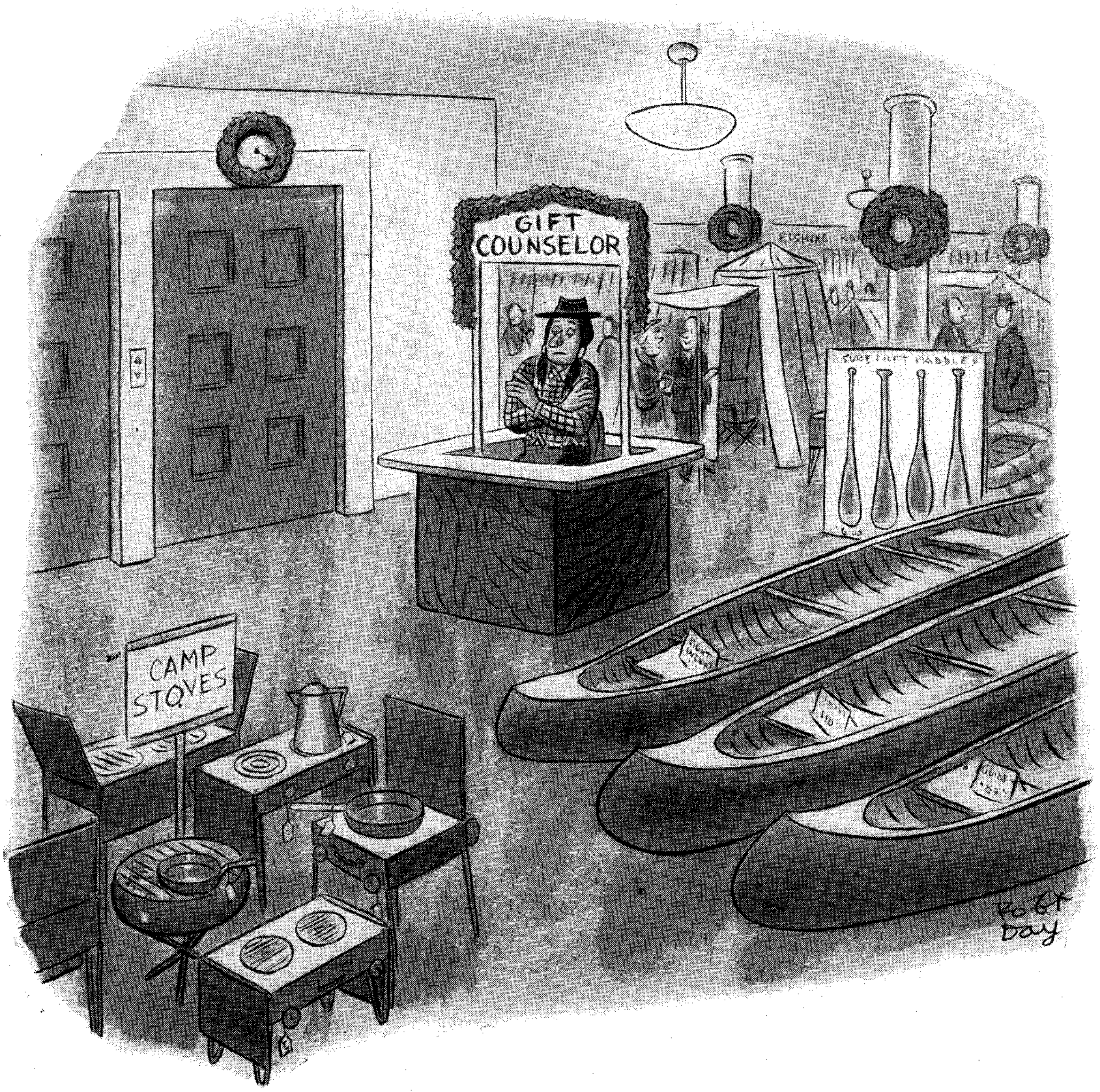
As actual data, all they had to go by was a few sentences scrawled on Howard's annual Christmas cards. For a number of years, the cards came from Far Western college towns where he held coaching jobs of one sort or another. Later, as the jobs changed, the cards changed, too; religious motifs were supplanted by group photographs of his four smiling children. More recently, after the Wellers made their move east to Towanda, Bob and Philip talked half a dozen times of driving over some Sunday, but nothing ever came of it.

ON the station platform in Towanda, Philip's first sensation was of having sinned. The failure of his car to start had made him peevish to begin with, easy prey, if only briefly, to Mr. DeGroat's suspicions about Howard. He recalled the old man's lawyer face, reflective, detached, and the plausible suggestion that a man could indeed change, not always for the better, in the space of fifteen years. And so he felt both sinful and delighted when he caught sight of Howard, gray-haired but still larger than life, in the characteristic act of helping a porter with an unwieldy wooden crate.

Howard nearly lifted Philip off his feet with a hug. Though his face grew sad for a time as they talked about Bob, he could not conceal his pleasure at the visit. "Fifteen years," he said. "Fifteen years! Why, it would take almost as long as that to tell you everything that's happened. You got to stay overnight."

Philip was afraid he could not, but Howard said that would have to be taken up with Dinah; she wouldn't hear of his going home on the late-afternoon train. For one thing, the children wouldn't be back in time. Philip would have to meet the children; they'd heard enough about him, God knew.

They drove north along a shortcut that led through a portion of the Hurd plant. Howard talked a little about his job, which he liked much better than coaching. More variety. Like if the V.F.W. Junior Band needed new uniforms, Hurd would put up half the money and you went around trying to get other organizations to match it. Or if the eggheads in Research and Development asked a big shot down from Cornell for a consultation, you'd see to it that he met and talked to the science students at the high school. Things like that. Today, for instance: The Elks were having a Field Day for the youngsters, and Howard had to chase out there and award a trophy for the winning essay on "What Hurd Chemical Means to Towanda." He'd be gone an hour at the most. A little inconvenient, but that was the way the ball bounced. Sometimes he'd have to be out at a meeting four, five evenings a week. Still and all, that was the way to meet people. Pretty good people, mostly.



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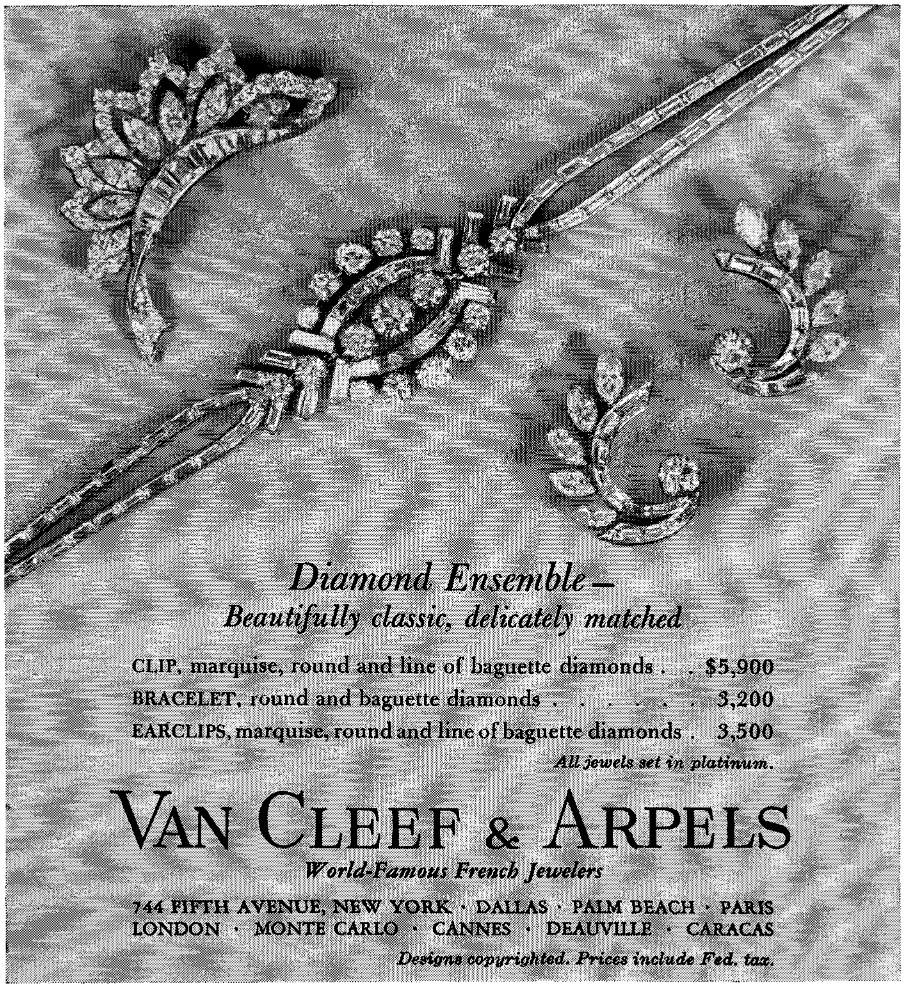

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maybe, that could be in the cards, too, later on. Right now, the next step was to swing a deal for a house he had had his eye on for some months.

The house he now lived in had never been much more than a make-do. Just after the war, the Company had put up a development with about forty of those, to take care of junior executives. Too small. Not the kind of home you'd care to entertain in if your idea was to go places in this league. To skimp on a thing like that could so easily be misunderstood by people who judged mainly by appearances. Dinah was all for staying put. She was a bug on saving money for the kids' college education. She couldn't see how much safer it was to push your own advancement to the point where college bills wouldn't put a real dent in your budget. She had never learned one of the first rules of business: You had to spend money to make money. But she knew plenty of other things. The oldest boy was taking algebra now, and Dinah could still help with his homework. Smart as hell that way.

A man *could* change in fifteen years, Philip thought, even if not in the direction Mr. DeGroat had indicated. Back in Florida, who had the acumen to suppose that Howard might one day talk in this quietly patronizing fashion about Dinah Bertrand? Surely not Bob, who had said, "Well, she'll take good care of him. And if he louses up on the job, she'll charm the head coach into keeping him anyway." Philip glanced at Howard, who looked rather masterful behind the wheel of the big car, and decided that the Career Planners at Hurd Chemical had not done badly in their choice for Director of Community Relations. This Howard would never bother, at least not audibly, about slips of grammar between the halves.

When they pulled up in front of the house, Howard said, "You see what I mean? Cramped. On the way back to the train I'll show you the one I'm going to buy. It has as nice a view of the lake as you can get. Beach privileges, fieldstone grill in the yard, everything. And no junior executives breathing down your neck."

DINAH had apparently not heard them coming up the walk. The front door opened directly into the living room, and as they came in, she was straightening out some magazines on top of the TV set. She turned and extended both arms toward Philip. There was gray in her hair, too, not so much as in Howard's, but in other ways she had aged a great deal more. She looked

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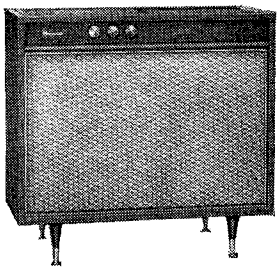

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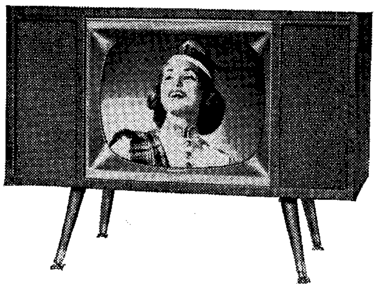

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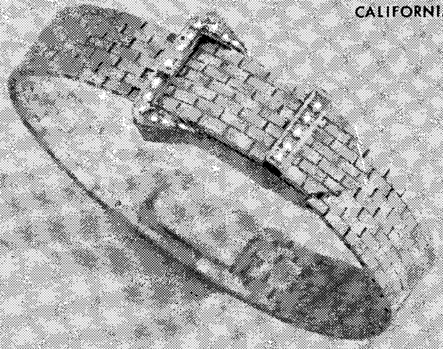

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ten years older than her husband, when actually, Philip knew, she was two or three years younger. "Phil!" she said. And then "You haven't changed! Have you? No, you haven't."

She was sorry to hear that he had lunched on the train. But she served him coffee, very good coffee, and asked question after question about Bob.

"I told her about him only day before yesterday," Howard said. "I kept putting it off. Sometimes I've thought she married me just because she couldn't have him. Dinah used to think the sun rose and set with Bob, and I can't say I blamed her. That boy had as much stuff as anybody I met in the service, generals or anybody. She has a collection of all the books he illustrated."

"Just the ones I knew about. I'm sure there must be more. I have five."

"There are many more," said Philip. "I could send you some."

"Could you? Please do. He drew the same enchanting child's face in three of the volumes I have. I thought it must be one of his girls."

"It's Bonnie. She's eight."

"That extraordinary play of fancy he had. I should have loved to see him with his children. Was his wife gifted, too, that way?"

"Yes."

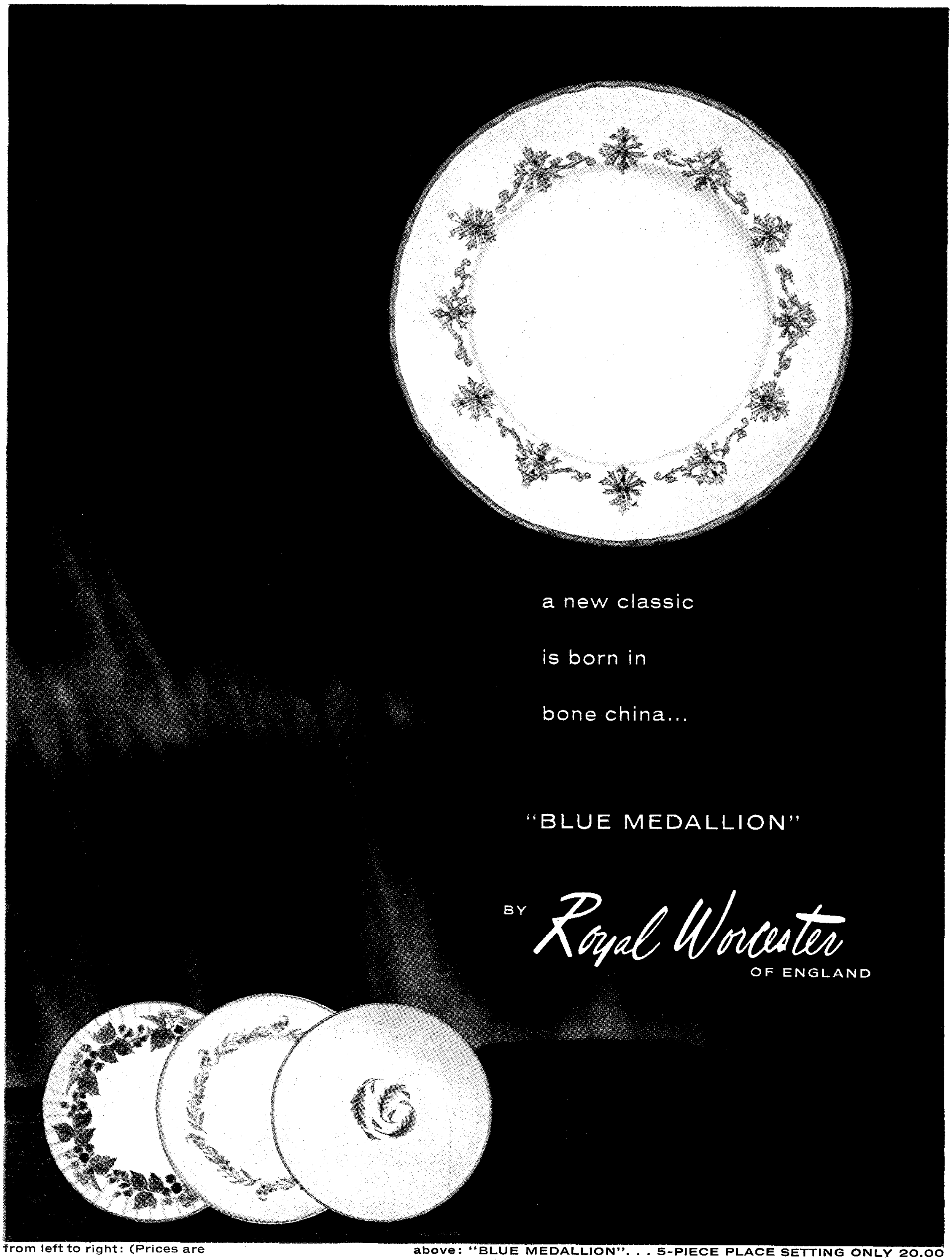
"I used to make him do that caricature trick of his," she said. "You know, where he'd do a face from memory in thirty seconds without lifting his pencil from the paper? I still have what amounts to a religious awe of talent like that."

"We felt the same way about your typing," Philip said. "Hundred and twenty words a minute, was it?"

"Pooh. Manual dexterity. Stage magicians have always bored me because I remain conscious of the hours, the years of practice. But that unfailing spontaneity Bob had, that response to everything, everyone around him . . ." She trailed off. "He was kind," she added. "Never sloppy. Not a social-working bone in his body."

Avid for detail, she made Philip talk about Bob and Betsy, their house, the children, Bob's work; and Philip was glad to do it—it was almost like talking to Helen. With this difference: Helen lived in either the present or the immediate past, while for Dinah the months in Florida seemed to have taken on a glow. She remembered even more than Philip did about Bob as he had been at the time, the things he had said and done.

Howard, too, spoke nostalgically of the evenings on the terrace of the Duke of Marlborough. It was he who first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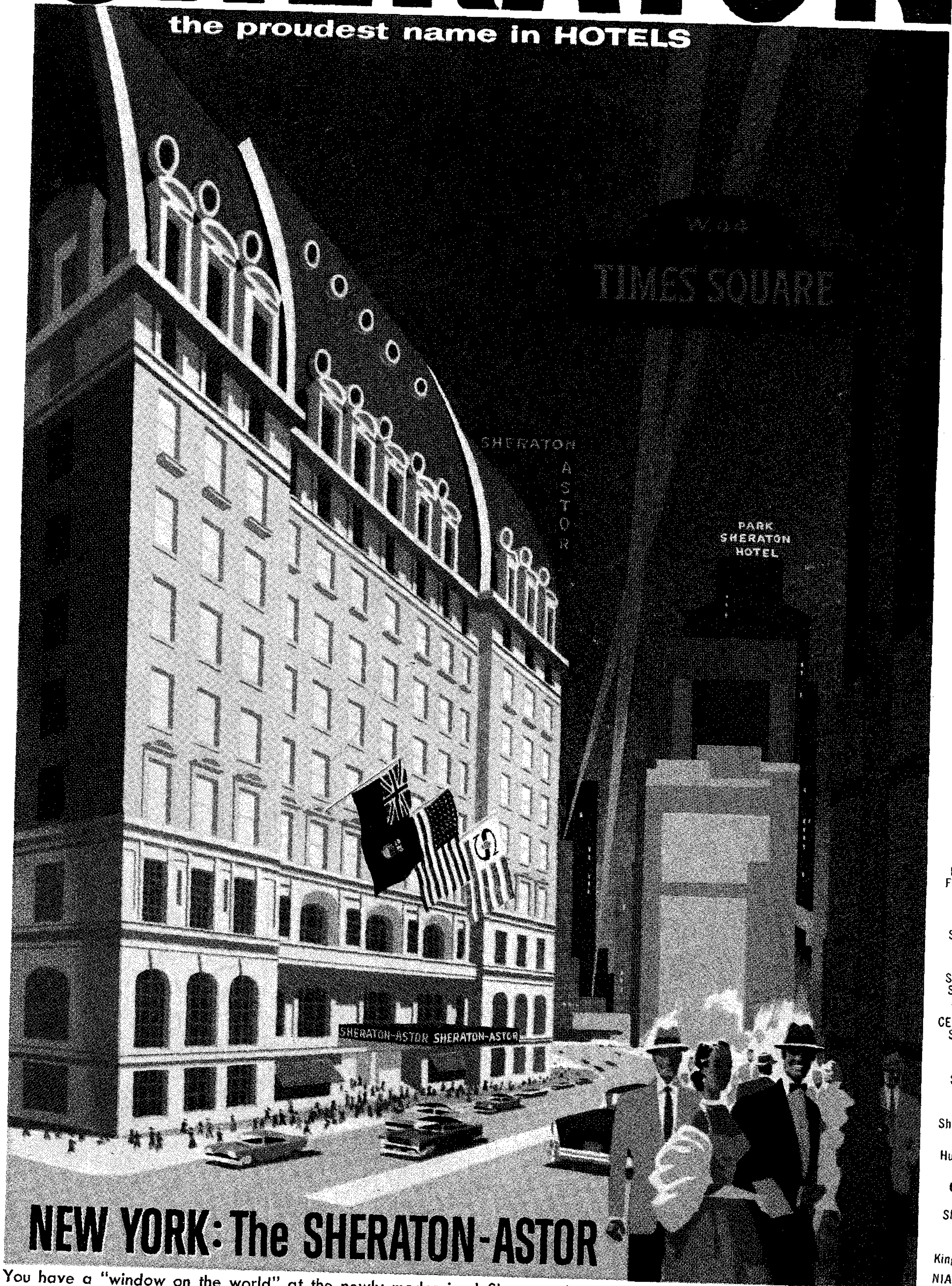

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mentioned Mr. Bruno and the real estate.

"In some ways, though," he said, "Bob was just like the rest of you egg-heads. Fooling around, no matter what. Anything for a gag. That stuff's all right when you're chewing the fat with friends, but when it comes to business, it just don't go. Like now you tell me his kids are left high and dry. I'm sorry as hell about that, and I'd be glad to help out. But a while back I got a letter from Bob's lawyer, claiming half of that parcel in Miami belongs to the estate. What kind of business is that? You were down there. You remember that whoever died first, the land was to go to the other. I'd like to help to the best of my ability, but I'm no millionaire. I'm in no position to pass out thirty-one-hundred-dollar contributions to anybody's children, even Bob's."

Philip looked at Dinah, but she was staring out of the picture window across the room. "Yes, I was down there," he said. "And I remember the agreement very well. The two of you whomped it up the day after Bob got his overseas orders. We'd spent the evening before on the terrace, diverting ourselves with the deeds he would perform as a paddlefoot mess officer in North Africa. He recited some lines out of 'I Have a Rendezvous with Death.' And in the morning the agreement was drawn up specifically against the chance of his being killed while in the service."

"Killed," Howard said. "Just killed. In or out of the service."

Dinah's eyes remained fixed on the picture window. She's old, Philip thought, how old she is.

"Howard," he said, "I was *there*."

"So was I."

Dinah's silence astounded Philip even more than Howard's effrontery. He said slowly, "Your memory is playing you tricks. I know I'm not mistaken. Half that land belongs to Bob's children."

"Are *you* going to give them thirty-one hundred dollars?"

"I wish I could."

"So do I. But I can't. So I'm not going to try. My lawyer's read that letter, and he agrees with me one hundred per cent."

"The children's lawyer is sure he could win the case if it ever got to court. Are you going to let it get there?"

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do. This is lawyers' business, and I'm going to let them handle it. If your boy ever wants any tips on how to run interference, you send him to me. And if my boys should want to learn how to

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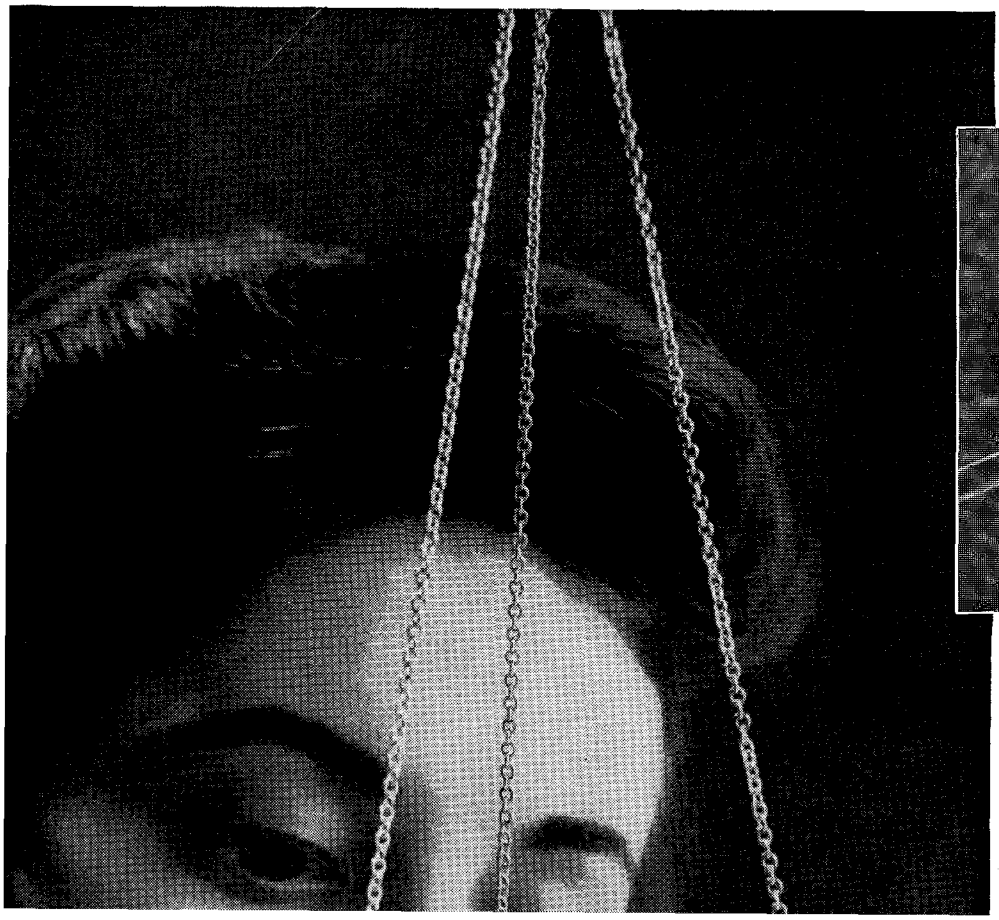

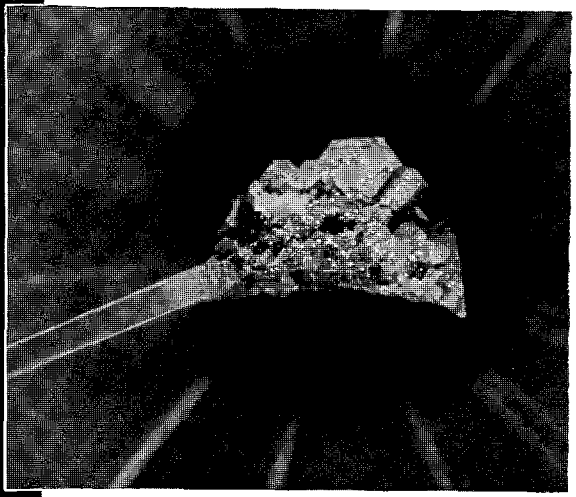

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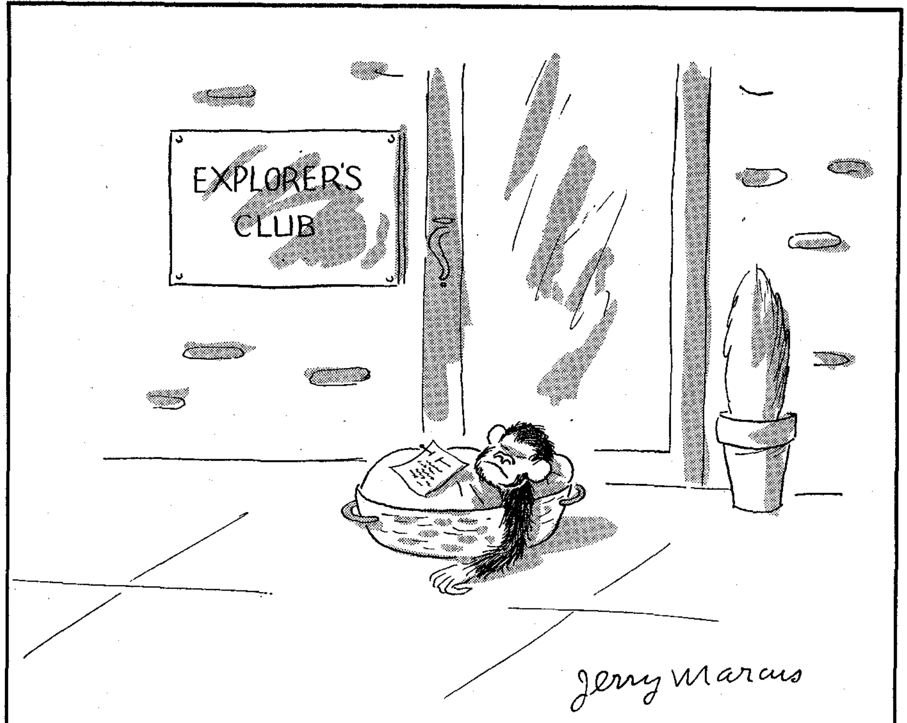

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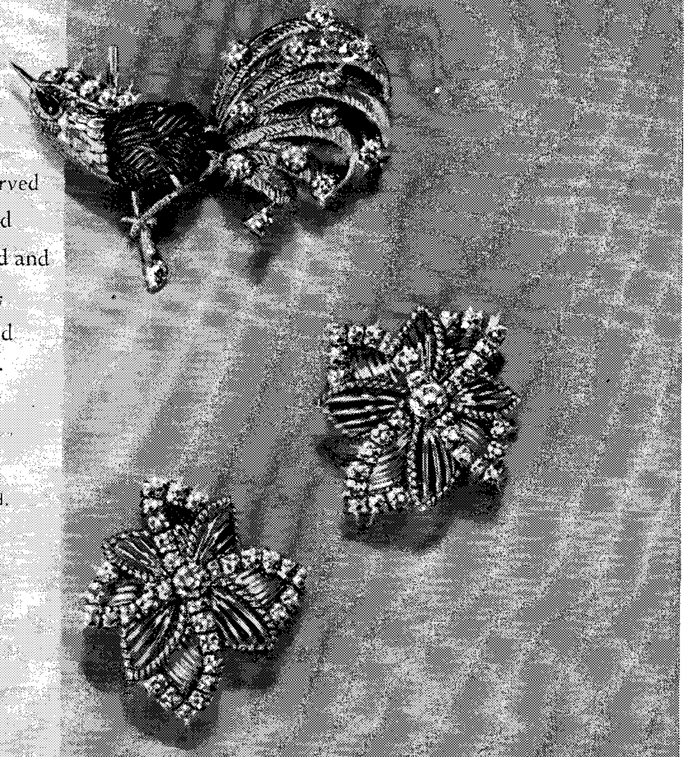

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cut up a frog or something, I'll send them to you. Used to be a beanery off my old campus, they had a sign up: 'We have an agreement with our bank. They don't sell soup and we don't cash checks.' So when I get into a hassle about real estate, I pass it along to my lawyer. Let him do the fretting. Not you and me, Phil. We been friends too long."

"If it does get to court," said Philip, "I'll testify to what I know to be the facts."

"And I won't hold it against you," Howard said. "Fair enough? That's business. So why don't we let it go at that? I got to run along now, award that trophy. But I'll be back just as soon as I can, and we'll talk about pleasanter things."

As he crossed the room, he tapped Philip gently on the shoulder—no hard feelings.

Dinah waited until she heard him start his car before she looked at Philip. "Now you've seen him," she said. "In action. Isn't he a slob?"

"Is that what he is?" Philip said. That tap on the shoulder had cut deeply into his reserves of forbearance. "I've been wondering."

"In action."

"Why didn't you say anything?"

"I wanted you to see him. Now you have. Now if you want me to call a cab to get you out of here before he comes back, I will. But before you go, I'd like to tell you that Bob's children will receive their money just as soon as that land is sold. Next week, Howard will wire an acceptance to the agent who made the offer. I can guarantee you that."

"How?"

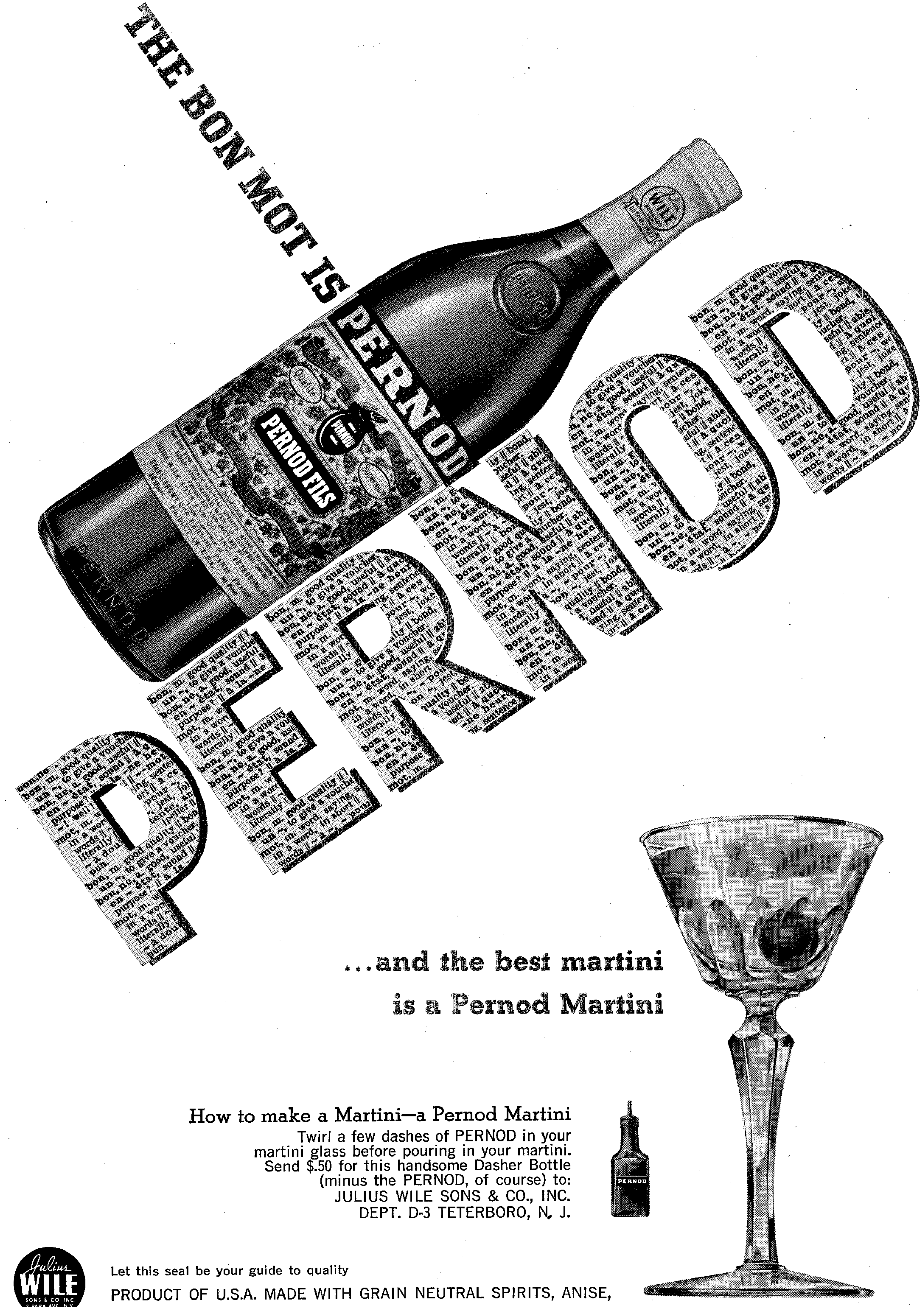
"He can't stand up against many more nights like the last one and the one before. I speak from experience. Don't forget, he's got to live with me. I didn't find out about all this until Thursday. That night we were up till four. This morning till five. He can't stand up against that. You tell the lawyer to rest assured, the children will get their money. That's what you've come about, isn't it? So now I can call your cab." She stood up.

"Dinah, I'm sorry."

"Yes," she said. "Yes, indeed." She started toward the telephone but stopped short. "I knew why you were coming. I sent the children away because I was afraid they might overhear some of this. All those things you said about Bob's children— Mine are nice, too. I wish you could have met them."

"I'd like to."

"Howard is not bringing them up. I



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am. Oh, he takes one of the boys fishing every now and then, especially after he's read an article in *Reader's Digest* about how he ought to. But I'm bringing them up. And they are really nice."

"Helen and I admire their pictures every Christmas."

"Damn you, Phil. Don't be polite at me, will you not?"

"I didn't mean to be polite. I'm sorry."

"And don't be sorry. This is my bed, as they say. I made it and I'll lie in it. What do you want me to do, divorce him? Educate four children on a secretary's income? Suppose I did. Suppose I could. Then what? Hand my children over to a moron maid of all work? No, thanks. Divorce him? How? You have to prove adultery in this state, and my Howard is as faithful as the day is long. Pillar of the community. You don't want to wait till he comes back, do you?"

Philip said, "I would like to have another cup of coffee, Dinah."

"You would?"

"Please."

He followed her out into the kitchen. Fussing with the coffeepot and the cups, she seemed to grow less agitated.

"He isn't all slob," she said, "even now. He just thinks and does what he sees the people around him think and do. And I've taken plenty of advantage of that in my time. Down in Miami Beach, he heard you and Bob go on and on about what an admirable girl I was, and pretty soon he believed you. It was no job at all to make him marry me. Out on the Coast, the most important thing in the world was to beat Oregon or Santa Clara. Now he wants a house appropriate to his status and dignity. To get it, he'd do anything—cheat Bob's children or anything."

"Not anything," said Philip, because she had stopped talking for a moment and it was all he could think of to say.

"Probably not. But oh, how he wants that lake view in front and that assistant treasurer to the right of us and that district sales manager to the left. Here's your coffee. Maybe I'd better have a cup, too, if I'm going to stay awake for a third night in a row. We do our discussing from twin beds, in undertones, so the children won't hear. They're really nice children. Do you believe that?"

"Yes."

They took their cups into the living room, where Dinah began to talk about the children. The two older ones were very large for their age, which was only to be expected, but their size made

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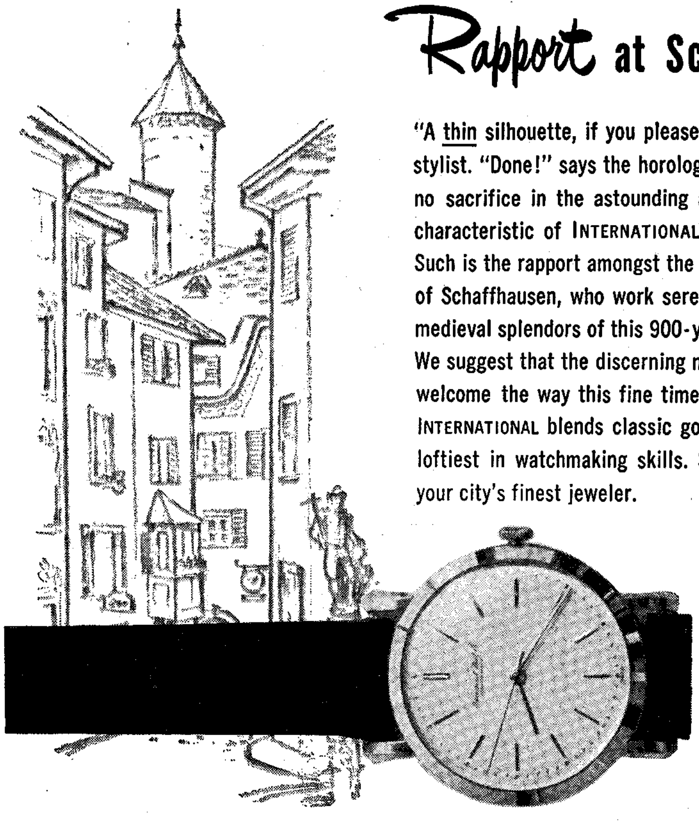

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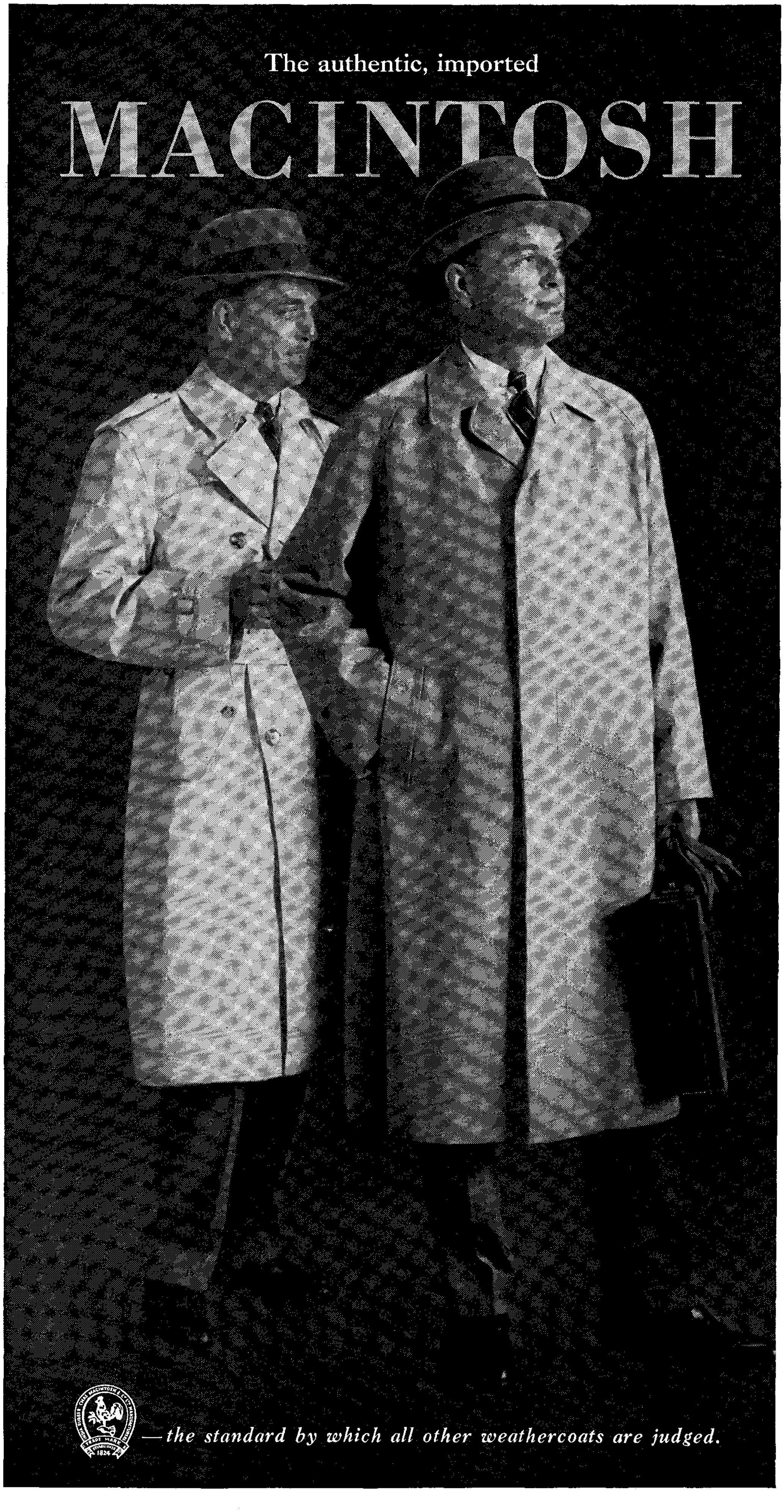

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for problems that had to be coped with almost daily. Steffie, the youngest, never stopped drawing; she should long ago have been placed in the hands of someone who knew something, but there was no such person in Towanda; Dinah had often intended to send a batch of the child's things to Bob.

Then Dinah said she had talked enough about her children, and insisted that Philip tell her about Jim. They were having still another cup of coffee when Howard came home and joined them. The trophy presentation had taken even less time than he thought it would. The Field Day Committee had not planned the occasion too well; with athletic events still in progress, no one had paid much attention to the winning essay as it was being read.

Howard was sorry to hear that Dinah had not been able to talk Philip into staying for dinner. He hoped that Philip could come again real soon. He said there were some biochemists in Research and Development, nice guys Philip would have himself a time with.

On the way back to the station, Howard kept his promise and drove past the house he had his eye on. It was a well-designed Colonial, with attractive grounds and a striking view not only of the lake but the hills beyond.

PHILIP was in the middle of a chess game with Jim when, some weeks later, Mr. DeGroat called up to say that the deal had gone through and the check was in hand. It wasn't much money, the old man said, but it would take some of the immediate pressure off the children's guardian. "I'm glad," Philip said.

After he hung up, his first thought was of Dinah and those nights in the twin beds. He reminded himself that it was the children's money, after all; theirs by right; it would be used to feed and clothe them. But he could not stop thinking about Dinah, and he made a stupid move that gave Jim the game.

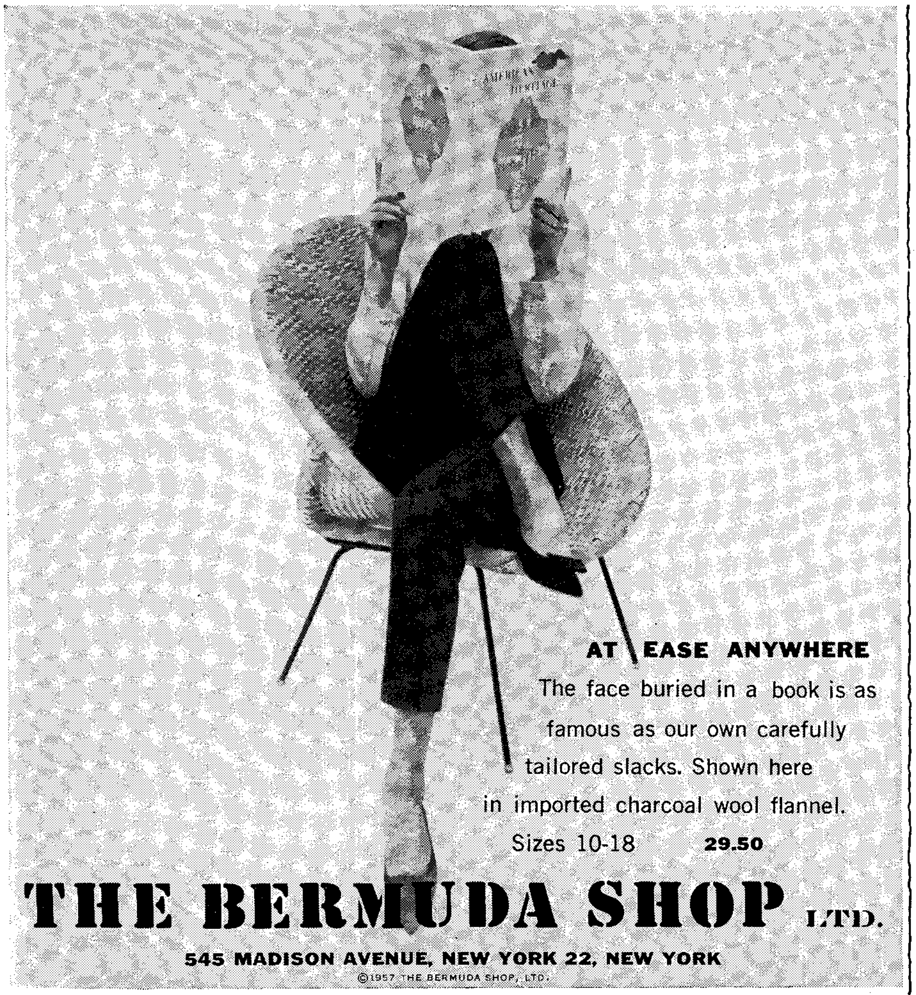
—EDWARD NEWHOUSE

•

"All the gimmicks used on the program will work, too. Some of them are elaborate, and we used a machine shop freely during the summer to make practical models. I'd like to tell you about some of the others, but it wouldn't be fair to describe them before they are seen on the air. One thing we ran across, though, was a tail light for horses."

Mr. March is a tail light for horses."—*Baltimore Sun.*

He's reached the first plateau.



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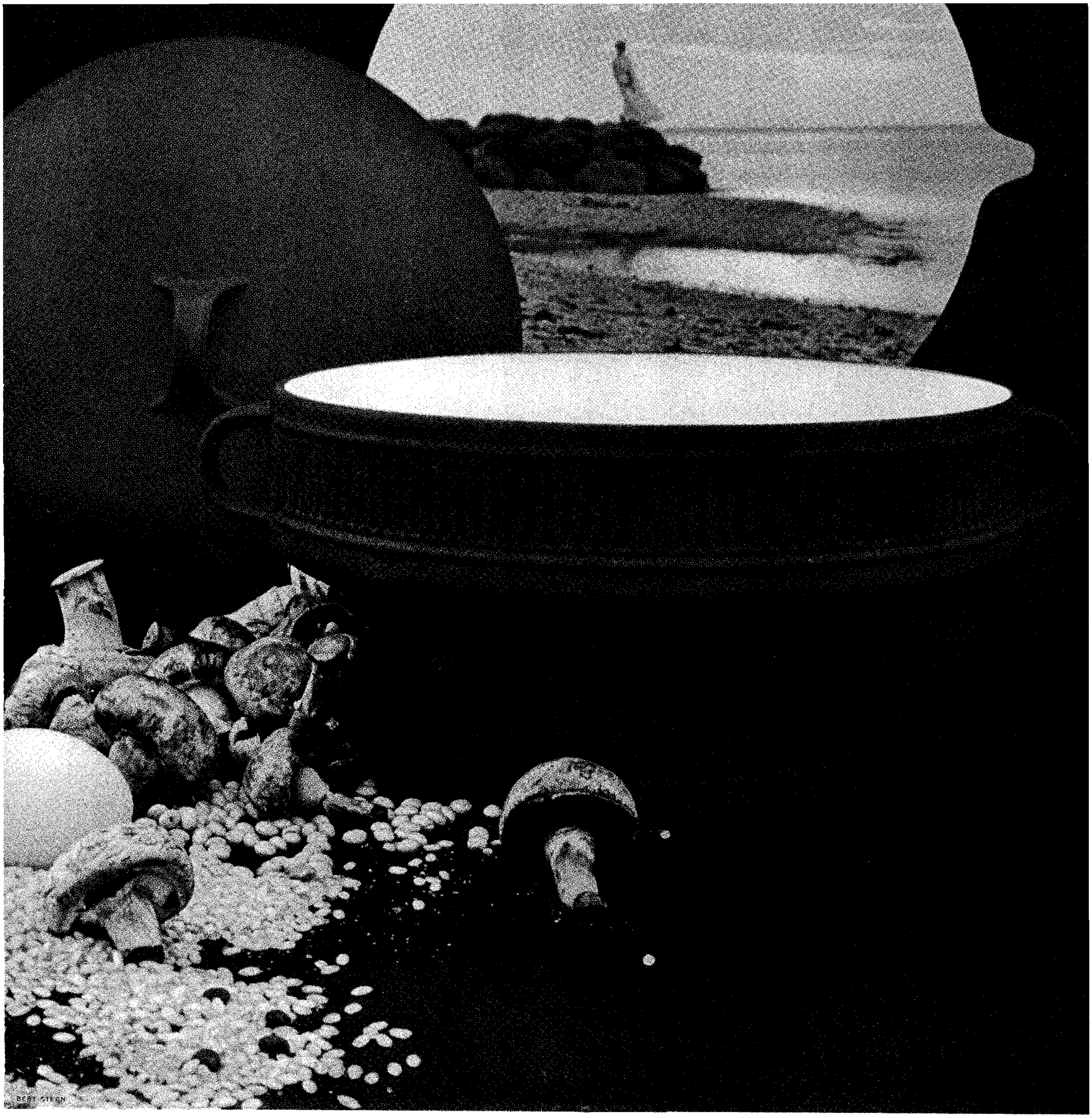

WHAT IS A CASSEROLE? A casserole, that is just a casserole, is a vessel in which food may be cooked and served. Here, you see the DANSK casserole, from the new Flamestone collection in burnt umber designed by Jens H. Quistgaard (J. H. Q.) of Denmark. Cook in it, open flame or oven. Use it proudly, it's at home in any home. (Flamestone is now at home to visitors at the Trienniale in Milan.) The two-quart covered casserole, $12.50*. The matching warming stand, $2.50*.

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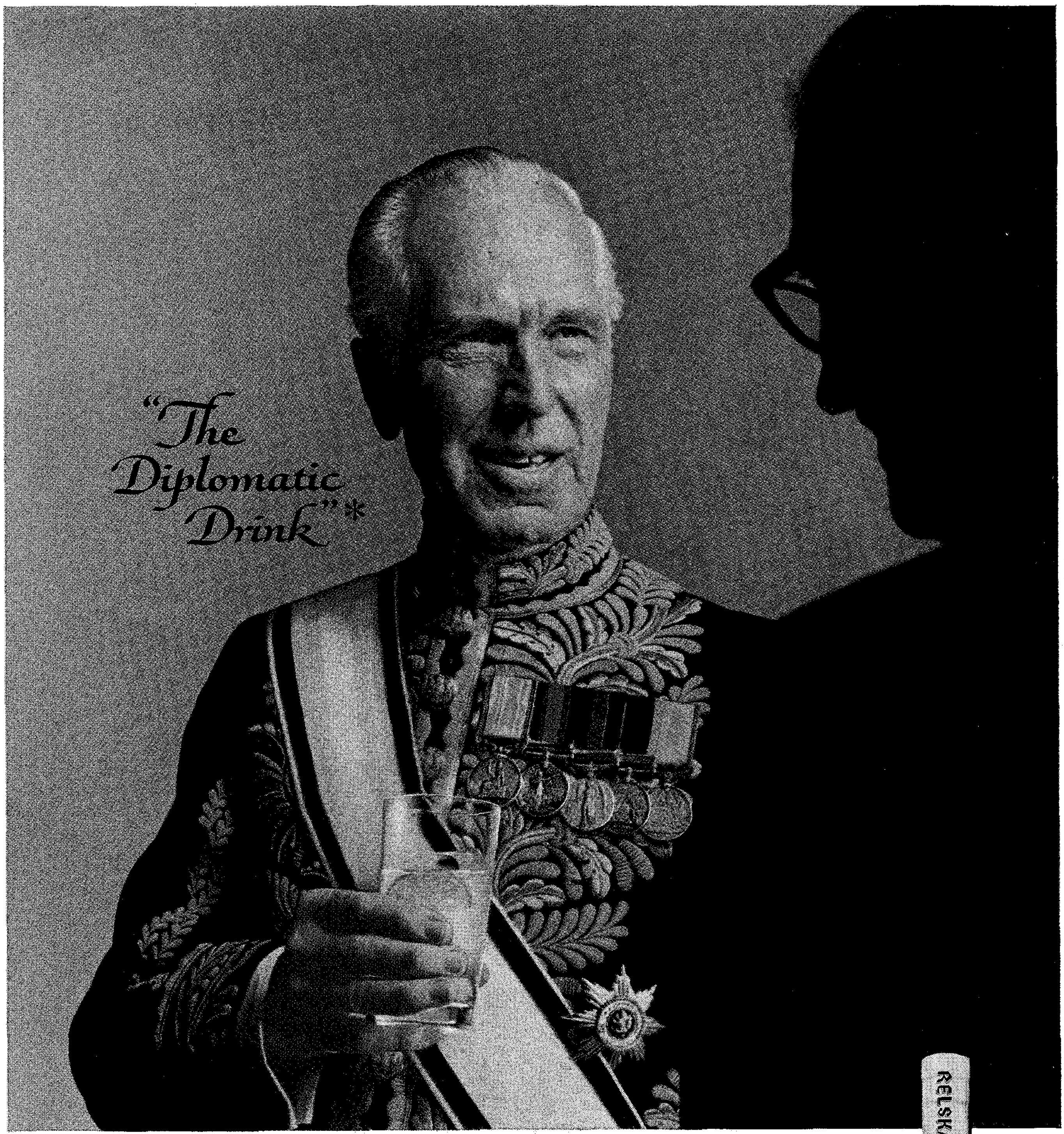

The Ambassador could spare me only a few moments. Very gracious, though. We toasted the occasion in Relska Vodka.

"I've noticed," he said, "that your high-level Americans invariably find Relska a delightful surprise—there's no liquor taste. Over here, Relska's been the reigning favorite for many years—centuries, I'd say."

I couldn't help thinking—once again—that Relska Vodka surely is *the diplomatic drink.*

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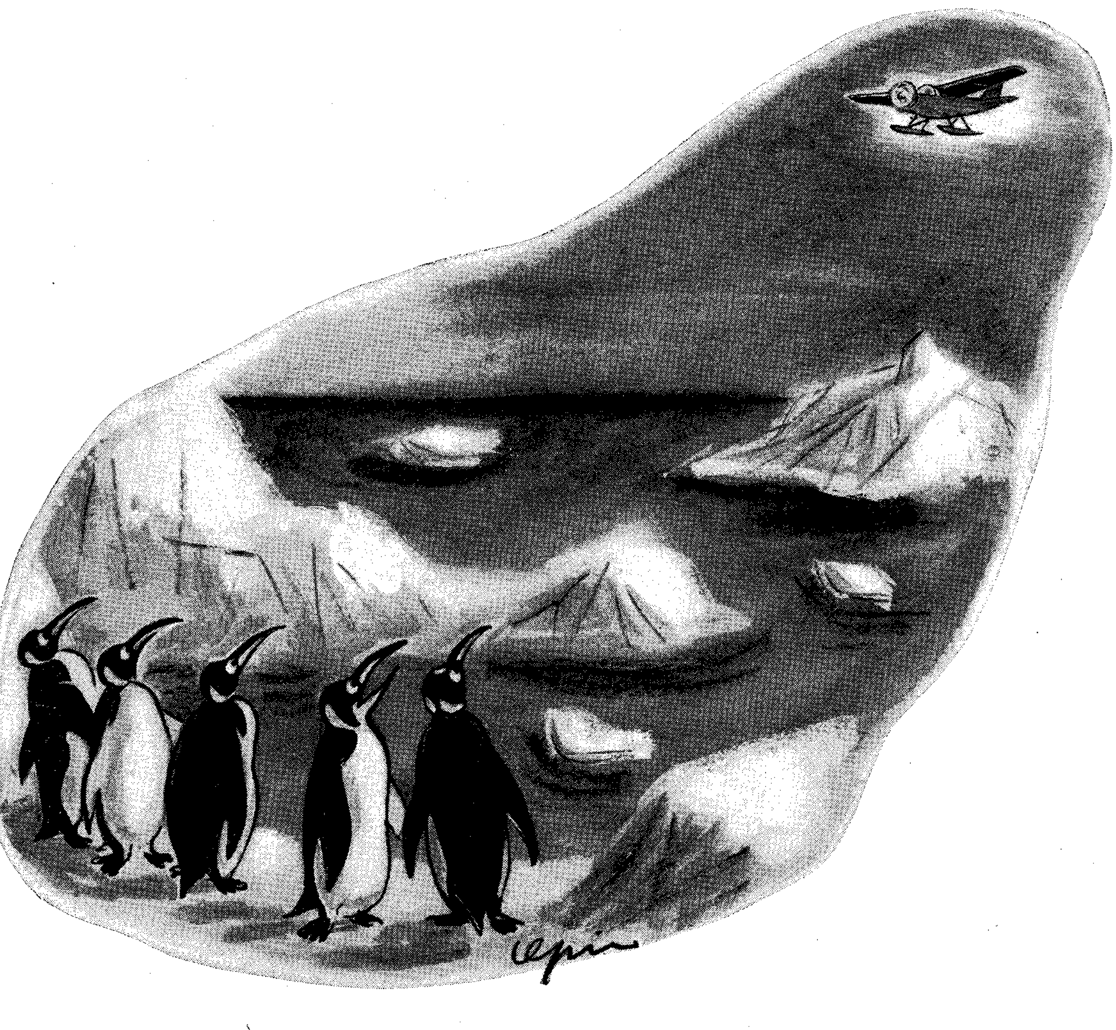
THE THEATRE

MISS HAYES AND MR. COWARD

THE fabulous ballerina named Léocadia accidentally strangled herself with one of her own scarves three years before the opening scene of "Time Remembered," Patricia Moyes' translation of a comedy by Jean Anouilh, at the Morosco. Her memory, however, has survived to weave its peculiar spell over the members of the cast. She was, it appears from their copious reminiscences, a lovely, nearsighted girl, with a fine light of lunacy in her eyes, who admired champagne, gypsy music, and orchids, which she ate, choosing, of course, only the tender inner petals. She walked as in a dream, bumping into people, and she talked on and on, often in her native Rumanian and usually in a mythological vein—of lovers who took the form of bulls and swans and puffs of smoke. Her decadent enchantment was strong for everybody, but it was nearly fatal to the hero, a young prince of ancient lineage and enormous wealth, whose three-day courtship ended with her death and who is now inconsolable.

The reasons for his attachment were extraordinary. Being a rich man, he had no reason to take up some gainful employment that might have occupied his mind; being without conspicuous talent, he was denied the solace of art; and, lacking the customary vices, he couldn't look for oblivion in alcohol, drugs, or even sex. Actually, the only possible antidote for his boredom was something almost totally bizarre, and Léocadia was all of that. It is easier than you think for a gentleman of quality to mistake the alleviation of tedium for love, and at the beginning of the play his condition is pitiable. To improve it, his aunt, an agreeably addled old duchess, has gone to considerable expense to litter her estate with reminders of their idyll, purchasing the taxicab they rode in, reconstructing the night club and the wayside inn they visited, and staffing them all to the best of her ability with the original personnel. It is no use, and as a last, despairing measure she imports a little Parisian milliner with a clear resemblance to Léocadia, coaches her in all that lost lady's demented mannerisms, and turns her loose to do her best. The result of this stratagem is just about what you'd expect. The prince is naturally hostile at first to a substitute who prefers gin to champagne, finds herself unable to digest orchids at all, and even permits somebody else to talk once in a while, but his suspicion of this crude behavior gradually abates, and in the end he is prepared to accept the living substance in place of the dead shadow.

All this is very charming. It may be that Mrs. Moyes' translation hasn't quite the finely lacquered surface of the original (there are few plays that pass from one language to another without some coarsening of texture), and at times the transition from a mood of light Gallic cynicism to one of delicate romance is disconcertingly abrupt. It may even be that some sequences—when a point is labored too long or, as in a scene having to do with the shooting of a symbolic bird, when the point would really seem better left unmade—have a vaguely harried air, as if the author were simply writing to achieve a necessary length. The total effect, however, is admirable, combining genuine style, civilized wit, non-cloying sentiment, and adroit comic invention in a manner extremely unusual in the theatre nowadays. Altogether, "Time Remembered" is by far the most winning entertainment we have been offered this season, and I'd get to work on



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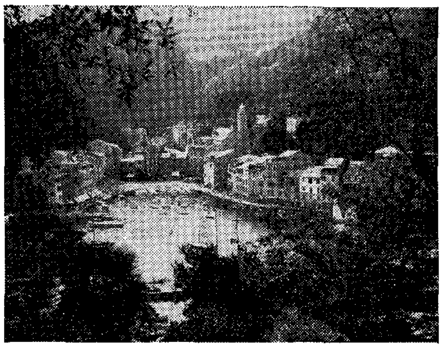
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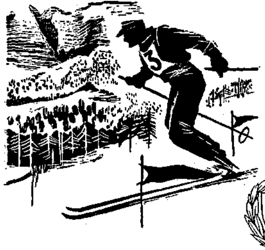

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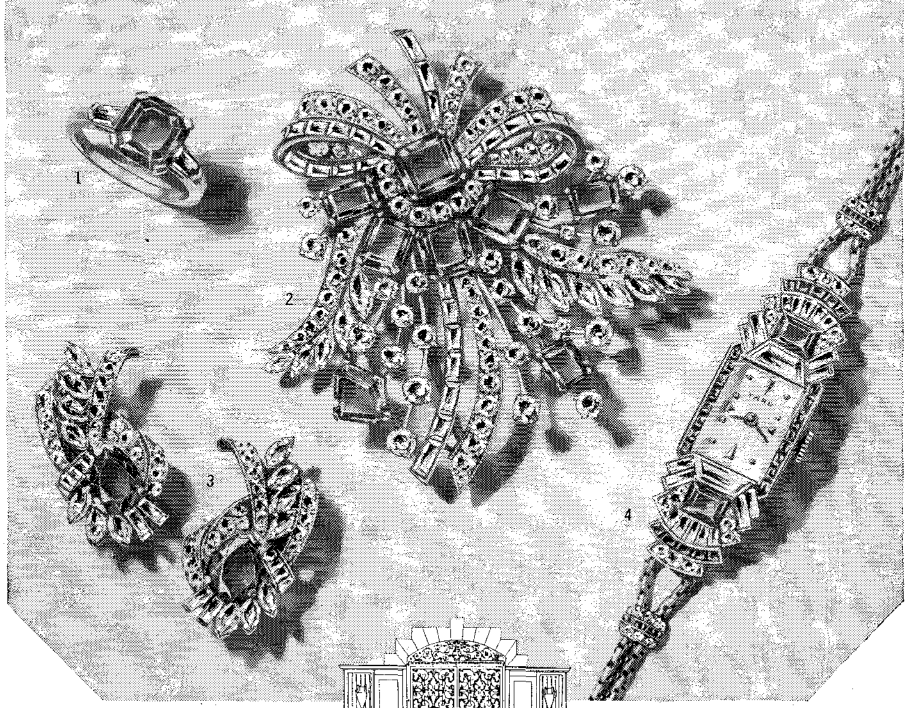

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buying tickets for it right away if I were you.

The production is magnificent. Helen Hayes, in my opinion the most versatile as well as the most entrancing of all actresses, gives an inspired performance as the old duchess, having imagined just the right deportment for a lady eccentric enough to go off into a short burlesque of "Swan Lake" when the spirit moves her, vulgar enough to scratch away at her pretty white head in moments of bafflement, yet always and obviously a lady of formidable breeding and implacable efficiency. The educated critical terms used to describe a player's technique are still beyond me, but I'm sure hers is as nearly perfect as any you'll ever see. Susan Strasberg, who may still have something to learn about the most effective employment of her voice, especially in comedy scenes, is nevertheless lovely and touching as the young milliner, and Richard Burton is excellent as the bereaved prince who is actually troubled rather less by Léocadia's death than by the fact that he can't seem to remember exactly what she looked like. The others include Glenn Anders, as a dim-witted aristocrat; Sig Arno, as a headwaiter embarrassingly fallen from the higher estate of private servant; and Frederick Rolf, Le Roi Operti, Frederic Warriner, George Ebeling, and Truman Gaige, as assorted conspirators. Under Albert Marre's brilliantly perceptive direction, they all do very nicely, and Oliver Smith's sets, Miles White's costumes, and the incidental music composed by Vernon Duke add a cockeyed magic of their own.

MORE times than I could count, in Noël Coward's "Nude with Violin," at the Belasco, Mr. Coward, representing a valet, comes scampering out of the wings to murmur, "You rang, Madam?" As it happens, nobody has rung, and the ostensible purpose of this maneuver is to indicate that he has had his ear to the keyhole and feels that the conversation is taking a turn dangerous to his interests, which are those of a blackmailer. The real purpose, or so it seems to me, is to prevent the play from lying right down there and dying like a dog, since "Nude with Violin" is the kind of entertainment that depends almost entirely on the services of a vivid and peculiar personality whose absence from the stage for as much as ten minutes might well put the audience into an irreversible coma. The plot of Mr. Coward's newest offering is based on that triumphantly Philistine joke that afflicts us nearly every week in the press—the one to the effect that admirers of modern art, including the critics, are incapable of distinguishing the genuine article from the accidental daubs of cows, apes, children, and idiots. In "Nude with Violin," this notion is expanded somewhat. A celebrated artist has just died, and the members of his family, along with a leading art dealer, have gathered in his Paris studio to discuss the disposal of the canvases he has left behind. They are greeted there by his servant, a suave, multilingual blend of Jeeves and Dr. Fu Manchu, who dispenses refreshments, epigrams, and sinister hints that something nasty is afoot. It is indeed. In far more time than it takes to tell, the studio is invaded by, successively, a Russian tart; a onetime Cockney variety artist, now prosperous enough to have supplied herself with a gigolo; a religious maniac from the Congo; and a ten-year-old boy, the illegitimate son of the valet. It is hardly necessary to inform you that each of these callers has been responsible for one phase of the great man's work; that all their paintings are now priceless treasures, on display in some of the most famous galleries of the civilized world; and that these revelations cause an enormous amount of astonishment, mirth, and dismay on at least one side of the footlights.

As a writer of comedy, Mr. Coward, I'm afraid, is a sadly diminished man these days. I'm not sure whether this is due to natural erosion, sophisticated humor being the most perishable of all literary commodities, or to the fact that intense irritation (the only thing, apparently, that he dislikes more than modern art is modern writing, which, he says, is in the hands of bums and halfwits, too) has a tendency to produce only a rather shrill and adolescent wit, but it is certainly true that "Nude with Violin" shows almost none of the qualities that marked such stylish offerings of his as "Blithe

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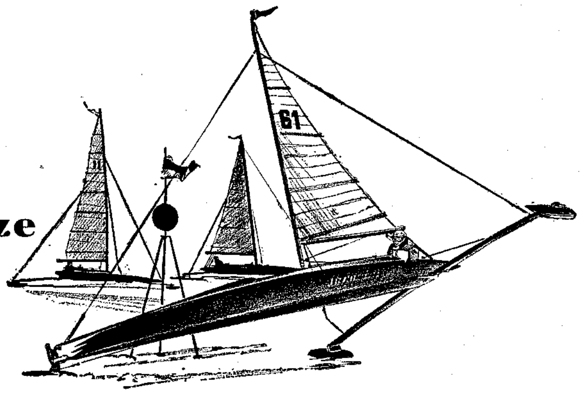

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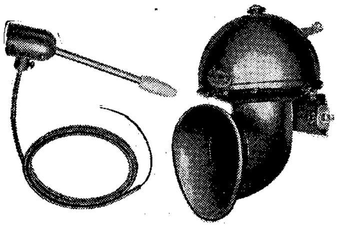

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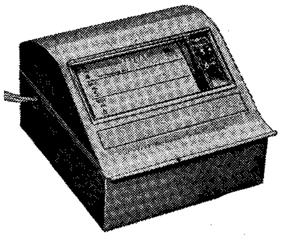

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Spirit" and "Private Lives." The neat, exact use of words, in odd, hilarious juxtaposition, has nearly disappeared; the sharp definition of character has declined into a roughing in of caricatures; and the abundance of invention, the ability to create a varied sequence of funny and surprising scenes, has degenerated into the nagging reiteration of just one—the four-times-repeated disclosure that the hypothetical masterpieces were actually turned out by freaks. Now and then, some trace of the old, casual dexterity is evident, but for the most part we are treated only to such television jocosities as "He was extremely superstitious. He absolutely declined to sleep thirteen in a bed," and "Grandma Moses? Do we really have to bring the Old Testament into this?"

To compensate for these sorrows, there is Mr. Coward's skill as an actor, which, I am happy to say, is as extraordinary as it ever was. It is all there—the clipped, almost unearthly precision of speech; the unbelievable timing; the curious, practically indescribable gift for getting an extra comic effect by acting against the lines—and it is fascinating, even beautiful, to watch. Unfortunately, it is not enough. There is always the play, twittering away, intrusive and deadly, behind him, and sooner or later it will drive you out of your mind. The supporting players, handcuffed by their material as few actors have been in the history of the theatre, include Joyce Carey, Morris Carnovsky, and Luba Malina. The author has directed them in a highly professional manner, and it is obvious that their own talents are by no means negligible, but the odds against them are much too heavy.—Wolcott Gibbs

●

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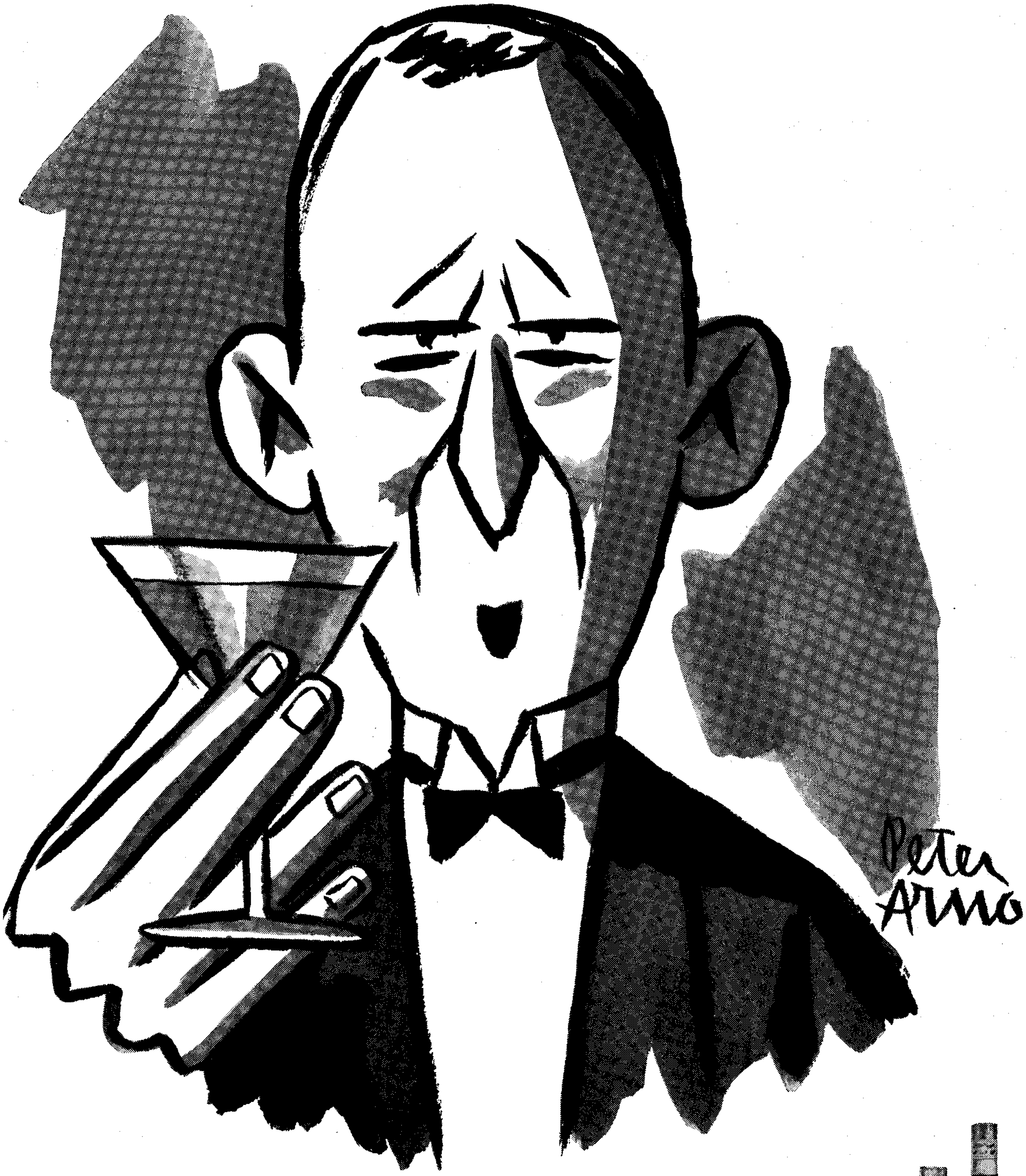

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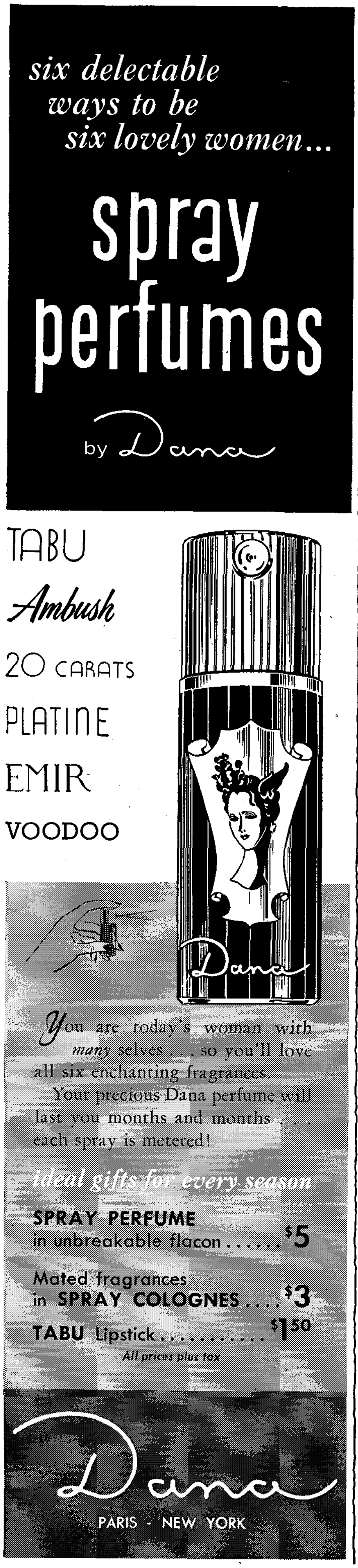
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Short Tinkle

THE little, highly personal musical world of Anton Webern is a unique phenomenon, impossible to describe in relation to music in general. Perhaps its nearest analogue is to be found in the delicate drawings and paintings of Paul Klee. It has no ancestry in any tradition, and I doubt whether it can serve as the starting point of any trend or school. In it, sound is used purely for its decorative effect, without any reference to what is commonly understood as musical *meaning*. Yet it unquestionably has a certain charm, for the gossamer tinkles and sighs it consists of have been put together with a watchmaker's precision and skill, and have the power to evoke poetic moods of a very subtle and elusive sort. Fortunately, his compositions are all extremely brief; his singular idiom is one that would exhaust itself in more than a few moments of expression. (Columbia has recently issued an album of records containing his entire lifework, and it fills just four discs.) Concert performances of his music are rare. But last week, in Carnegie Hall, the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under William Steinberg, gave his Six Orchestra Pieces, Opus 6, its first New York hearing, with altogether engaging, if fairly strange, results. I am not sure that these tiny pieces (some of them last scarcely a minute) are really related to the art of music; like all the rest of Webern's work, they seem to occupy an aesthetic realm of their own. But within this realm they possess both logic and a kind of childlike fantasy, and their very brevity and reticence tend to disarm criticism of the systematic sort.

Mr. Steinberg's program—a decidedly well-built and unusual one, by the way—also contained the first local performance in several years of Anton Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, and since I have long regarded Bruckner as far and away the greatest symphonist since Beethoven, and his Eighth Symphony as perhaps his greatest work, the evening was a treat indeed for me. Right from the outset of this huge and noble composition, Mr. Steinberg showed that peculiar grasp of detail, contrast, and extended dramatic form that is found only among the finest Bruckner interpreters. In his hands, the troubled mystery of the first movement exerted its profound spell, and the tempos in the long, serene slow movement were exactly right, instead of being dragged, as they sometimes are. Few conductors have the knack of vitalizing Bruckner's leisurely thought and presenting all its wide ramifications in the properly compelling proportions, but Mr. Steinberg is one of them, and the fruit of his penetrating musicianship and taste in this work was among the most memorable and majestic musical experiences I have had thus far this season.

I WENT to the Boston Symphony Orchestra's concert in Carnegie Hall one evening last week mainly to hear the New York première of Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum, ad Honorem Sancti Marci Nominis," a work I had heard, and commented on somewhat unfavorably, on the occasion of its world première, in Venice, a little over a year ago. I see no reason to amend my opinion of it. The husky shoulders and arms of Charles Munch strained with obvious effort to give it a scrupulous reading, but the rather aimless and incoherent concatenation of toots and growls that emerged from the orchestra sounded about the same as they had in Venice, and the vocal solos of Blake Stern and Donald Gramm—two admirable artists—sounded like something I can only describe as braying. Undoubtedly, in view of the religious sobriety of the Latin text, Mr. Stravinsky must, in his own mind, attach some serious significance to this music he has written, but whatever the significance is, it eluded me completely.

CYRIL RITCHARD's staging of Rossini's melodious and generally innocent musical farce "The Barber of Seville," at the Metropolitan, has always struck me as a kind of three-ring circus. I realize that the "Barber" has, from the dramatic point of view, quite a few rather thin and rather coy comic episodes, and I can appreciate Mr. Ritchard's good intentions in filling up the stage with busy and sometimes hilarious shenanigans in order to give the thing momentum. The trouble is that he has overdone it a bit, and consequently in some places, like the second act, the pleasant clowning of such singers as Cesare Siepi and Fernando Corena is simply drowned by the masses of slapstick that surround it. The music tends

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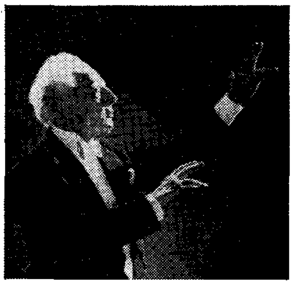

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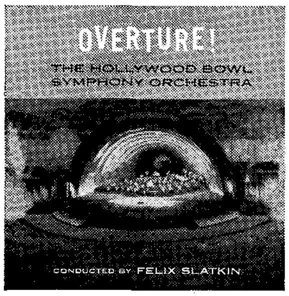
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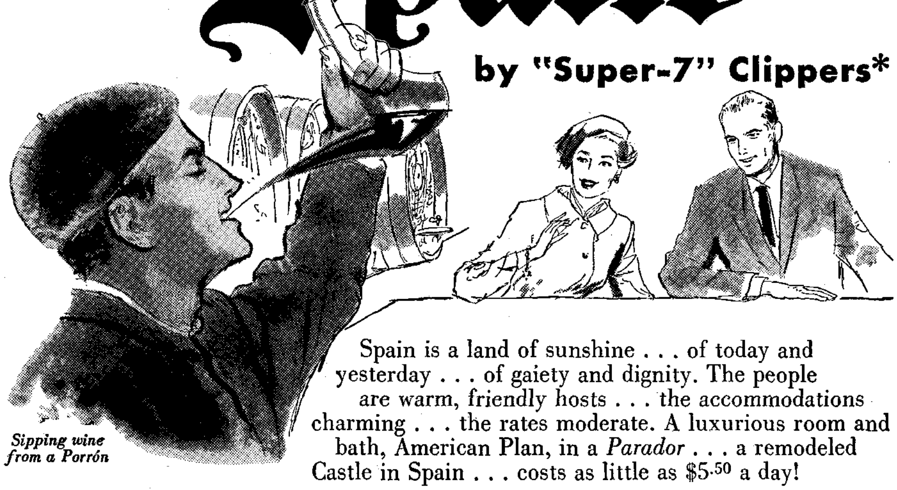
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to get drowned, too, and though the production as a whole is unquestionably a lively business, it somehow does not represent this dear old opera in all its traditional simplicity and gaiety. The problem is a difficult one, for the "Barber" is, by nature, an intimate rather than an overwhelming opera, and is probably better suited to smaller stages than that of the Metropolitan, where it has not, in recent years, played to a particularly good box office.

In any case, I went to hear the "Barber" there last week and came away with an impression of turgidness that it should not produce. The work of the individual singers, however, was everywhere of the highest order. Roberta Peters has a flawless technique and a nervy, bravura personality that make her the finest of imaginable Rosinas. Mr. Siepi and Mr. Corena, as Don Basilio and Dr. Bartolo, respectively, are superb farceurs, and though the latter was suffering from a bad cold, there was no letdown from his customary verve as an actor. Frank Guarrera was, as usual, a spirited, if vocally slightly heavy, Figaro, and the tenor solos of Cesare Valletti, as Almaviva, were melting affairs in the very best Italian *bel-canto* tradition. Max Rudolf did the conducting, and though he started things a little peremptorily, he succeeded, as the evening went on, in giving the ensembles and accompaniments a sprightly efficiency that was quite gratifying.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Police said entry to the building was made through the Cottage Beauty shop at the rear of the residence by punching and sawing out a portion of the plywood paneling in the rear door.

The door was then opened from the inside. Nothing was molested in the beauty shop and the thief continued through the shop into the kitchen where the purse was taken.

Maxine Wilcox said the theft occurred after she had gone to bed at about midnight.

Japan was up to something.—*Salem* (*Ore.*) *Capital-Journal.*

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•

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[*From "How Motion Pictures Are Made," by Homer Croy, 1918*]

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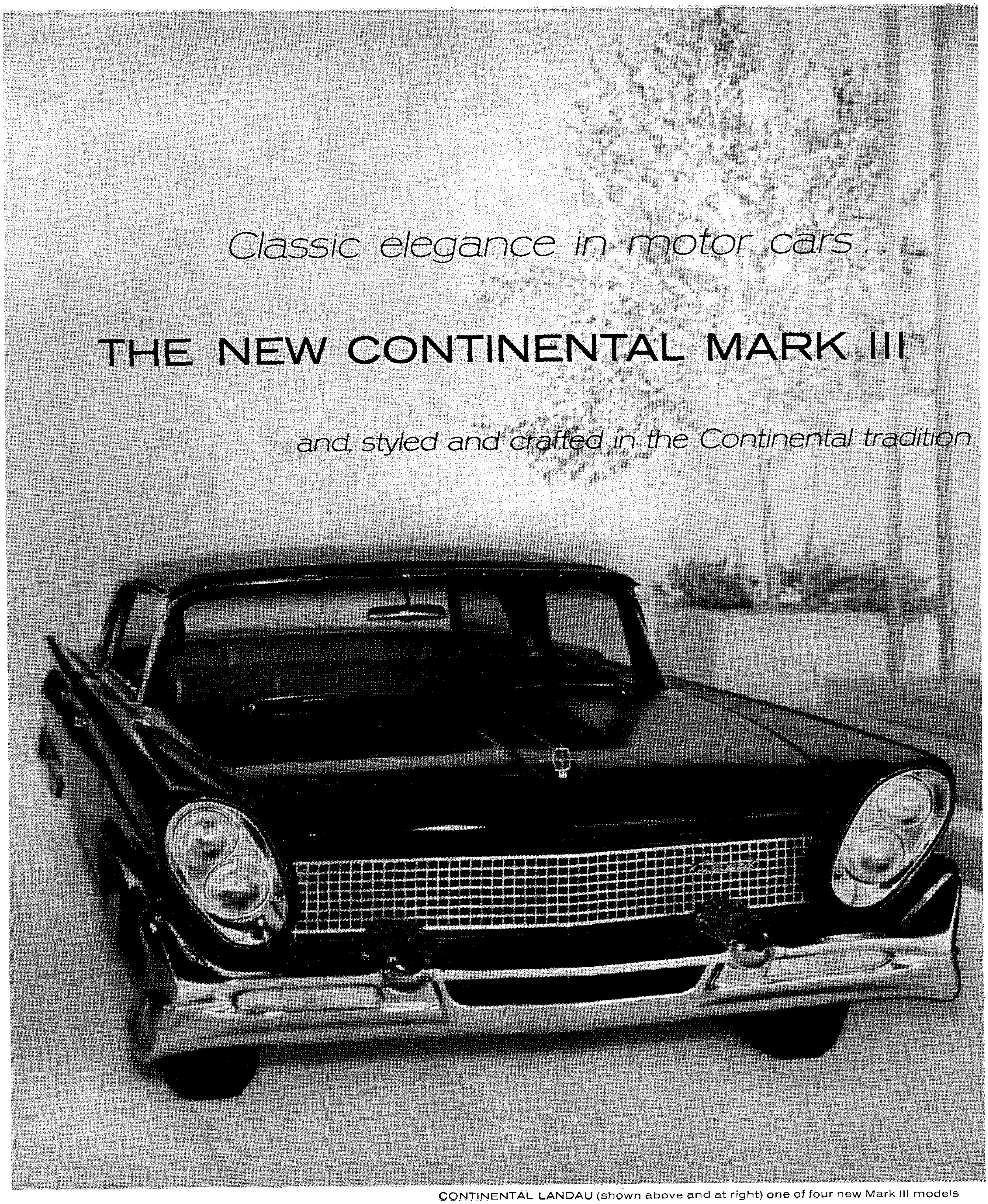
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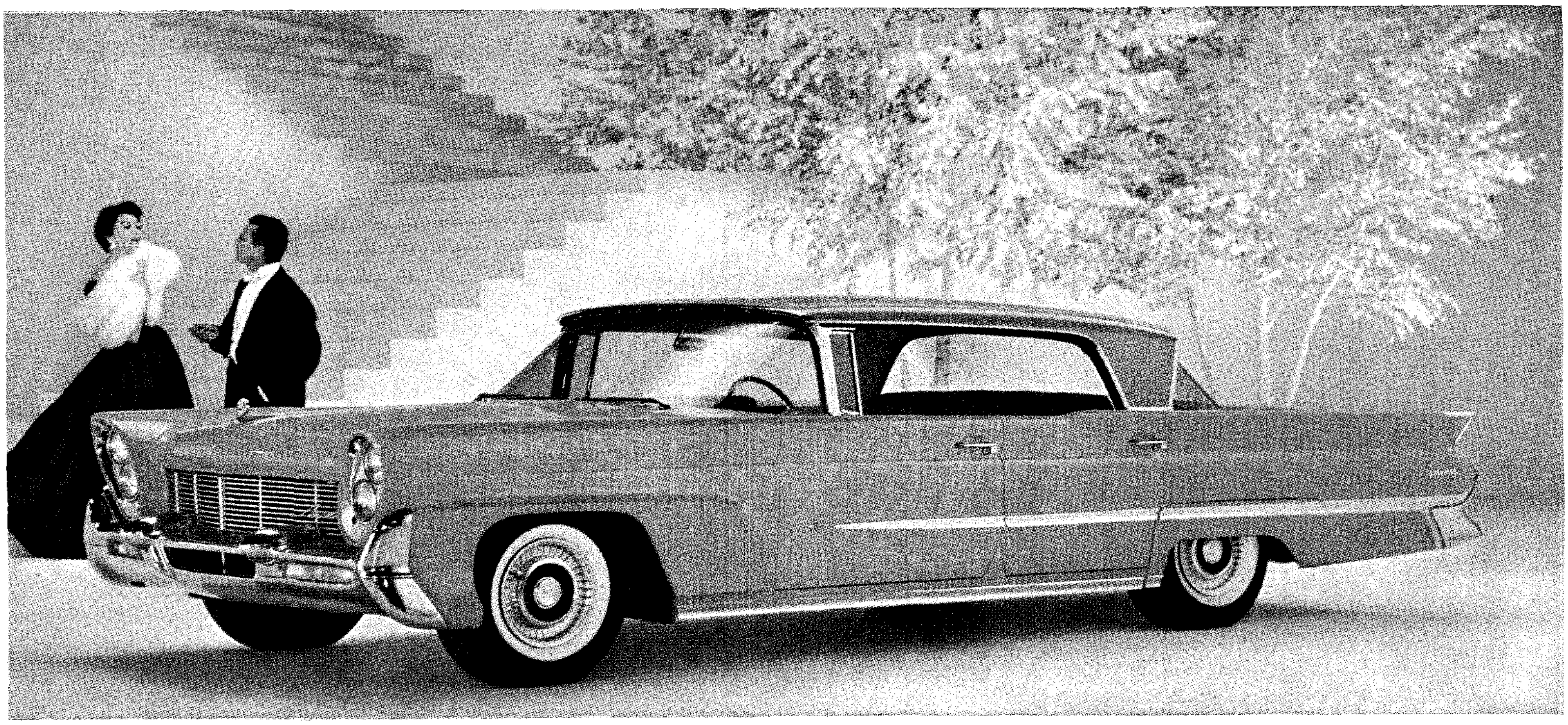

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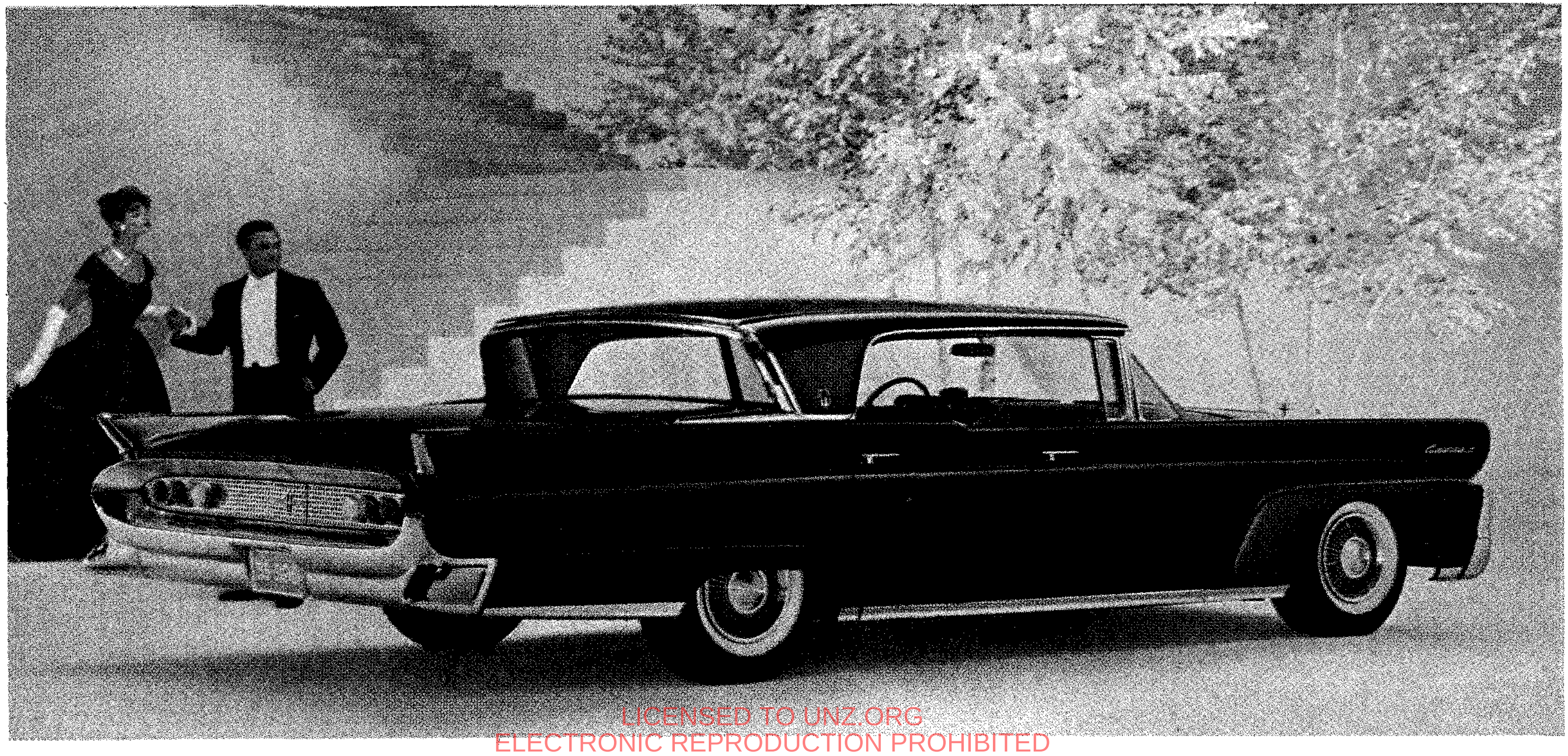

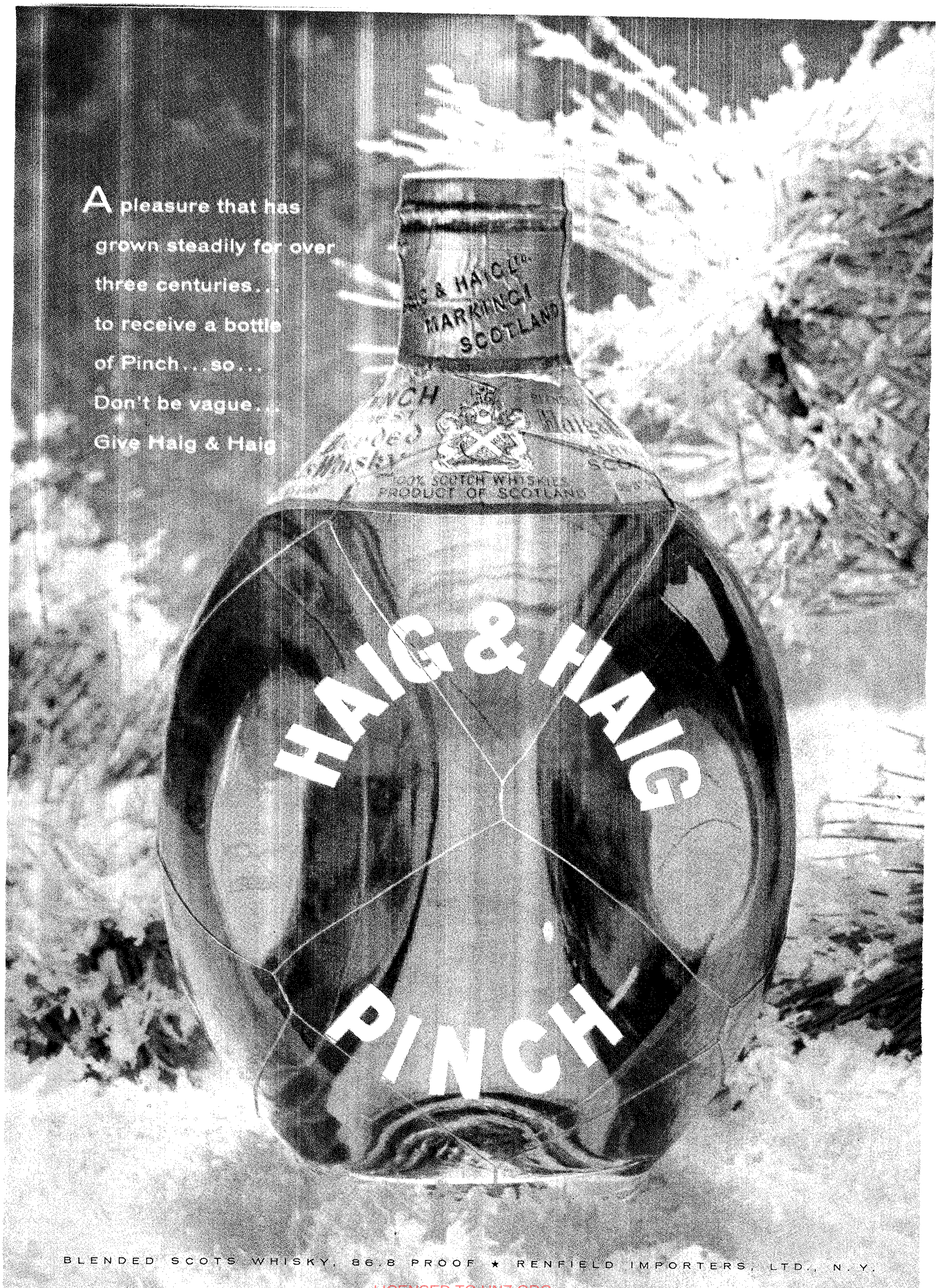
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LETTER FROM LENINGRAD

OCTOBER 30

LENINGRAD, like most port cities, should first be seen from the water. Arriving by ship, you avoid the inevitable characterless industrial suburbs and come straight into the heart of Peter the Great's capital. There, all around you, are the imposing prospects, the wide avenues, the vast plazas, the palaces and cathedrals, spread across a hundred islands in the delta of the Neva River, crosshatched with tributaries and canals and strung together with countless bridges—all commanded by Peter, in 1703, to attest to the enduring power and grandeur of the Czars. While it irritates me to read in the local papers here that some French schoolteacher or some worker from Dublin has said that the Peter Palace is more wonderful than Versailles, for instance, or that the spacious streets are the envy of every other city in the world, I must admit that my first glimpse of Leningrad left me with a deep appreciation of its genuine beauty.

It is not, however, as easy as it sounds to get to Leningrad by ship. The only regular passenger liner that connects the Soviet Union with the Western world is the Baltika (which used to be called the Molotov but had to have its name quickly changed last summer). It is small and crowded, and from April until the onset of ice it makes a round-trip journey from Leningrad to London only about once a month. But the delays and uncertainties of travelling on the Baltika are worth while if only for that initial view of the city and for the slow approach along a kind of water avenue where only the multilingual posters on the breakwaters—"*Druzhba i Mir*" ("Friendship and Peace"), or "*Non à la Guerre*," or "Youth, the Future Is in Your Hands"—remind you that this is no longer St. Petersburg.

The illusion of the past continued after the Baltika had docked and my family and I were being driven to our hotel—the Astoria—for by then it was twilight and the city lay half in shadow. I couldn't see the peeling paint of the unrestored buildings, or the plaster that was pitted and blackened by shell blasts and, in some places, ripped right off, exposing the brick underneath. The scars of wars and revolutions and time were blurred or entirely obscured. This twilight gray is the city's special light, and even in the autumn and winter it lasts a long time. It has been described over and over by Russian writers who lived here, Dostoevski and Turgenev among them. In high summer, there is no full darkness at all; the twilight lasts right through, and on those celebrated "white nights" (commemorated by Dostoevski in a short story) lovers take boats down the Neva, families have midnight picnics in the parks, and, in fact, the whole city hardly gets any sleep.

Even in the hotel, my sense of continuity with the past persisted. In the restaurant, the orchestra was playing a Viennese waltz. The decoration was unshakably Victorian. Our bedroom was a riot of plush and mahogany, of cut glass, gold lamps, lace antimacassars, and polished marble shepherdesses. The first words I heard exchanged between two Russians occurred in the hotel corridor. "My God, you're late!" one said. "God, so I am!" the other replied as they scurried down the hall. I don't know why I was so surprised, but I was; perhaps it was the echo of the White Rabbit. Outside our window was the great golden dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral (now the State Antireligious Museum), and around it stretched the city's even, measured skyline—no building is very high, and none is very low, either—and this, too, hasn't changed since the last century.

It was only the next day and afterward that Leningrad's present character began to emerge, despite the fact that the city is looking its Sunday best at the moment. This year was decreed to be the city's two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary, and in celebration of it most of the important buildings have been cleaned and freshly painted. The fountains have been scrubbed, and many of the statues, whose gold leaf had tarnished or rubbed away, have had their gaudy lustre restored. No one knows exactly why this year was designated as the city's anniversary, especially since it is obvious that the city was at least two hundred and fifty years old in 1953. One theory is that Stalin's death in that year precluded any sort of festivities. Another is that the city needed the extra time to restore enough war-damaged buildings

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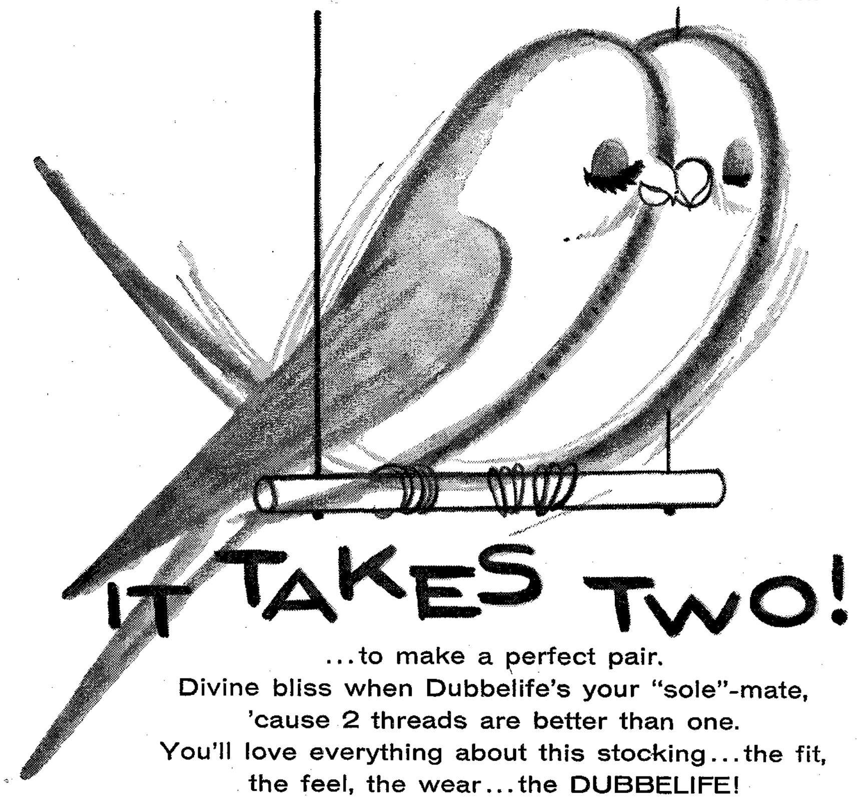
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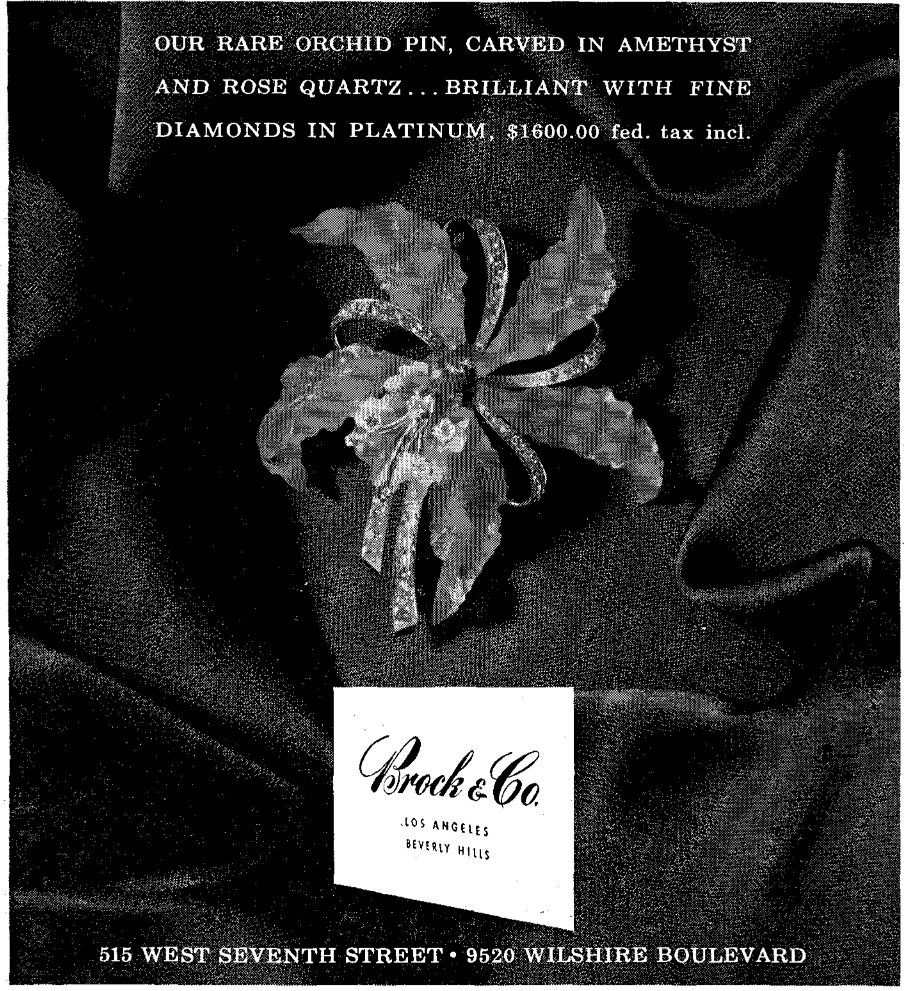
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for a good show. At any rate, in the background of this fresh prettiness is an underlying grimness. There are countless buildings that have not been restored at all, and in no other city of the world have I seen so many repair shops. Every street has a couple—repair shops for shoes (and if you go inside, you see shoes being laboriously restitched and resoled for what can be at most only a few more months' wear), repair shops for clocks and watches (so numerous that you would think every man jack of the population had a watch, though one of the commonest sights in restaurants, in the subway, or on the street is one Russian stopping another to ask the time), repair shops devoted exclusively to fountain pens or eyeglasses.

The old, grandiose life of St. Petersburg, or even of Petrograd (as the city was renamed in 1914, to get rid of the unpopular German ending), has given way to the present threadbare life of Leningrad—a place that Leningraders themselves constantly describe as a "*strogii gorod*," a severe or strict city. The foreigner gets his first indication of this severity from the admonitory signs and posters he sees everywhere. In hotel lobbies, you are instantly informed by placard that "It is obligatory to remove your galoshes." In offices, elevators, theatres, restaurants, and even barbershops, "No Smoking" signs are prominently displayed. Posters on the streets urge you to "Save Your Money" and "Drink Tomato Juice," and remind you that "Books Are Your Best Friends." (Leningraders will often tell you this themselves, usually as a prelude to a story about their favorite writer, Pushkin, whose dying words were "Farewell, my friends." He was speaking to his books.) But the tone of these signs is not the only thing the Leningrader means by *strogii gorod*. He also has in mind the history of his city, about which Leningraders are astonishingly well informed. A chance acquaintance is likely to insist that you go with him to see, say, the Church on the Blood—a fantasy of candy-striped towers, onion domes, a mosaic façade, and pillars twisted like sticks of barley sugar—because the church was built on the very spot where Czar Alexander II was bombed to death by outraged citizens. If you stop to stare at the Winter Palace, now part of the Hermitage Museum, a youngster on the street corner is apt to offer you the gratuitous information that the palace has 1,050 rooms, 1,945 windows, 1,786 doors, and 117 stairways. (I didn't count them for verification.) Somebody else will certainly tell you that Leningrad's uniform skyline dates from a decree of Czar Paul I that no domestic building should be higher than his palace—four stories—and that while the city was being built, a royal ordinance forbade the use of stone for any other construction in Russia until the capital was complete. Probably it would be more surprising if Leningraders did not have this constant consciousness of their history and of the rigid rule of the Czars, for they are so surrounded by monuments, statues, and buildings from those days that even the most cursory curiosity about their city would give them a certain feeling for its past. If they do nothing but look up at St. Isaac's Cathedral while waiting for a streetcar across the square, they can see the old, now ironic inscription, engraved in huge bronze letters, "O Lord, the Stronger Thou Art, the Greater the Czar's Joy." But it is not only the past that has molded the city's character. Leningrad's special severity also comes from its more recent experiences.

Leningrad is full of reminders of the leading position it had in the Bolshevik Revolution. Lenin (the city was named after him in 1924) lived here and plotted the Revolution here; Smolny, once a school for noble girls and now a museum, was his headquarters when the Revolution actually got under way. The cruiser Aurora, which opened the Revolution by firing a salvo at the Winter Palace, is permanently moored to the bank of the Neva near the center of town—a ten-minute streetcar ride from the palace it attacked. The hammer and sickle have replaced the Czars' eagles on many buildings. The great palaces are now museums or theatres, with names like Palace of Culture and Palace of Labor. The churches and cathedrals, too, are mostly museums now, though there are still about twenty that remain places of worship, including a Moslem mosque, a synagogue, and a Baptist church, in addition to the Greek Orthodox churches. And while the city probably has more statues of Pushkin and of Glinka, the father of Russian music, than of anybody else, there are still plenty of statues of Lenin and Stalin and the local Revolutionary hero, Sergei Mironovich Kirov.

For Leningraders the city is one of memories; for the outsider—even the Russian outsider—it is a city for sightseeing. If you make the inescapable comment about the beauty of the place, a Leningrader is likely to show some surprise and then remark, "Of course, we remember it from before." "Before" al-

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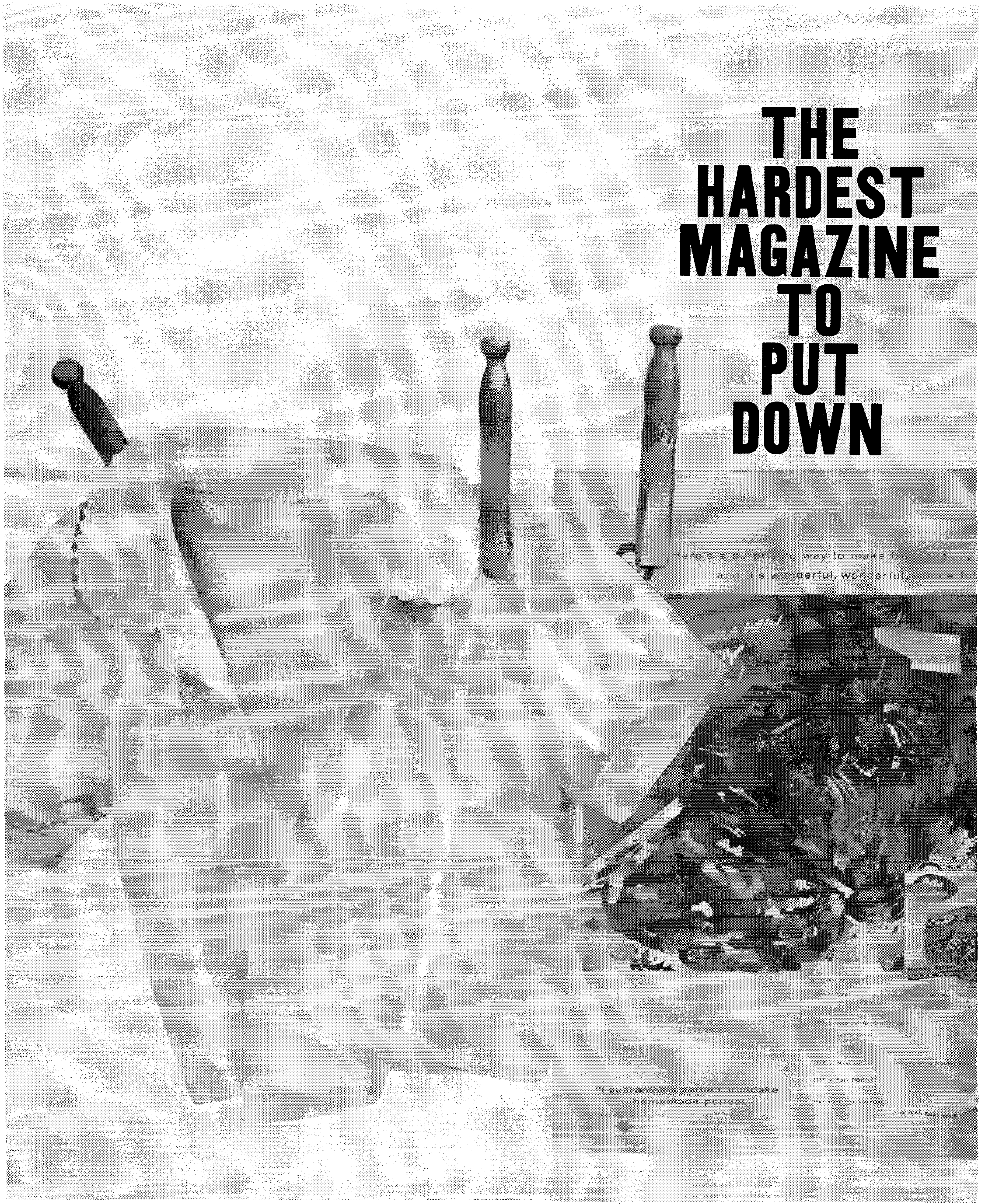
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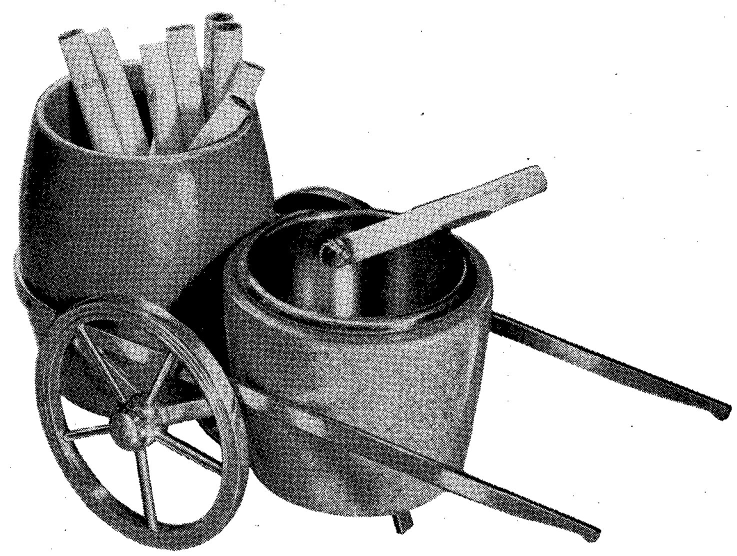
ways means before the German siege. For Leningraders, the terrible nine hundred days (the time is always given in days) during which the Germans blockaded and shelled the city could have ended only last week. The generation that remembers nothing of the siege has not yet grown up, but when it does it will have plenty of reminders. Shostakovich, who was born in Leningrad, wrote a symphony honoring the city, and since the war he has insisted that all his major works be performed here first. Plays and movies on the theme of the siege are still being produced. Two, as a matter of fact, are currently running—"Leningrad Symphony," a film about love during the blockade, and "Hotel Astoria," a play about the hotel when it was a military billet for officers. There is one line in the play that invariably stirs the audience to tears and applause. It is when the hero, listening to the shelling of the city, quotes Pushkin:

"*Krasuisya grad Petra i stoi*
Nepokolebimo, kak Rossiya."
("Be magnificent, city of Peter, and stand fast,
Unshakable as all of Russia.")

At the time of the siege, "standing fast" with their city became a kind of symbol for Leningraders. Cowards and heroes were judged by whether they had "stood" or had tried to get evacuation permits to the interior. One woman I met casually (who had "stood") described how Leningrad gradually turned into a city of women. All the men, except the very old, were at the front; all the children, except the infants, had been evacuated to the Caucasus or the Ural Mountains. As the siege went on, the weakest among those who remained in the city began to die—first the babies, then the old people. Only the young, strong women survived. Their diet was cats,



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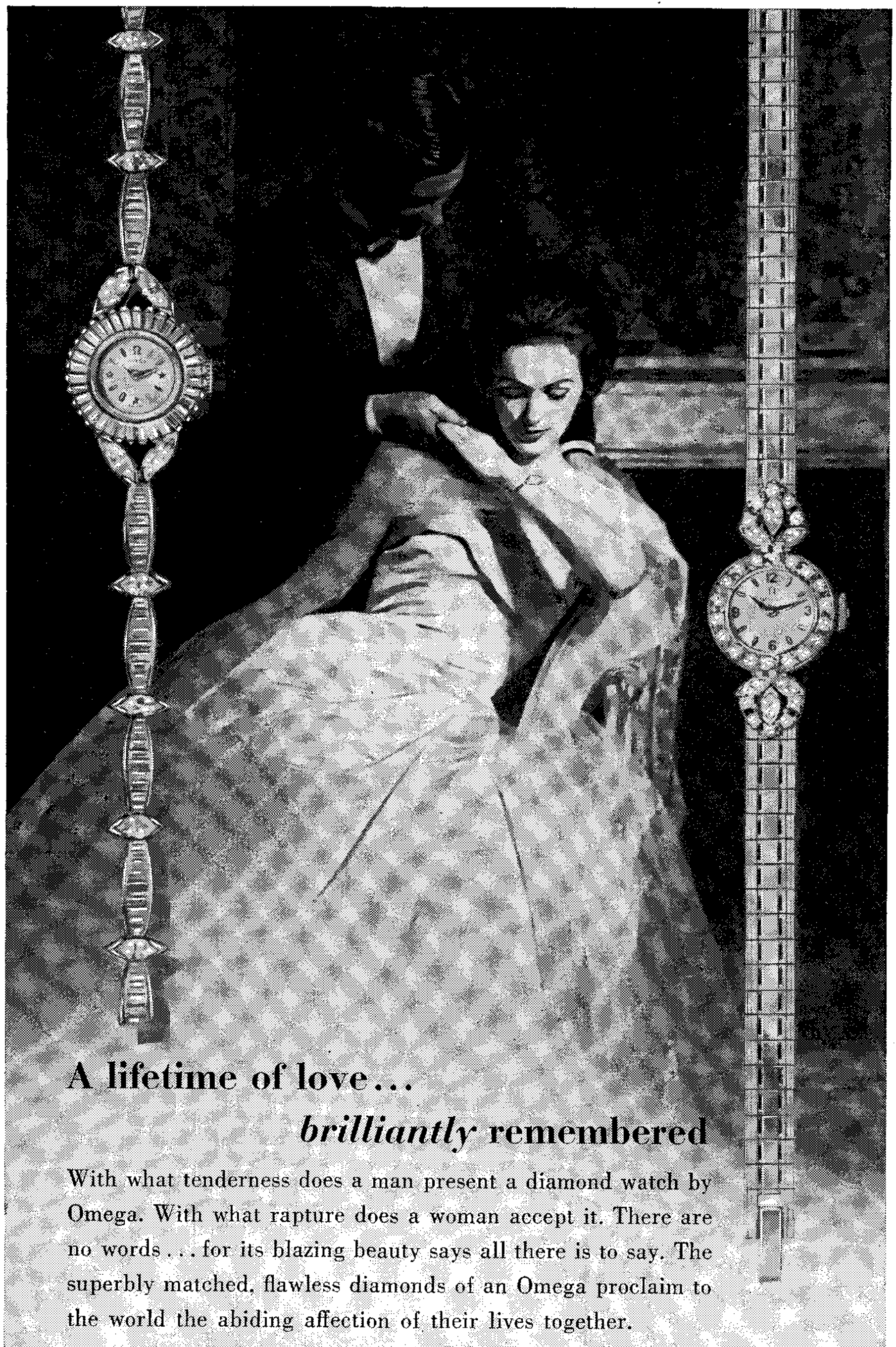
rats—anything—and each morning trucks drove along the streets picking up corpses. "We all saw things like that," she added. "There isn't a family in Leningrad that didn't lose somebody." And I began to notice Leningrad's excessive number of maimed people—the elevator woman in our hotel, who has only one eye, the one-legged man who hobbles up and down the park across the street every day, in a parody of an evening stroll. Another woman told me of the interminable evenings of the blackout, and of how the beleaguered Leningraders had tried to occupy themselves. A friend of hers had sketched and resketched in pencil (there were no paints) an oddly haunting picture that she called "Things and Their Shadows." It was a drawing of nothing more than the small objects about her room—the paper flowers on the mantelpiece, the crystal inkwell—and the enormous shadows they cast on the walls by candlelight (there was no electricity). And a man told me about his return to the city after the war, and how it was in no way unusual to see soldiers—who had come back looking for wives or parents but had found only the battered corpse of a city—walking about the streets with tears pouring shamelessly down their faces. Even now you will sometimes hear a grim little wartime joke exchanged between Leningraders. If one man asks an acquaintance "Where do you live?" the other may reply "At the front," meaning "In the suburbs."

After some time in Leningrad, all this talk of war, of past tragedy, begins to nettle one. The stories are all so similar, and the point is so well taken, that conversation becomes difficult. I have found myself repeating like a parrot, "I understand, I understand, I understand." But all the time I am thinking, What can I do with your memories, your past sorrows? Occasionally, I have found myself wanting to be back in England, where the experiences were comparable but are never discussed with strangers. The extraordinary thing about the Leningraders, however, is that only pride, and not bitterness, has emerged from their tragedies. None of their stories have ever been told to me with a whine, and when I once volunteered some pity, I was quickly put in my place as a listener, rather than an emotional participant. The fact is that Leningraders are almost testily proud. And they have good reason to be. Other Russian cities have had their decisive battles and their heroic defenses (though none as long drawn out as Leningrad's), but



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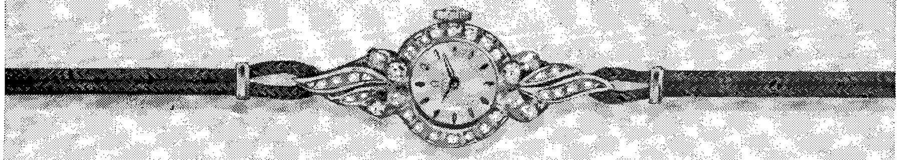

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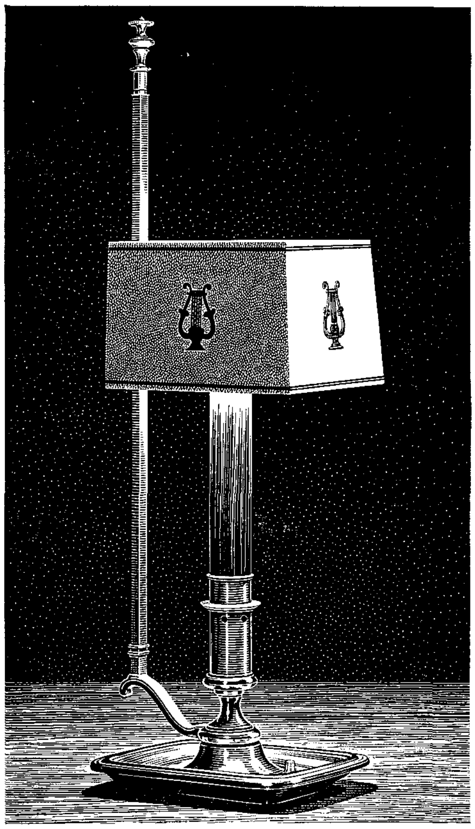

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Leningrad is the only major city never to have been occupied by an enemy. Vladivostok was occupied by the Allies in 1918. The Germans conquered Kiev in both world wars. Moscow was invaded and burned by the Tatars in the fourteenth century and again in the sixteenth, and for a third time by Napoleon in 1812. Besides all this, Leningrad was for a long time the nation's political capital, and still considers itself, in many ways, the cultural capital. The purest Russian is spoken here. The majority of Russia's great writers lived here at one time or another. With the exception of the Kremlin, all of Russia's best and most famous buildings are here. Not long ago, I asked an acquaintance why so much money, time, and labor are being spent on the reconstruction of these testimonials to the past—elaborately regilding the church domes, statues, and fountains, repainting the palaces—when the housing shortage is so appalling. (I have never met a Leningrader who has a room to himself.) He replied, with a touch of civic sensitivity, "For the sake of our historic city, we can live in crowded apartments a little longer." Leningrad pride is not just the product of the Leningrader's imagination, either. The central government, in Moscow, has recognized the city's achievements and has honored it highly and often. I cannot begin to count up the instances when I have been told here that Leningrad has been decorated three times: first with the Order of the Red Banner, for its defense against the Germans in 1918, and twice with the country's highest medal, the Order of Lenin—for its heroic stand against the Germans from 1941 to 1945, and, last summer, in celebration of its anniversary.

COLD northern cities are famous for their unfriendliness, and I expected a strict city like Leningrad to be even more unfriendly than most, but all I can say is that, except for a certain waspishness that comes up in connection with a Leningrader's pride, I have found the people most accessible. Possibly this is because a foreigner excites a great deal of curiosity here. Possibly it is simply the loosening up that has taken place all over the country in the last year or so. Nowadays, it is apparently all right for almost anyone to speak to almost anyone else. I daresay this is not the case in high official circles, but it is certainly true among ordinary citizens. If you are sitting in a restaurant and there is a vacant chair at your table, anyone has the right to join you. You get into

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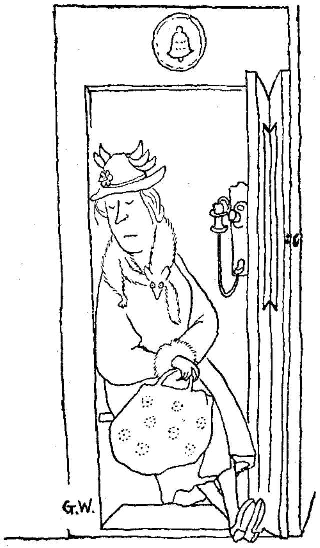
conversation, you toast each other, and he will probably ask your wife to dance, but he is careful to pay his own check. Waiters are casual and friendly. You shake hands with them, and they offer you a cigarette, comb their hair while waiting for you to order, and often stop by your table and chat as you eat.

The easiest way to test the amiability of the Russians today is to go to a *sad otdykha*, a kind of outdoor recreation center. (A rough translation would be "garden of rest.") To get into a Leningrad *sad otdykha*, you pay a ruble (ten cents). Then you can wander around listening to a band that plays every evening (sometimes it is a military band and sometimes one of the increasingly popular jazz bands; once we had Roman Romana and his All-Girl Orchestra), or you can play chess or checkers in a covered pavilion. You can go to a theatre, which is at the far end of the garden, or, best of all, you can simply sit at one of the café tables and wait for someone to come and join you. Someone invariably does. There are a number of ways in which a Russian can instantly spot a foreigner—first of all by his clothes, though after spending some time in the Soviet Union you begin to feel that your clothes are almost Russian in appearance, since pressing is expensive (fifteen rubles, the price of a front-row theatre ticket) and dry cleaning is interminable. But the material in even a cheap American suit is quite markedly better than the material in most Russian clothes, and the Russians are quick to observe this and to point it out to you. Some young people have raised the ability to analyze clothes to the level of an exact science; they can tell a Finn from, say, a Dane by the cut of his suit, or a French girl from an Italian girl by the kind of leather in her shoes. Then, too, a foreigner



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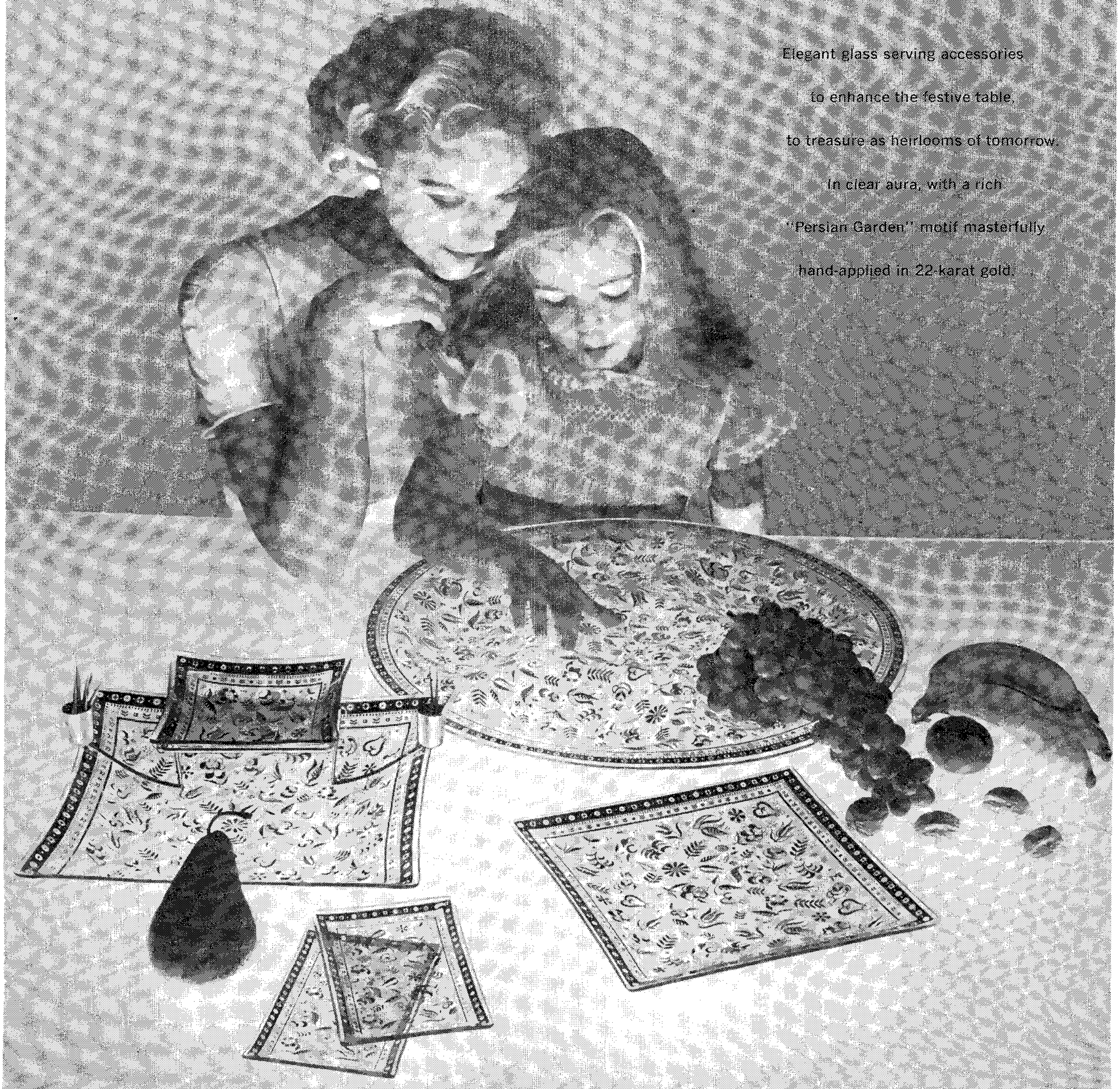

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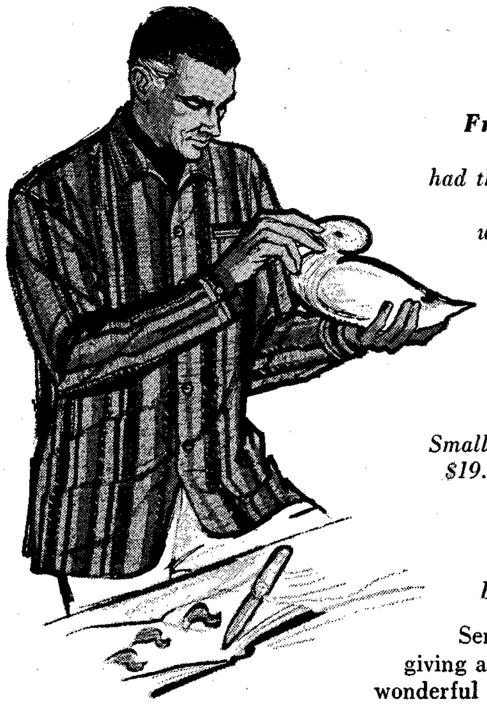

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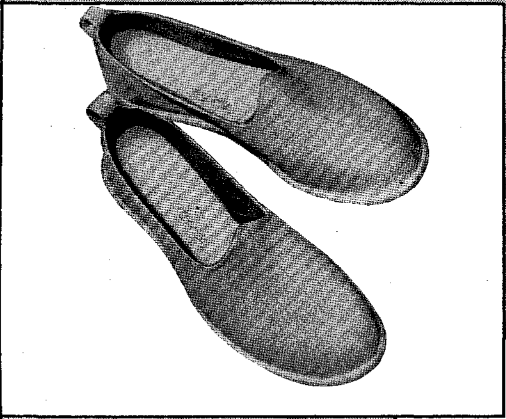

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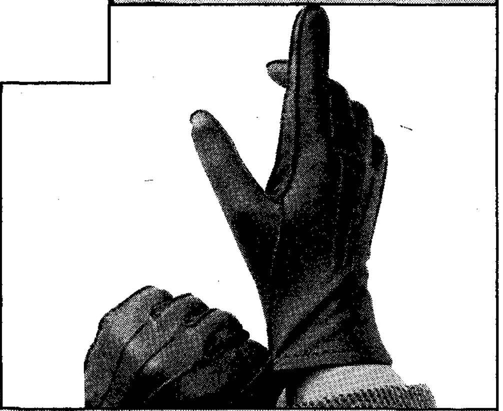

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announces himself by the way he walks. Russians hardly swing their arms at all when they walk—a trait that nearly every foreigner notices—even when they are going quite fast. The way you drink vodka is another tipoff. If you sip it, or if you mix it with *narzan* (a kind of delicious Perrier) or with the ubiquitous *limonad* (which includes all soft drinks, ranging from black-currant soda pop to cider), you are clearly a foreigner. Even if you have learned to drink off your vodka in one swallow, like the Russians, but fail to order *buterbrod* (open sandwiches), fruit, or candy to eat immediately afterward, you are still clearly a foreigner. Finally, your cigarettes give you away, unless you can cope with the strong, short *papirosy*. When I ran out of American filter-tips, I chose the nearest equivalent I could find—a Bulgarian make, of excellent quality, called Femina, because they are so mild that they are supposed to appeal only to women. They are king-size and tipped with gold paper, and cost forty cents a box. A good many Russians smoke them, but because of their price they are usually smoked in moderation or saved for special occasions. So it is obvious to a Russian that the man who sits in a restaurant or on a park bench smoking gold-tipped cigarettes with abandon is either terribly ostentatious or a foreigner.

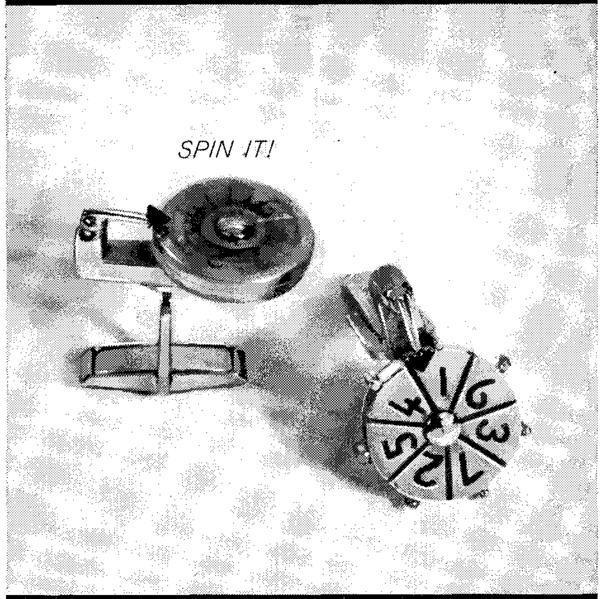
In any case, whatever the particular clue, everyone who passes you at your café table will know that you are a foreigner, and before long someone will come over to talk to you. On many occasions when I have been sitting in a Garden of Rest with my family, the waitress has brought over a bottle of Georgian champagne or a couple of glasses of port wine. "From a friend," she always says—and when I look around, a smiling face pops up and asks permission to join our table. Once or twice, women have crammed a handful of chocolates into my small son's pocket. Once a man, slightly drunk, passed our table, stopped, turned around, and said, "I bear no grudges in this world. I even— I *even* like the Germans."

"I am an American," I said.

"Friendship and Peace!" he recited jovially, and then, picking up my son, he kissed him and added, "For the sake of this one, there must be no atomic war." He staggered on and I never saw him again.

The overwhelming attraction of our table is nothing more than that it offers a chance to talk to foreigners. One evening, I spent an hour or so chatting

ideas *of-the-month*



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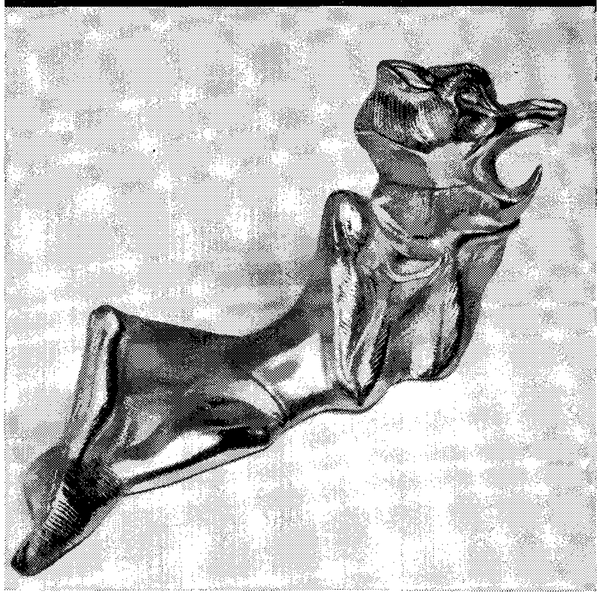

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ADDRESS____________________CITY____________STATE__________ with a nice middle-aged couple who had joined me. The conversation was quite pedestrian:

"You say you like our city. Do you even like the weather?" (Polite smiles.)

"Yes, even the weather."

"We have a saying here that in Leningrad the weather changes every few minutes but in Moscow only the rain changes." (Polite smiles.)

"We have a similar saying about Boston."

"Where is that?"

But when the couple got up to leave, the wife said to me, "I must thank you for one of the most interesting evenings of my life. You see, I have lived in Leningrad for twenty-eight years and have never before spoken with a foreigner."

Another time, I asked a young engineer who was sitting at the table next to mine what there was to do in Leningrad by way of entertainment. He listed a number of concerts and museums, and then handed me a playbill of the Maryinsky Theatre, which showed that the week's attractions consisted of a Glinka opera, a Prokofieff ballet, Verdi's "A Masked Ball," Tchaikovsky's opera based on Pushkin's novel "The Queen of Spades," "Carmen," and "Rigoletto." He also suggested a few other theatres, and asked if I had seen Cherkassov, the great Leningrad actor. "He's a People's Artist of the U.S.S.R., the best in Russia," he said.

"I don't mean culture. I mean—just a good time."

"I understand. You must go to the Hotel Astoria."

"We are living at the Hotel Astoria, and it doesn't seem very lively."

"But you can see foreigners there."

Before coming here, I had been told the much quoted story about the American in Leningrad who was being shown the famous subway system. "The deepest in the world," he was informed by the guide. "The longest escalators."

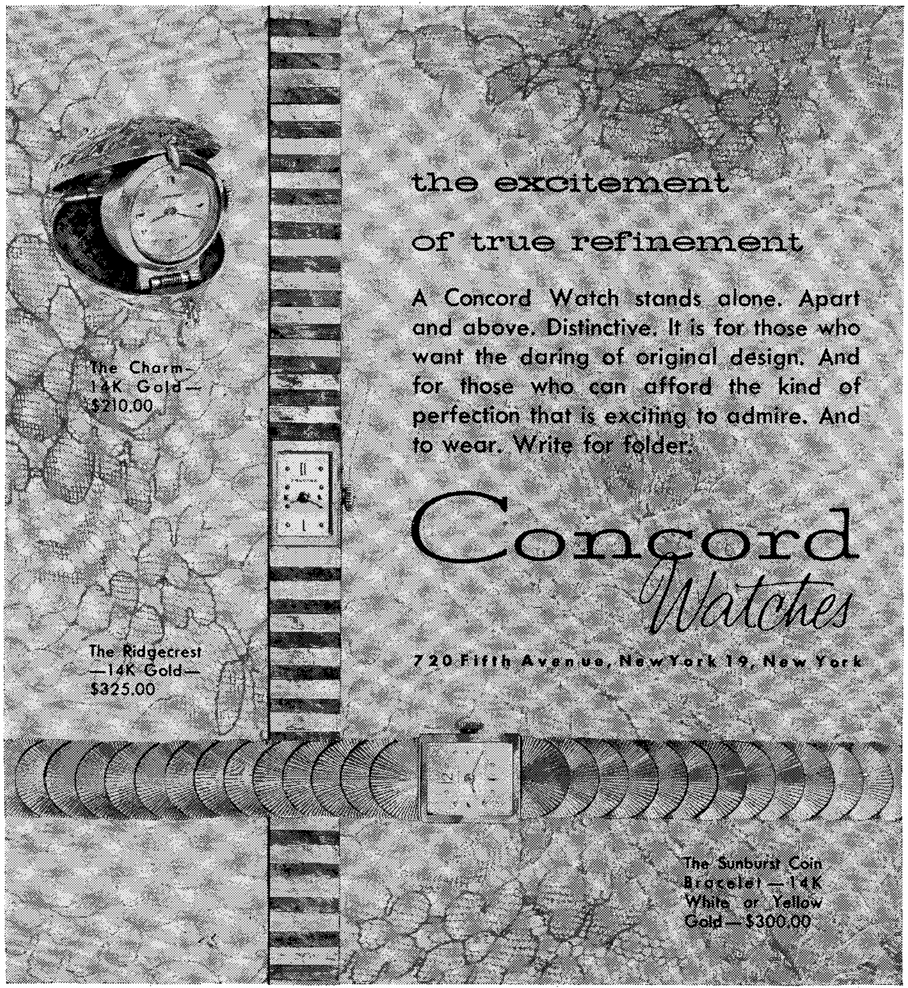
"So I see," he said. "Where are the trains?"

"And here is the hall of statues of famous men," the guide continued. "And here the special waiting room for women with children; a doctor is constantly in attendance—"

"But where are the trains?"

"And how do you treat the Negroes in the South?"

But in all the conversations I have had in Leningrad, whether they were brief exchanges or lasted all evening or were continued, on and off, over a period of weeks, the thing that has struck me



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most is how rarely politics—either ours or theirs—come into them. (Perhaps that is because the subway trains are actually numerous, clean, quick, and comfortable.) I had expected to find evidence of the Russians' defensive touchiness on political matters, but so far I have encountered no expression of it. Whatever irritations Leningraders show are usually directed toward Moscow. There is, as might be expected, a certain residue of jealousy over the fact that the Russian capital was shifted from Leningrad to Moscow after the Revolution. There may be no skyscrapers in Leningrad, but Leningraders phrase things a different way: "Our skyline is not saw-toothed, like Moscow's." The most popular song of the moment has music by a Leningrader and words by a Muscovite; in Moscow it is called "*Podmoskovnyye Vechera*" ("Moscow Evenings"), but here it is called "*Leningradskiye Vechera*" ("Leningrad Evenings"). If a group of Moscow people in a restaurant start singing the tune with the words they know, they are sure to be drowned out by a mass chorus of the local version.

Geographically, Leningrad faces the West, but politically, of course, it has to face Moscow. It does this with a number of special Leningrad compromises and independences. When the name of the city's main street, the Nevsky Prospekt, was changed by the central government to Prospekt of the 25th of October, Leningraders felt that this was not only an awkward name but a slur on their famous river, and they made so much noise about it that the old name and street signs were restored. For Leningraders, the particular political tragedy of the post-Revolution was the murder, in 1934, of Kirov, their greatest political figure since Lenin. They don't talk about it much, but Kirov is still a hero in Leningrad. There are more statues of him

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than there are of Lenin and Stalin, and the city's biggest factory is still called Kirov. In the famous writers' conference held in Moscow in 1955, it was the Leningrad writers who raised the issue of dissension with official policy. More recently, a related episode took place. Vladimir Dudintsev, the author of "Not by Bread Alone," came to Leningrad University to make public atonement for his "errors" in showing the seamy side of Soviet life. He apologized to the students, and acknowledged that it was best to write only of the good. When the dean of the university stood up to receive the apology and agree with the need for it, the students stood up, too, and shouted "No, no!"

One of Leningrad's favorite sons is the brilliant comedian Arkadi Raikin. His acid wit is sometimes directed at the government, and it is often quoted in Leningrad. I was told, for instance, of the occasion, soon after the war, when Raikin did a command performance for Stalin. At that time, in biting winter, the fuel shortage was acute and the red tape of the bureaucracy was even worse. In his skit, Raikin appeared carrying an enormous sack. A friend asked where he was going, and he replied that he was going to the Ministry of Fuel to get some wood. The friend shook his head at such optimism. Then Raikin reappeared, this time with his sack bulging.

"Amazing," the friend said. "You really got your wood so quickly?"

"Wood?" said Raikin. "These are just the forms I have to fill out."

For Leningraders, it was a marvellous joke.

IN spite of these flurries of independent thought and action, and in spite of the curiosity about foreigners and the courtesy toward them, the Leningrader's view of his *strogii gorod* in time impresses itself even on the visitor. The severity seems to express itself in discipline and reserve. The streets are almost painfully clean, and children of two or three have already learned to put candy wrappings and cancelled bus tickets in the many urns for trash provided along every street. A Russian's matchbox is apt to be full of used matches, which he has put there to keep from littering the sidewalk. Apart from the rattle of old age in many of the taxis and trucks, a hospital-like silence lies over the streets. One notices this particularly at the time of day that anywhere else would be called the rush hour. The pearl-gray light of late after-

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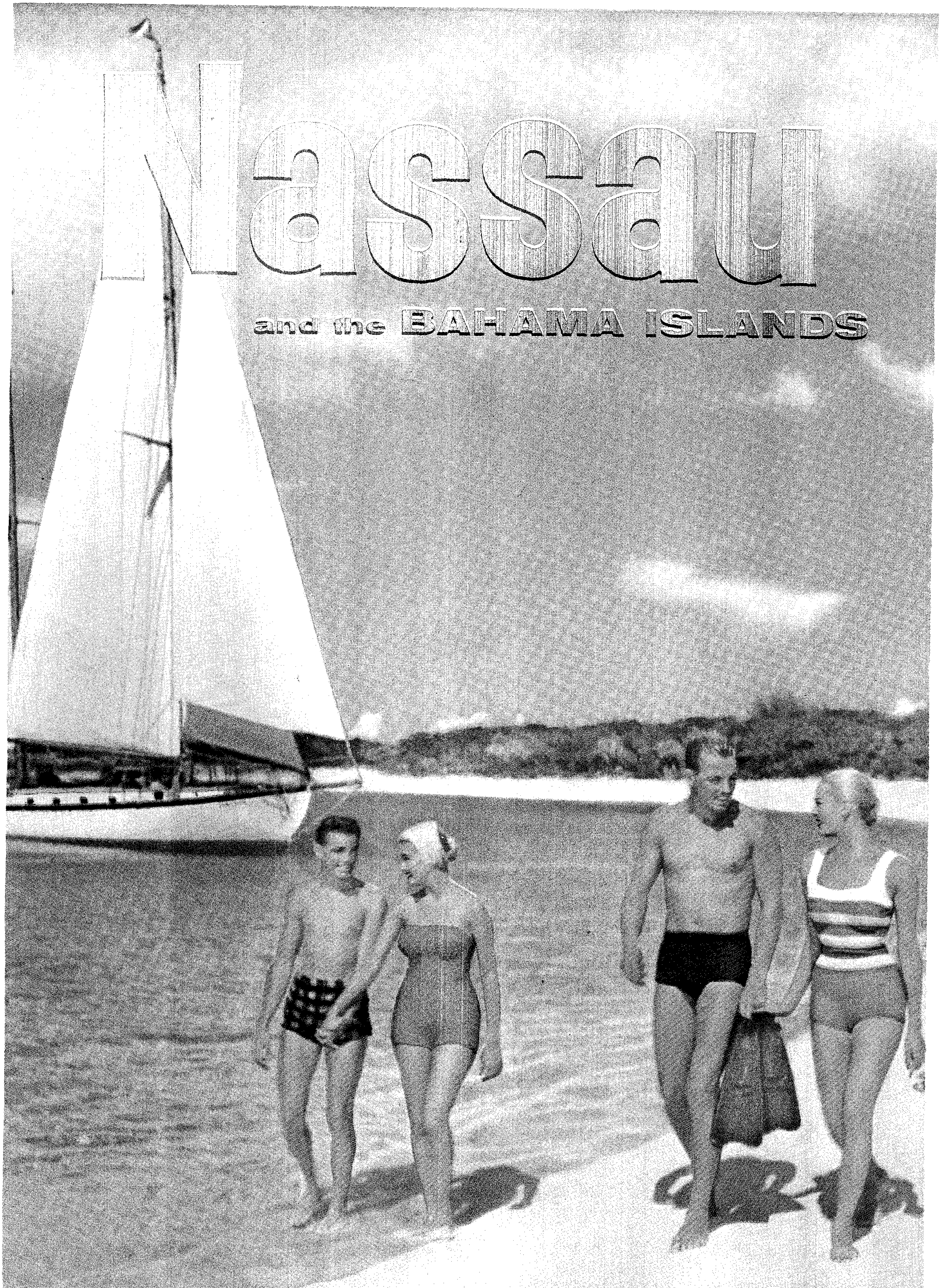
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noon is reflected from the darker gray of the streets. The people move silently out of offices and shops and stand in line for buses and streetcars. Anywhere else, there might be a stamping of feet, comments on the chill in the air, a push, a shove, a child crying, a snappish mother, a churlish ticket collector. But not in Leningrad. In the "vulgar" city of Moscow, Leningraders will tell you, one can get pushed right off the sidewalk in the rush hour. That would be unthinkable in Leningrad. And the whole scene of the soberly dressed, quiet crowds becomes memorable, because you always see them against a background of their baroque buildings—whimsical structures of a past aristocracy, still painted in pretty, frivolous colors, like apple green, primrose yellow, and pink.

One afternoon, I was walking down a street, returning to my hotel, when I suddenly heard a loud, silly laugh. Three drunks were standing outside a restaurant. One was looking out into space and laughing with all the power of his lungs. The others were staring at him with bleary, unresponsive eyes. People on the street paused for a moment to look at him. In a moment, a couple of policemen came up to the drunks and quietly told them to move on. It was then that I realized that, except for a few subdued chuckles in theatres or at the movies or over a café table, I had never before heard anyone laugh in Leningrad.

—Faubion Bowers

•

Until William B. Aycock became Chancellor there had not been a resignation or death in the UNC Law School Faculty since 1940.—*The University Report, Chapel Hill, N. C.*

He just has the touch.

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Q. How can I mend broken glass?

A. By pressing a spoon against the cut side of an onion, or pressing the onion against a grater and allowing the juice to drip through.—*Vallejo (Calif.) Chronicle.*

Next question.

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Boston Globe*]

St. Louis (AP)—A mysterious stranger in pursuit, James Medley Jr. sped through six stop signs at 65 miles an hour. Finally he barricaded himself inside a drug store.

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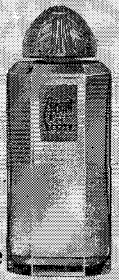

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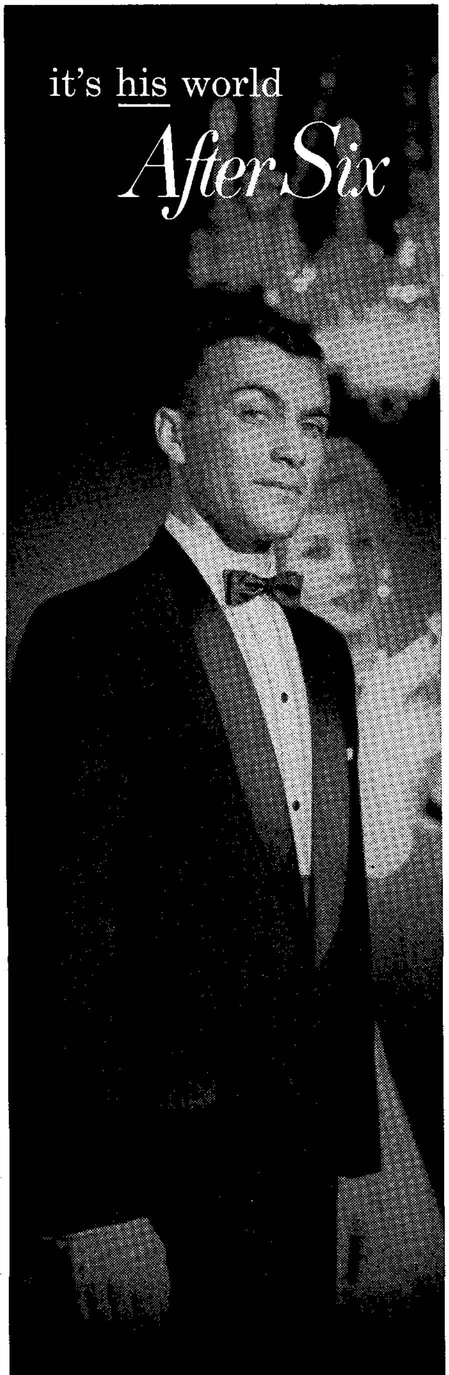

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THE ART GALLERIES

Kirchner

WE'VE already had several group shows of the German Expressionists, in this sudden revival of interest in them this season. Now, if the evidence available at the moment at the Fine Arts Associates gallery is significant, we are going to get them singly, for more careful inspection. At any rate, the gallery is showing paintings, plus a few pieces in other mediums, by Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, and if the affair does indicate the beginning of a trend, it's a good way to start it, for Kirchner, though little known here (the exhibition is the first major solo presentation of his work in this country), has always been considered in Germany one of the two or three top men in the school, as he was also certainly one of its most truly representative figures.

In a sense, Kirchner really lived Expressionism. Born in 1880, and quite precocious, he was old enough by the turn of the century to understand all the new, experimental theories about the purpose of painting that were filtering in from France and elsewhere, and yet young and adaptable enough to absorb them into his own style without too much damage or disruption. By one of those coincidences so common in the arts, in his formative years his own course had more or less paralleled that of some of the men who were influencing him. Like van Gogh, whom he now admired, he had begun by modelling himself on Rembrandt. Then, seeking lightness, he had moved on, through Cranach and the other German painters of the Middle Ages, to discover the Japanese prints, and also the African and other primitive carvings that had influenced so many of the later moderns.

It's not odd, then, perhaps, that the first canvas in the current collection should represent a mixture of all these impulses. A landscape, done around 1902, and called "Bed of Flowers," it reveals a tendency toward simplification of forms that obviously owes something to the Post-Impressionists, as well as a tendency to reduce or "flatten" the perspective values that they also affected, and that the Cubists were to carry to its ultimate limits only a little later. The paint application, with its bright dottings of color, recalls even more clearly the Pointillists, and it's apparent that Kirchner, barely into his twenties, was experimenting, but as yet mainly with the techniques and devices of his elders.

Apart, however, from a slight debt to Gauguin, the next item in the show—a dark and extremely handsome "Negro Dancer," dated 1905 and very sensuous in its distortions—indicates that he was much more solidly on his own, and from then on the development of his own style was rapid indeed. To be sure, there are hints of influences still not fully absorbed—of Cézanne, in "Bathing Nudes in a Room," or Matisse, in "Tight Rope Dancers"—but these are seen glancingly, and may be largely fortuitous, a product of the simple fact that the artists concerned were or had been working toward a common purpose. At all events, there's a group in the mid-section of the show—from, I'd say, the "Negro Dancer" to "Self-Portrait in Landscape," of 1922—that to me represents both Kirchner's individuality at its height and also that combination of bright color and immediacy of outlook, plus an inner emotional vitality, which characterized the Expressionist style at its best.

Kirchner's paintings of this period have their flaws, deriving, in the last analysis, from weaknesses in his own nature. As an artist, he seems to have been less deeply poetic than Emil Nolde or Karl Hofer, less forthright and authoritative than Max Beckmann (all of them companions of his in the movement, at one time or another), and there is occasionally a thinness about his work, a concern for the superficial aspect only, that may rob it of truly lasting value. But he was a man of wide range of expression and great technical versatility, for all that. In his paintings, he tackled everything from landscapes to street scenes to figure studies—as he tackled etchings, woodcuts, and even wood sculptures—with equal confidence, and his work reveals a degree of assurance, perceptiveness, and painterly adroitness that must surely guarantee him high rank among the artists of his day.

As I've suggested—and unlike so many of the others—he remained an Expressionist to the end. I know nothing about Kirchner's characteristics except as they are reflected in what little of his writings and of those around him has so far appeared. But he seems to have been a man active mentally, with the quick responses to all the pictorial and other stimuli of the world about him that the Expressionist style especially demanded—sensitive, and perhaps just a shade too much so, but with a high degree of the philosophic courage that all true innovators must have. He appears to have had a capacity for friendship, for he survived far better than most the almost abnormally close associations and the correspondingly violent disruptions that characterized the movement.

In his latter years, his life became increasingly troubled and unhappy. He volunteered as an artilleryman in the First World War, but he must have been unable to withstand the rigors of the military life, for he emerged from it, after a short term of service, in the grip of a nervous breakdown and with his health undermined. This led eventually to tuberculosis, and he spent the remaining twenty years of his life in Switzerland, in a small town near Davos—at first for his health and later because his work had been classified as "degenerate" by the Nazis, almost immediately on their accession, and it would have been fruitless and probably dangerous for him to return. He died there, a suicide, in 1938, some time after learning that six hundred of his paintings had been confiscated by them.

Something of the melancholy and unrest of this trying period inevitably appears in his late paintings, but it's surprising how well he adapted himself to his enforced isolation, and the main impression one gets is of an actual increase in compositional strength. The design is ruggeder and more massive, and though the color remains bright and (in the Expressionist manner) somewhat arbitrary in selection, it is richer in tone and deeper in emotional value. Because of this, I'd rank such late pieces as "Houses in Sertigtal III" (with its steep mountain vista), the curiously wistful "Self-Portrait in Landscape" (where he shows himself, an exiled Berliner, still in almost dandiacal city clothes, in an Alpine surrounding), and the small and charming "Hens Near Mountain Village" among his finest works. Of the earlier ones, I liked especially the handsomely organized "Suburb of Berlin," the green and spirited "Woman in Landscape," and the truly impressive hill scene called "Junkerboden in the Snow." —ROBERT M. COATES

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myx′a·moe′ba (mĭk′sȧ·mē′bȧ), *n.* [NL. See MYXO-; AMOEBA.] *Bot. & Zool.* A uninucleate, naked, individual myxomycete which lacks flagella or cilia but creeps like an amoeba.—*Webster's New International Dictionary.*

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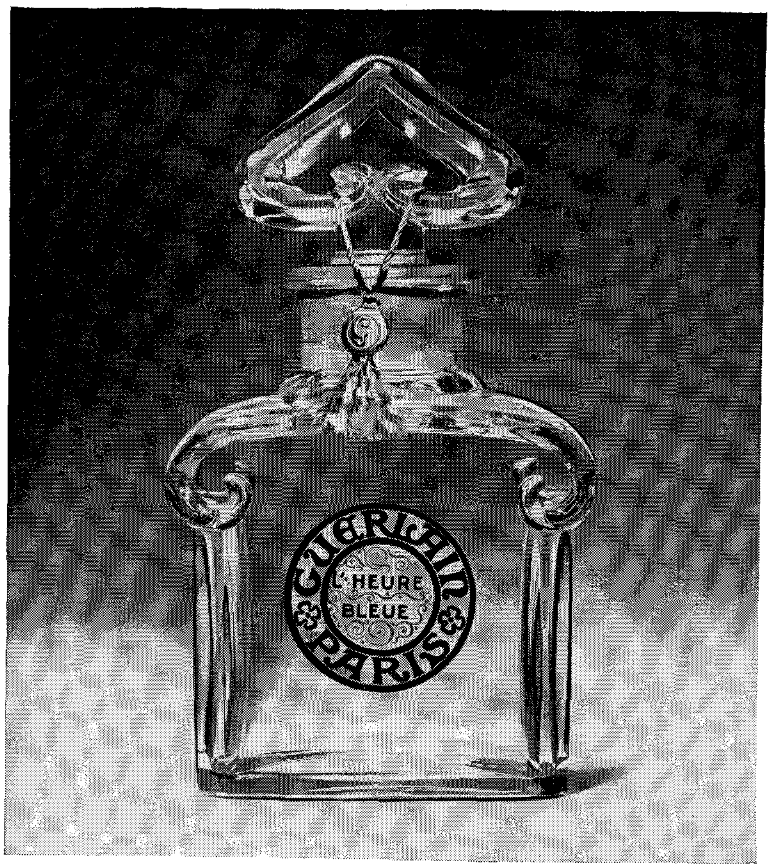

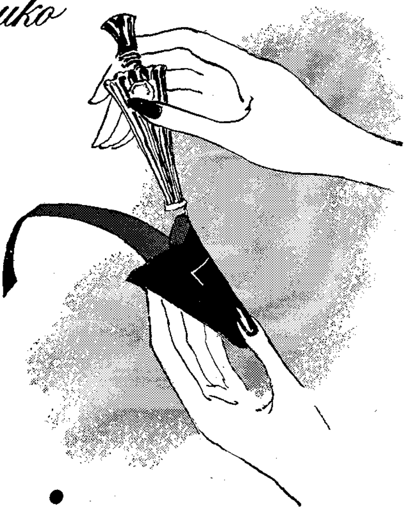

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ASPECTS OF A MEETING PLACE—II

WHILE revisiting San Francisco last summer, and trying to assess the city as America's gateway to Asia—as a twentieth-century frontier station—I took a trip up along the Pacific Coast to Oregon. I had grown fond of that coastline in the late thirties, when I worked in San Francisco as a newspaperman, and now I found it as lovely as ever. It is quite different from the Atlantic Coast. For one thing, it has few indentations—except for San Francisco Bay, there is hardly a good anchorage in the eleven hundred miles from the Columbia River to Los Angeles—and, for another, the Pacific's water is colder in summer than the Atlantic's, and few people bathe in it above Santa Barbara, in the latitude of the Carolinas. Besides, unlike the winds of the Atlantic Coast, those of the Pacific Coast, month after month, the year round, blow from the sea to the land, and often, especially in the summer, they bring fog with them—a chilly fog that forms over the ocean and crosses the coastline in wisps. The wind at times is cutting, and it blows over wild-looking fields of hay—deep yellow, when I saw it—which slope upward from the sea and are broken here and there by dark-green cypress hedges, twisted, bent, and carved by the repeated gales. In contrast to the farms of the Atlantic seaboard and the Middle West, or, for that matter, the large, mechanized farms of interior California, the farms along the Pacific are lonely and primitive, and most of the farmers raise sheep and dairy cows, which they keep in wind-swept whitewashed barns. On the seaward side, the farms are apt to end in bluffs of stone and earth, light brown and dark brown, and offshore lie rocks, as big as houses, that glisten brownly as the white surf breaks on them. Glistening brown seals play on the rocks, and beyond the thundering surf gulls, pelicans, fish ducks, and cormorants fly or swim. When the sky is clear, the sea is blue. When the fog is high, the sea is blue-gray. And when the fog is low and thick, everything—the sea, the land, the air—is an unmixed gray, and the wind whips and whistles through a dim-lit world.

As I travelled along this lonely, underemphasized coastline, I reflected that it is now one of the world's great frontiers, separating Christendom from what lies beyond—the strange old Orient. On the other side of the globe, East and West meet by easy stages, through the Mediterranean, the Levant, the Middle East, and English-speaking India, but on this side the transition is sharp—first the raw coastline, then the Pacific, cool and empty, and then the Orient, with its puzzling ways. What contact there is between East and West on the Pacific Coast is concentrated at a few points, and of these San Francisco is the most important, and the most striking symbolically. The bay on which San Francisco lies, inside the Golden Gate, has an area of about four hundred square miles, and contains, in contrast to the unpierced coast that stretches hundreds of miles on either side, a complex of good harbors. San Francisco has been the port through which most Asian immigrants to the United States—Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, and others—have come, and it is the city in which many of these have settled, creating America's largest Chinatown as well as a Little Tokyo and a Little Manila. It is a window looking out upon the East. In it one can learn much about how America and Asia now stand in relation to each other, and about the gap between the two.

BROWSING in history books, I have found that, on the whole, the Pacific Coast has been passive in its relations with Asia; what influence there has been, that is to say, has moved from Asia to America, rather than the other way about. This influence goes back very far, for the American Indians almost surely came from Asia, and even now the Navajos of Arizona, whom I visited a few years ago, remind one of the Mongols on their steppes. Like other American Indians, the Navajos have Mongoloid faces; they are sheepherding nomads, as the Mongols are; and their domelike hogans resemble the yurts, or felt tents, of the Mongols, as well as the igloos of the Eskimos, who live astride their supposed migration route. These migrations were, of course, prehistoric, and little is known about them, but it seems likely that Mongol tribes crossed the Bering Strait over a long period, the newcomers no doubt fighting and supplanting the earlier arrivals in the process.

After the Mongol migrations, there was no great movement of peoples from Asia to America until the eighteenth century, when the Russians, having conquered Siberia, crossed over to Alaska. Their object was to gather furs, and they settled mostly around Sitka, in the Panhandle, but before long they controlled the West Coast almost down to San Francisco, their southern outpost having been at what is now Fort Ross, sixty miles north of the city. There they built a stockade of hand-hewn redwood, and this has been partly restored as a historical monument by the State of California; today it stands amid yellow hayfields, not far from the sea. In the early nineteenth century, the stockade was inhabited by a garrison of Russian men, a few Russian women, and a number of Aleuts whom they had taken in serfdom—expert canoemen, who hunted the sea otter out in the waves and soon came close to extinguishing that valuable creature. In their pursuit of it, the Russians and the Aleuts went right down to the Golden Gate, then in Spanish territory, and at one time they set up a fur-drying plant on one of the peninsulas in San Francisco Bay. The Spaniards did nothing to hinder them—indeed, the two sets of colonists evolved a sort of peaceful coexistence—for California was only a feeble, undynamic outpost of the Spanish Empire. As portrayed in books of the time, like "Two Years Before the Mast," it was a dreamy, primitive region, at the very end of the line, and it was easily taken

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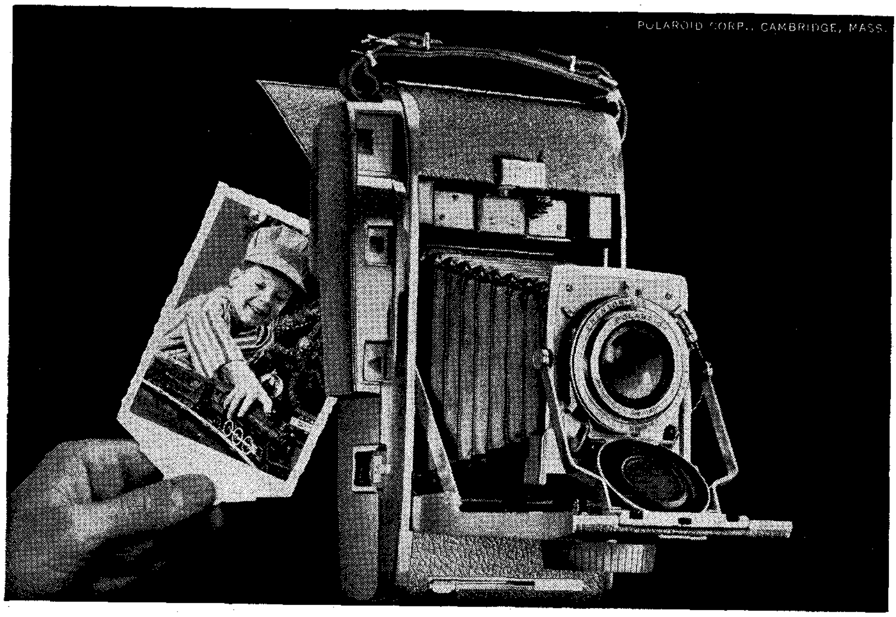

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over, in 1846 and 1847, by the Yankees who had crossed the Plains and the Rockies under John Charles Frémont and other leaders. Meanwhile, the Russians, with the sea otters practically gone, pulled out of California, and in 1867, when Secretary of State Seward negotiated the purchase of Alaska, they left this continent altogether. By that time, though, other people had begun coming in from Asia, and they have continued coming ever since, in spite of our periodic attempts to exclude Orientals from this country—first Chinese peasants, in search of jobs and gold; then Japanese; then Filipinos; and now, since the Second World War, Chinese Nationalist refugees and, in smaller numbers, Japanese students.

As for movement in the other direction—from California to Asia—there was little of it until comparatively recently. To be sure, Spain colonized the Philippines late in the sixteenth century, but she launched that effort from Mexico, not from California. When the United States began to take an active interest in Asia, a little more than a hundred years ago, that interest stemmed from the East Coast—from the seamen of the north Atlantic, who sailed their clipper ships from Salem or Montauk, down around Cape Horn, and out to the Far East. After them, and largely to protect them, came American naval forces, under men like Commodore Perry, who opened Japan in 1854. While all this was going on, the Yankees of San Francisco were bent on the Winning of the West. In 1849, the city became the base for the Gold Rush, off in the interior foothills of northern California, and its merchants and innkeepers were the real gainers from that event. As time went on, San Francisco became a banking and trade center, developing mines, farms, and lumber mills throughout the Western states, and financing the big Comstock Lode boom in Nevada, but although these enterprises, and some that went with them, such as the Pony Express and, later, the railroads, made San Francisco rich and respected, they did not incline it much toward the sea; the city's traditional ideas about itself, as I had discovered in the thirties, have always been rich and dramatic, but they have not been nautical. It was not until the Spanish-American War, which gave us the Philippines, that American influence really began flowing out through the Golden Gate.

Since then, of course, the flow of goods, people, and influence through the Gate has continued, increasing greatly after Pearl Harbor, but even today it is hard to distinguish a special San Franciscan attitude toward Asia. San Franciscans consider the Bay region the most cosmopolitan, and most civilized, part of America except for the north Atlantic seaboard, and this is no empty boast, for the city has not only wealth and leisure but, short though its history has been, a well-deserved reputation for world-mindedness. Before Pearl Harbor, I remember, the movement against isolationism was very strong there, and last summer a man whose job it is to promote the study of foreign affairs by American civic groups told me that the Bay region ranks second only to the East Coast as a field for his work. But, plainly, it is second by a good way. Our foreign policy is laid down in Washington; our diplomacy is conducted in Washington and New York; and San Francisco's internationalism, it seems, is not an original movement but a reflection of the internationalism of the East Coast. Where San Francisco might be expected to contribute something original is in our policy toward Asia, but so far, at least, it has failed to do so. Even the Asia-first, or Pacific-first, school of thought arose not in California but in places like the Great Lakes region, which especially resents the Europe-firstism, or Anglophilia, of the East Coast. San Francisco appears not to resent the Eastern attitude so much as to share it.

SINCE the Second World War, the Bay region universities have gone in far more heavily for Asian studies than they used to, but this expansion, too, has been part of a national movement—a general upsurge of academic interest in Asia—rather than something with a distinctive West Coast slant. The movement is one that I have followed closely; in fact, I claim membership in its irregular, or journalistic, wing. The war washed many Americans up on the shores of Asia, and I was one of them; in the late forties, quite a few of us took root there, as businessmen, pilots, reporters, and whatnot. At first, we had a stimulating time of it, for American influence was strong in Asia right after V-J Day, and there was much for us to do. Later, American influence decreased; there was less to do, and most of us came back home. In the academic world, the process was somewhat different. The universities did not send hordes of scholars to Asia, but they did recruit many people who had been thrust up against Asia by the war—among them a good number of young men

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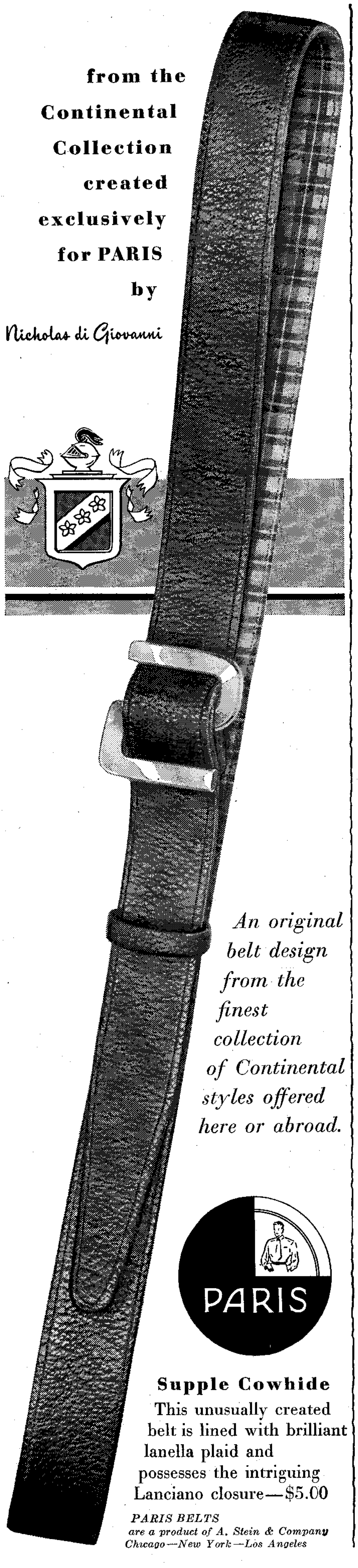

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who had learned Chinese or Japanese in Army and Navy schools. One of my San Francisco friends, who was a sort of general-purpose student of political science at the time of Pearl Harbor, learned Japanese in a military school and is now on the faculty of the University of California as a political-science professor specializing in Japan. I know of many parallel cases throughout the country. During the thirties, I had hardly been aware of the Asian experts on our campuses, but by the late forties they were very evident to me and, I imagine, to the general public, for Asia was looking to America for guidance, and the academic world tended to come forward with all kinds of schemes and suggestions. The tendency might have loomed large in Asian and American history, I suppose, if it had not been discouraged, in the early fifties, by Communism abroad and McCarthyism at home. These seem to have all but ended the professorial, or brain-trust, impact on Asia and our Asian policy. But even though the practical influence of our Asian-study professors has greatly diminished, our universities have continued to expand their Asian departments.

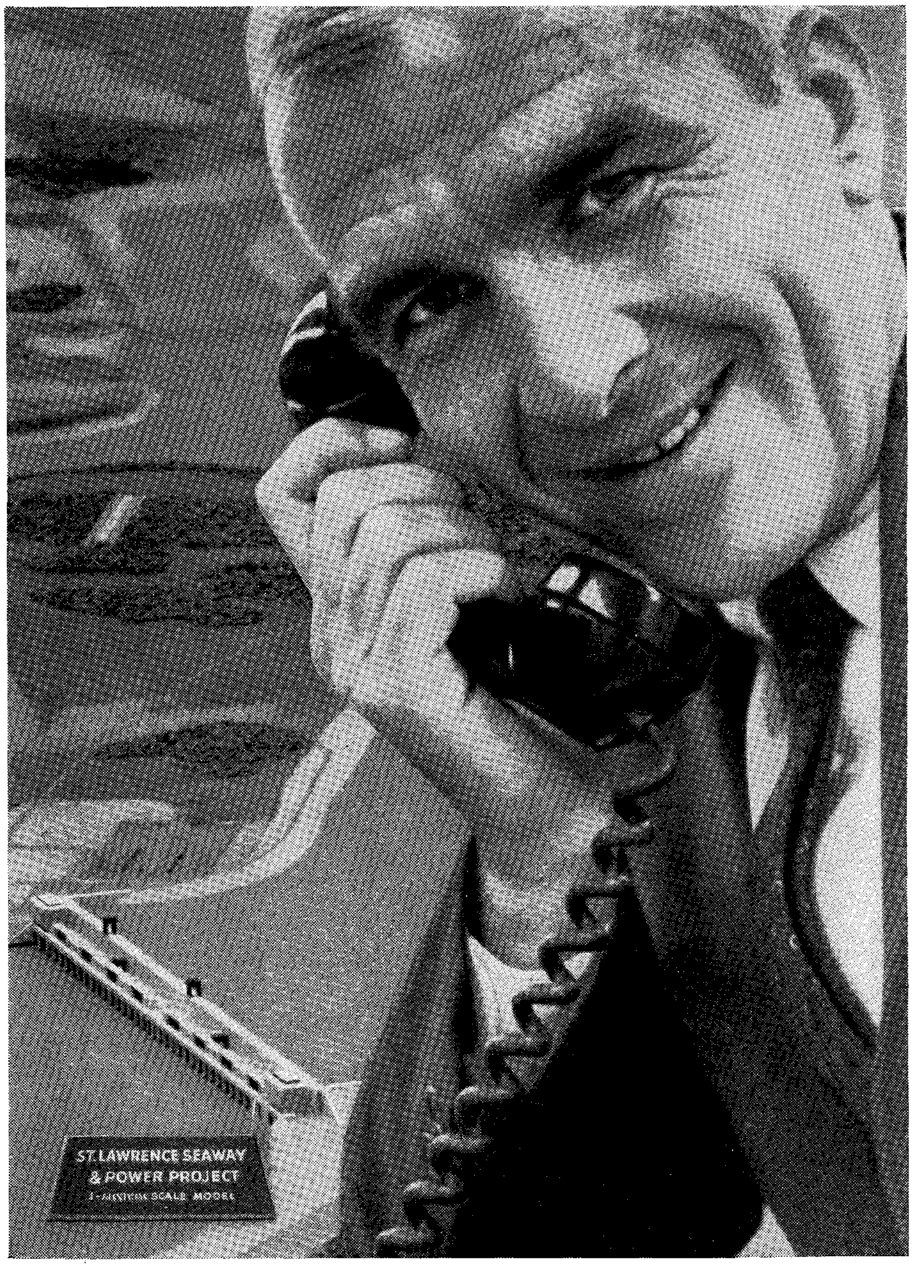
The most important centers of Asian studies in the Bay region are the University of California at Berkeley, just east of the Bay, and Stanford University, in Palo Alto, a little south of San Francisco. I should mention, too, a new center in San Francisco itself—a much smaller school called the American Academy of Asian Studies. At present, this is confined to a single building in a residential district, but it may grow. It goes in for esoteric subjects like Asian philosophy, Asian religion, and Asian psychology, and its faculty includes some well-known experts in these fields, such as Ernest Wood, whose specialty is yoga, and India generally, and Rom Landau, whose specialty is Islamic mysticism. The school, I have gathered, has a hard course to steer. If it is too conventional, it may come to be a needless duplication of the bigger establishments nearby, and if it is too unorthodox, it may attract, and be swayed by, the host of religious eccentrics who are said to haunt California. If it can safely make its way between these extremes, however, Oriental philosophy will have a promising beachhead inside the Golden Gate.

The University of California, one of the largest educational centers in the world, has strongly emphasized Asian studies during the past decade, spurred on by its president, Robert Gordon Sproul. A big man with a big, compelling voice, Sproul has been highly successful in getting the State of California to build up the university; back in the thirties he helped it gain a leading place in, among other things, nuclear physics and medicine, and it now looks as if he might help it gain a similar place in Asian studies. The number of teachers—and of courses—dealing, in one way or another, with Asia has roughly trebled at U.C. since 1945, and the faculty boasts the most distinguished array of Chinese savants in this country. Moreover, the university's Oriental library, not long ago a skimpy assortment, has grown into one of the three or four best collections of traditional Asian material in America, and with the state's resources behind it, there is a good chance that it will become the best such collection in the Western world. If so, the university may become the Western world's leading center for Asian studies, the two things being closely related.

Since Stanford is a good deal smaller than U.C., and is privately endowed, its growth as an Asian-study center has been less spectacular, but it has a priceless asset in the Hoover Library on War, Revolution, and Peace, which was started after the First World War with material collected in Europe by Herbert Hoover, an alumnus of the university. The Hoover Library put little stress on Asia till after V-J Day, when it happened to have some extra money and happened also to get in touch with a diligent collector, Dr. Mary Wright, in the Far East. Dr. Wright had spent the war in a Japanese internment camp with her husband, and instead of coming home as soon as she was released, she travelled about for some time, scouring the Orient for books and documents, with the result that Stanford now has probably the most complete collection of modern Asian material outside Asia itself. One hears that East Coast scholars making a protracted study of Chinese Communism, say, are obliged to go to Stanford at some stage in their researches. The Stanford and U.C. libraries seem to complement each other nicely, one being preëminent in contemporary and the other in traditional sources, and I gather that Oriental scholars are as well advised to settle in the Bay region as anywhere else here or in Europe. One scholar who has recently done so is Sir George Sansom, the noted British authority on Japan, and I heard that he is spending many of his days in the U.C. library.

Having been impressed by the libraries, I was surprised to find that San Francisco is not doing nearly so well when it comes to collections of Oriental art—another manifestation, and an important one, of interest in Asia. America's early ventures into Oriental-art collecting were in what a friend of mine has called the bowerbird style; travellers brought home bright objects to adorn their nests and impress their neighbors. This style prevailed from the clipper-ship days until fairly recently, and it yielded a random harvest of war clubs, gongs, idols, and mandarin costumes, some of which eventually found their way into museums. The same style prevailed in Europe, I believe, through most of Queen Victoria's time, but presently scholars—French scholars, notably—went to work, and museums on the Continent began to know their way around among Shang and Chou bronzes, T'ang burial figures, Sung landscapes, and the rest. America got in on the new movement quite promptly, and as a result we now have some excellent collections—those in the Metropolitan Museum, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the Freer Gallery, in Washington, among them—but somehow San Francisco missed out, and its museums are only now emerging from the bowerbird phase. There is a good chance, I was told, that one of San Francisco's leading private collectors—the owner of many fine Chinese bronzes—will soon either give or lend his things to one of the museums, and that would of course help remedy matters. Otherwise, they may not be remedied, for although San Francisco is a rich city, it is a city of established wealth, rather than one of new wealth, like Houston or Los Angeles, and it lacks big fortunes burning to express themselves.

ANOTHER sort of interest in the Orient is symbolized by San Francisco's waterfront—the Embarcadero, which describes a ninety-degree arc along the Bay, with the piers jutting out like stubby fan ribs. The relationship of waterfront, Gate, and Pacific is plain to the eye, and a great many San Franciscans get a sweeping view of it daily, from the hills and bridges of their city. The view suggests a destiny for San Francisco as a great port, and also indicates how well that destiny is being fulfilled at any given moment, for one can tell at a glance how many ships are in. In the nineteenth century, I imagine, San Francisco was viewed less as a trading port than as a point of arrival for settlers from the Atlantic Coast, who had sailed by way of Cape Horn. It was not, I think, until the nineteen-



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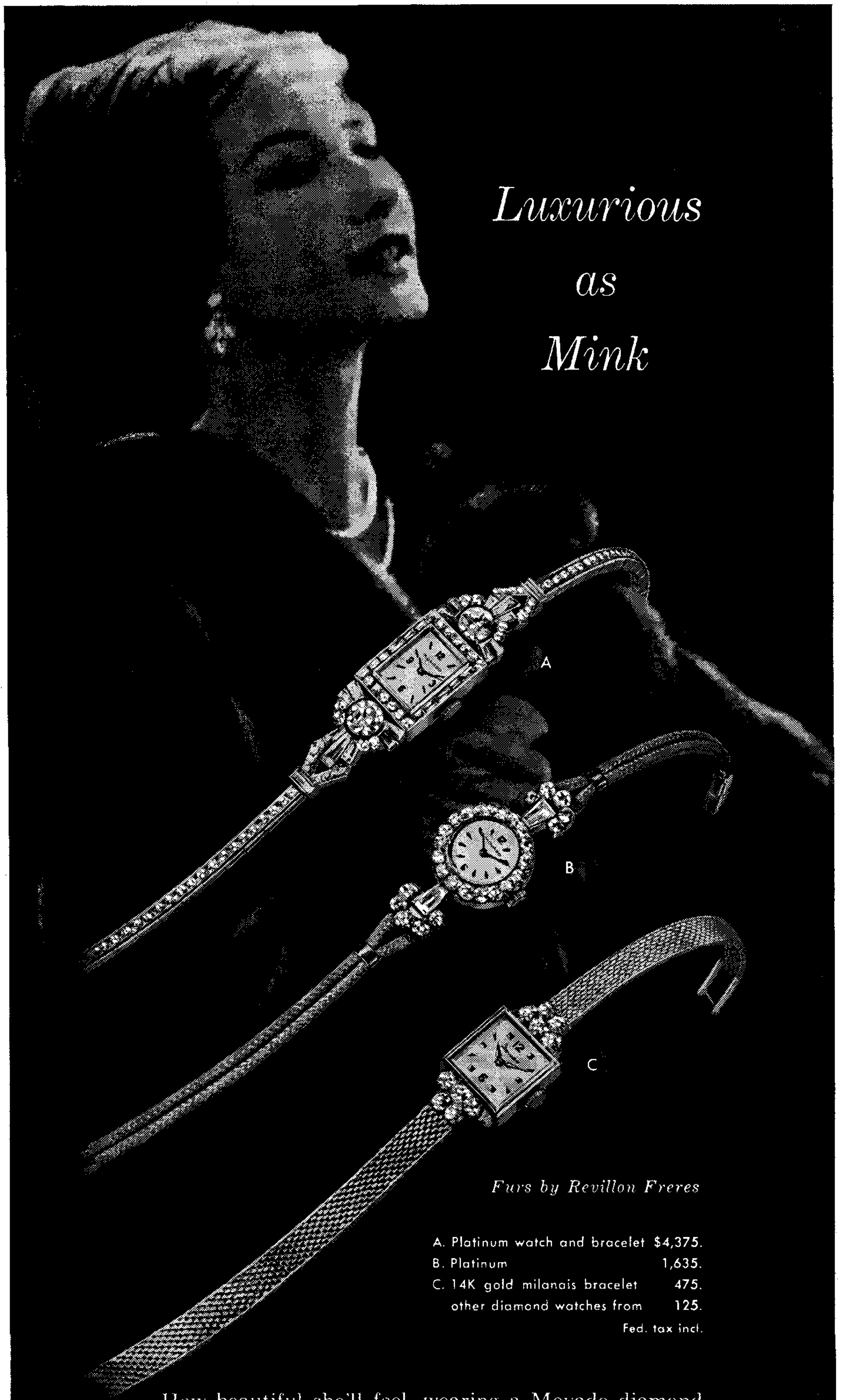
■ now read by more than 24,800,000 people twenties that the transpacific vision became paramount—in part through the efforts of Captain Robert Dollar, who founded the Dollar Line and was a pioneer of San Francisco's China trade. By the late thirties, Pacific trade was the main thing on the waterfront, and business was rated good or bad on the basis of how this was doing. It happened to be doing very badly at that time; the piers were empty and silent. This condition was being widely blamed on Harry Bridges, who had just won extraordinary power for his shoreside unions. Later, during both the Second World War and the Korean War, there was a frenzy of activity at the piers, and in the years between the wars—the late forties—they were busy, too, for we were shipping lots of goods, commercially or as relief, to the famished Asian economies.

Last summer, the piers, with their big stucco façades, again struck me as silent and empty—not as silent and empty as they had been twenty years before but certainly not functioning at anything like capacity. In part, this is still being blamed on Bridges and the unions, and in part it is being blamed on mounting competition from Seattle and Los Angeles. In the main, though, it is blamed on the embargo on our China trade that has been in effect since December, 1950. The embargo has, of course, been diligently enforced in San Francisco, as elsewhere, but I gathered that it is unpopular in San Francisco business circles. Until recently, few businessmen would openly say as much, since the issue is so controversial, but when I was in San Francisco, one of the newspapers there came out with a story to the effect that the city's foreign traders were putting as much pressure as they could on Washington to end the embargo, or, at least, to relax it. "Nearly all the businessmen here want trade with China," a friend of mine who is in close touch with San Francisco's trading circles told me. "But they have no voice. Geographically speaking, of course, Senator Knowland should be their voice, but he certainly isn't on that particular question." The traders, it seems, are far more laissez faire about China trade than the Senator, and have a romantic feeling about it that must date back to Captain Dollar's time.

Many of the traders appear to think that their troubles would be over—or nearly over—if the embargo were lifted. This view is interesting, but I have my doubts about it. A couple of years ago, in India, I checked up on the market for American goods, and I found it prac-



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tically nonexistent, mostly because our prices were too high. There, and in the rest of Asia, we have long been undersold by the West European countries, and these days we are also being undersold by the Communists, who, naturally, have many tricks of state trading, or dumping, up their sleeves. Japan is now San Francisco's main trading partner in Asia, and the Philippine Republic comes next, but economically both these countries are semi-dependencies of ours, and it is questionable whether in free competition we can do much trading with other non-Communist Asian countries—let alone with China.

While I was in San Francisco, however, I didn't voice these doubts, but bowed to the symbolism of the Gate. The local business firms seem to be doing what they can to fulfill that symbolism. A San Francisco bank has opened branches in Asia; a San Francisco paint company has built a plant in the Philippines; the American President Lines—successor to the Dollar Line—has been pushing its Pacific services; San Francisco construction companies have undertaken big projects in Asia; and the city's Junior Chamber of Commerce has developed close ties with Asian Junior Chambers of Commerce. But while all this sounds good, it doesn't seem to foretoken trade on the scale that has brought greatness to New York, London, and Hamburg, and San Francisco's well-being may continue to derive far less from its role as a gateway to Asia than from its role as the financial capital of the Western states. It is playing the latter to the hilt, I found, with its surrounding mines and farms going full blast, and though the Embarcadero is quiet, the roads and railroads are humming.

What there is of San Francisco's Asian trade, I discovered, has some odd quirks. Of late, the city's third-biggest export—coming just after cotton and machinery—has been rice. Selling rice to Asia sounds like carrying coals to Newcastle, but it isn't quite; some Asian markets, among them Pakistan, Hong Kong, and Singapore, are chronically short of rice, and they have been buying ours. In the past, rice, which grows in water, has been cultivated mainly by innumerable Asian peasants wading in innumerable rice paddies, but not long ago a way was found to do the job with machinery, and large areas in Texas, Louisiana, and California have since been turned over to rice growing. The seed is dropped onto the flooded fields from a plane, which can't, of course, get bogged in the mud, and then, at harvest time, the fields are drained, so that tractors and reapers can move in. During my visit to California, I saw some rice fields in the Sacramento Valley—huge ones, by Asian standards. Amid the sky-blue water, the young rice was the usual beautiful green, but it was growing at random, as the seed had fallen from the plane, and not in the neat patterns of Asian rice fields. We have, it seems, been raising a surplus of this mechanically produced rice, and the Department of Agriculture has been buying some of it and exporting it at low prices. This policy has pleased the rice growers, of course, but one gathers that it hasn't altogether pleased the rest of the world. It has, for instance, damaged our trade relations with Burma, one of San Francisco's potential customers. Burma has a rice surplus, too, and she can hardly trade with other countries unless she sells this. Far from helping Burma solve her problem, we have, by competing with her, made matters worse. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that the Russians have offered to take the Burmese rice, paying for it in machinery and technical know-how. The Burmese, though leery of the Russians, have been too poor to refuse.

One thing that is booming along the Embarcadero these days is trade with Japan, and this has produced some other odd quirks. It is Washington's policy to encourage imports from Japan, since the Japanese must sell to live, and we don't want them to turn, for lack of other customers, to China. So tariffs on Japanese goods are low or nonexistent, for the most part, and the Japanese merchant marine, which was almost wiped out during the war, is now highly visible in San Francisco, its graceful new freighters coming through the Gate in greater numbers than those of any other foreign country except Norway. Not all Californians are happy about this state of affairs, as it happens. The West Coast fishermen, for instance, are no longer protected against Japanese tuna (tuna in brine or frozen tuna, that is, which can enter the country duty-free; there is still a tariff on canned tuna, to protect the canners), and over the last few years the price of their catch has declined from close to five hundred dollars a ton to less than three hundred dollars. Understandably, the fishermen are up in arms against "the Japanese menace."

Another curious result of our low-tariff policy is that many Japanese-made goods of Western design—hardware, chinaware, kitchenware, cutlery, and, of course, toys—are being sold in small California towns. In general, the new imports are not of the gimcrack variety that was so harshly criticized in the thirties. Japan is now trying, apparently, to get a name for sound workmanship. She is also managing to do what would seem to be extraordinary—buying American raw materials (ore, lumber, and cotton, for instance), processing them, and shipping the finished products (rails, cloth, and plywood) back to West Coast ports, where they are selling at competitive prices. According to my understanding of classical economics, this is just the situation that would prevail if America were a Japanese colony, and, indeed, the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, which Japan sought to create in the Second World War, was aimed at building just such a relationship between herself and the nations she had conquered. Not surprisingly, this type of trade is said to favor the manufacturing party.

All in all, the Japanese comeback has been pretty impressive, but most of the people I talked with in San Francisco don't expect it to go on very long. Sooner or later, they feel, other American pressure groups are bound to join the fishermen in taking up arms against it. An economist told me that we were at a moment of decision with respect to our Japanese trade policy. Protectionism might win out, he said, in which case Japan might slip back toward China; or protectionism might lose, and closer Japanese-American ties be woven. Meanwhile, the Japanese are making what profits they can.

One result of the Japanese trade boom, at least, may prove to be anything but fleeting. San Francisco is being flooded with Japanese interior-decorating goods, and these, it appears, are having a real effect on local interiors and, through them, on the people's daily life. The same thing, no doubt, is happening elsewhere in the country, but in San Francisco it seems to be especially intense. "Interior decoration in this city is at the mercy of the Japanese," a friend of mine told me. "Everyone suspends lamps from iron monkeys, and everyone has thin Japanese pillows on the floor. I know a couple of houses where they make you sit on the floor to eat. The soup will still be tomato bisque, but the bowls will be Japanese lacquer bowls." My friend, who suffers from arthritis, was grumpy about the new trend, but I don't think he was overstating the case. Again and again, in all sorts of houses, I met with the vogue for Japanese things. One explanation for this is simple geography—an importer of Japanese art ob-

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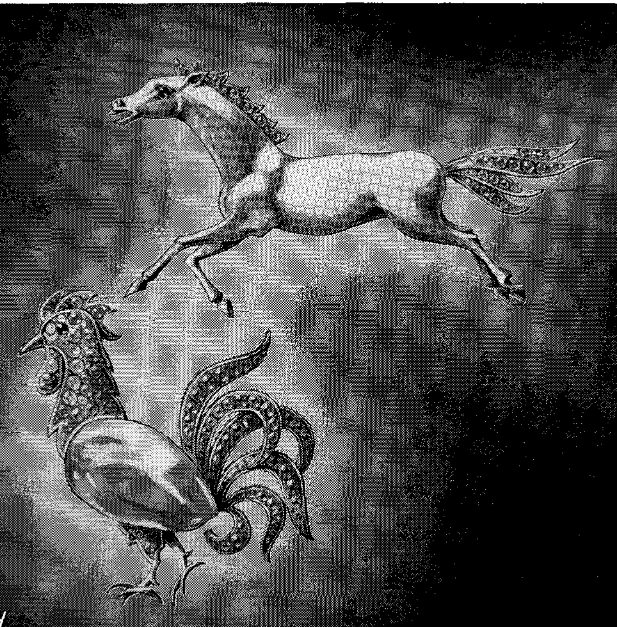
jects told me that he usually tries to place his things either in San Francisco, because of the convenience, or in Texas, because there is so much money there—but perhaps a more important one is that the Japanese style seems to go well with the architecture of northern California. Like Japanese houses, San Francisco houses are often of unpainted wood (especially redwood), and are lightly constructed, with a minimum of emphasis on the separation of outdoors and indoors. In theory, at least, both styles leave nature alone wherever possible, adapting houses to sites rather than sites to houses, and there is even a similarity when it comes to gardens. A San Francisco landscape architect explained to me that California gardens tend to "touch the ground as lightly as they can," and this is something that could be said of Japanese gardens as well, for although the Japanese often take a lot of trouble over a garden, they don't like it to show in formality of design.

No doubt the similarity of the two styles can be exaggerated, but it does help account for the heavy Japanese buying that many San Franciscans appear to be doing. The things they buy, any or all of which you are likely to find in a modish San Francisco home now, include paper screens (*shoji*); thin, square cushions; low coffee tables; paper lanterns; braziers (*hibachi*), which can be used for barbecue pits; porcelains; and even straw floor mats (*tatami*). The use of *tatami* is a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole Japanese craze. *Tatami* cover the floors of nearly all Japanese houses, and they have a glowing golden covering, of woven grass, that I have always found most attractive. Yet they properly contain soft straw padding, about two inches thick, which means that they yield to the tread; San Franciscans don't always use the padding, but, whether they do or not, *tatami* make most impractical mats for their floors, because they wear out quickly under pressure from sharp, hard objects, like shoe heels or furniture legs. This is no handicap in Japan, where little furniture is used and where people take their shoes off on entering a house, but *tatami* can hardly be expected to succeed in America unless we change our ways. In their original state, I've concluded, they probably won't succeed, but compromises will be found. One leading San Francisco architect, for instance, is using a *tatami* covering as a big over-all mat for his dining-room table, and I imagine that other good new ideas will be worked out. In any case, as I understand it, our



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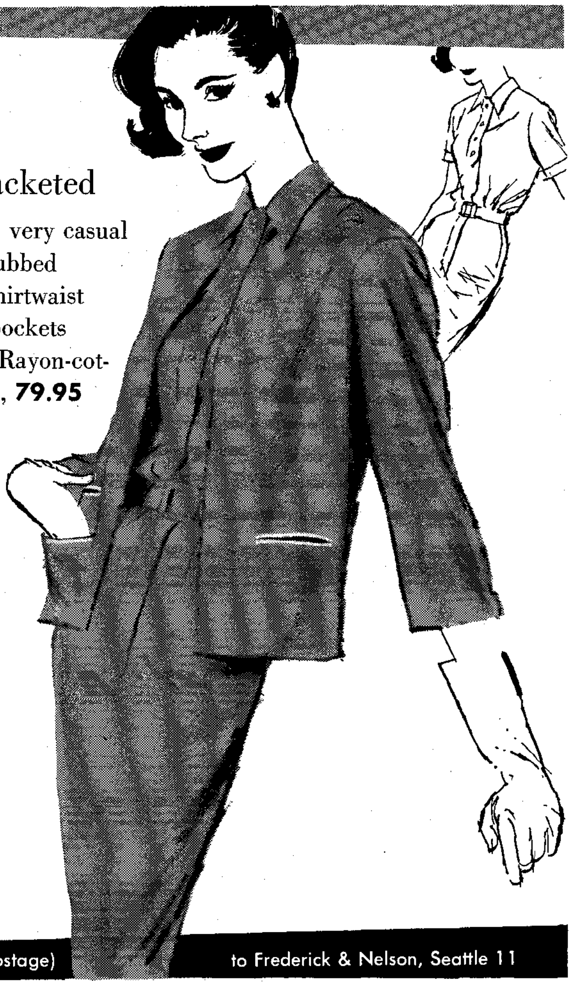

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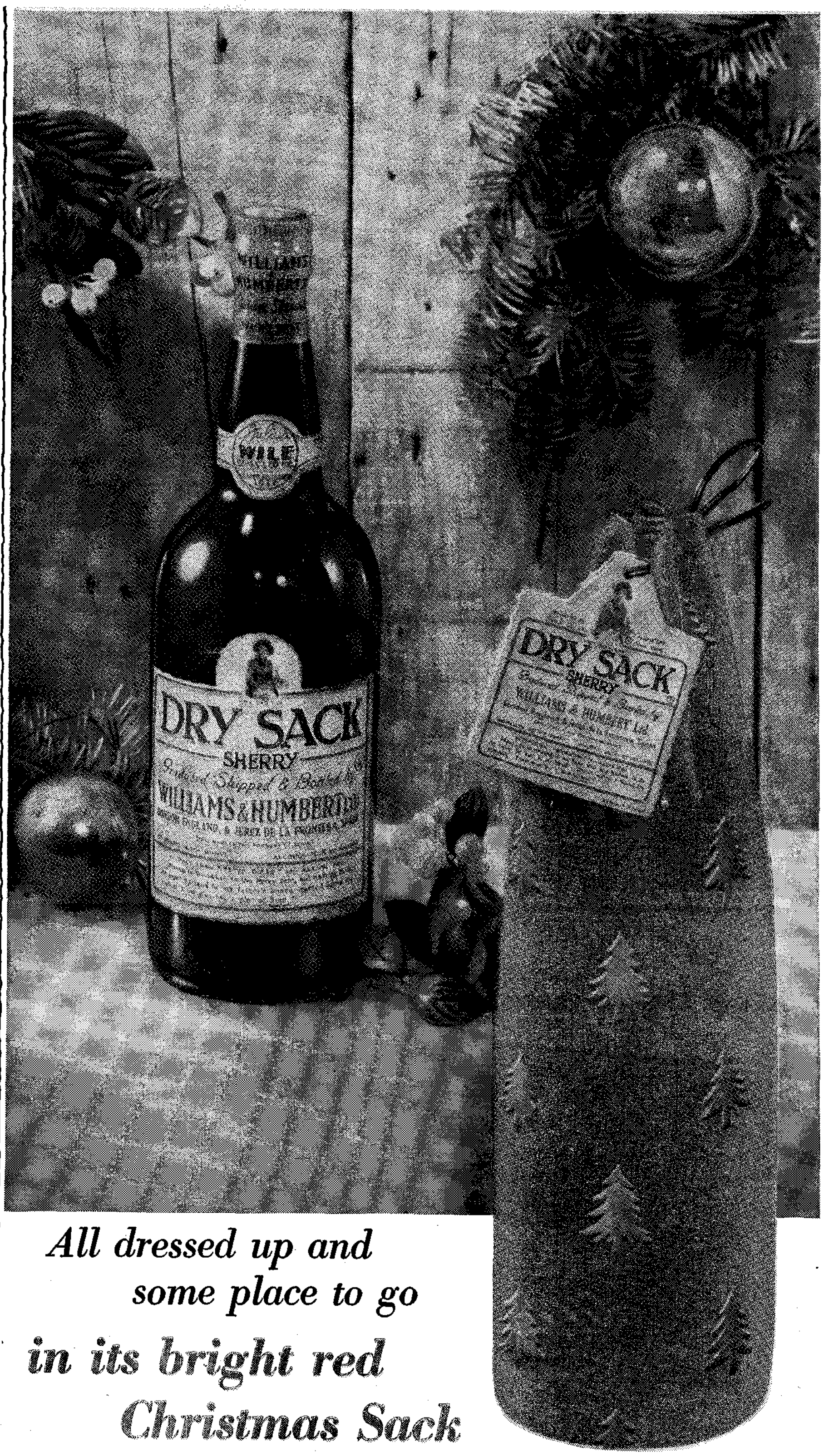
interior design has been moving toward Japanese principles for a long time now. Japanese interiors are restrained, laying great emphasis on flat surfaces with different textures; the Japanese have a distinctive sense of proportion, which sometimes, as in the thin cushions, involves an attenuation of lines, and they venerate natural forms. Our design has been groping toward these same characteristics, and if Japanese things are introduced here sensibly, it is easy to imagine that they will have a deep and lasting influence.

As for Japanese screens, porcelains, and fabrics, they, too, have a simplicity, together with interesting peculiarities of color and texture, that seems to make fashionable San Franciscans yearn for them deeply—at the moment, anyway. The feeling struck me as comparable to the hunger for *chinoiserie* that existed in the Western world in the nineteenth century and earlier. In that craze, though, what the West got from the Orient were complexities, not simplifications. Our contacts then were largely with south China, through immigrants who came from there and through trade with Hong Kong and Canton, and the southern Chinese, or Cantonese, style in practically everything—furniture and cooking, for example—is fantastically ornate. The north Chinese, or Peiping, style is simple, and adaptations of chaste Peiping furniture are now being made in Hong Kong and sold in America, but these, by some freak of trade, are coming in the long way, through New York, and they haven't yet diluted the heavy stream of Japanese influence in San Francisco.

In addition to house-decorating wares, I discovered, quite a few Japanese art objects—older things—have been coming into San Francisco, especially since the embargo began keeping Chinese curios out. During the Occupation, many Japanese collections went on the market—partly because their owners needed money, and partly because the younger generation in Japan has become too engrossed in the fads of the jazz age to care much for the old things—and those Americans in the Occupation forces who became interested in Japanese culture found plenty of objects to buy. However, Japanese law keeps the nation's real art treasures from leaving the country, and many Japanese feel that Americans have been purchasing only junk. As a matter of fact, according to an importer of Japanese art I spoke to, some Japanese think Americans are crazy; they can't understand, for instance, why we



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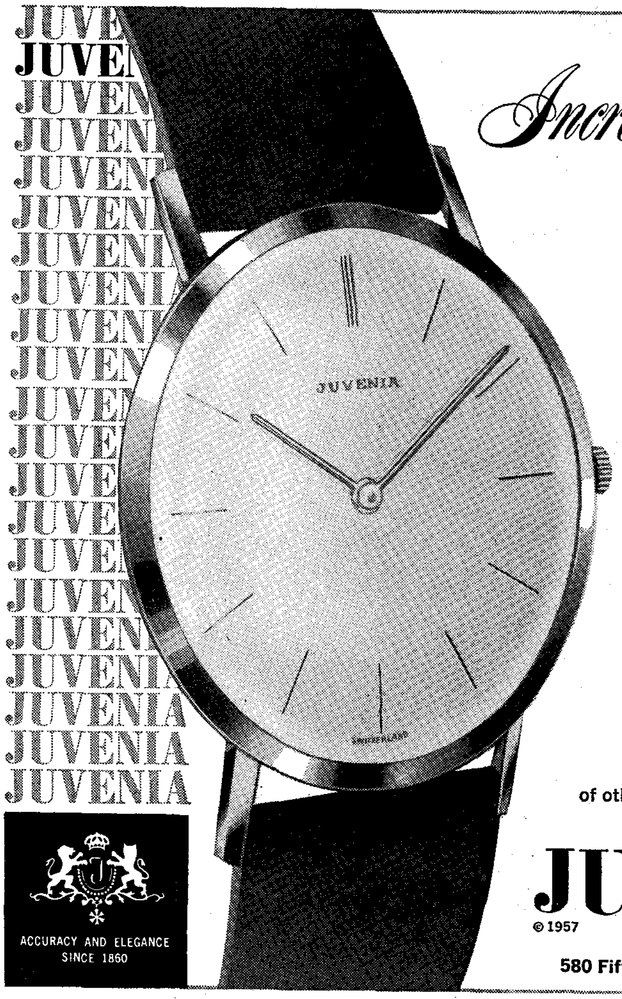
should buy *kakemono*, or scroll paintings, decorated with Japanese characters that we can't read, or why we should use samurai stirrups as ashtrays. They are reminded of the behavior of their countrymen some decades ago, in the early period of Western influence on Japan, when a wealthy Japanese might walk into a European store and buy everything in the place. The importer thought that there was some such madness in American buying of Japanese things, I gathered, but also that there was more method in it than the Japanese realized. What Americans were aiming at, he seemed to feel, was to work Japanese elements into a new style—a sort of Pacific synthesis. Maybe we could do it and maybe not, but pedantry was unlikely to help us in the task—or that was what I took his attitude to be.

Along with San Francisco's boom in Japanese things, there has naturally been a slump in Chinese things—a direct result of the embargo. The embargo's effect on our export trade may be debatable, but its effect on our import trade from China is clear enough; it has wiped that out almost completely, as one can easily see in Chinatown. Grant Avenue is Chinatown's main street, and its north end cuts through the true Chinatown—the part that caters to Chinese tastes without faking. Chinatown business, on the whole, opens late and closes late, and if you walk along the north end of Grant Avenue at nine in the morning, you will find many shops—mostly grocery shops—getting ready for the day. Chinese attendants will be sweeping the sidewalks, putting out crates of fruit and vegetables, and perhaps sprinkling them from watering cans, and there will be many kinds of Chinese vegetables on display—sugar peas, mustard greens, Chinese cabbage, Chinese string beans a yard long—as well as other vegetables, like onions, peppers, and eggplant, that are eaten by both the Chinese and ourselves. Other shops will have dried delicacies—ducks, mushrooms, cuttlefish, shrimps, sharks' fins, lichees—and still others will have medicines consisting of the bones and dried innards of obscure animals. Nowadays, as far as I could learn, all this comes either from the United States, Cuba, or Mexico, or, more rarely, from Hong Kong or Formosa, and I gathered that from the Chinese point of view there are many woeful lacks in the supply.

A few blocks farther south, Grant Avenue becomes touristy. Cafés, curio shops, and bars line the sidewalks; the clientele is largely American; and the effort is not to duplicate real Chinese



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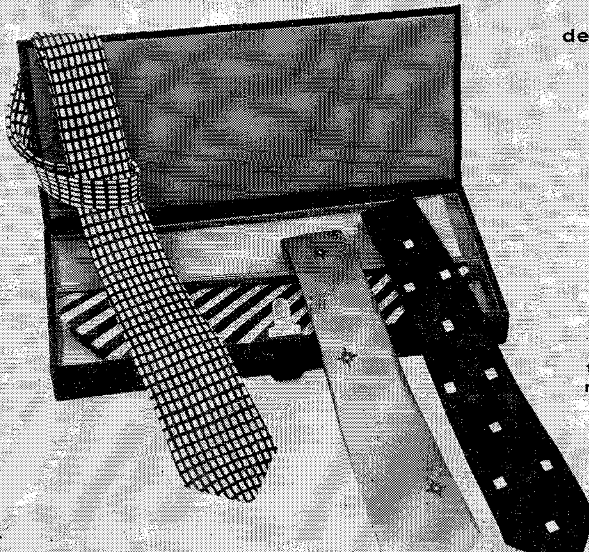

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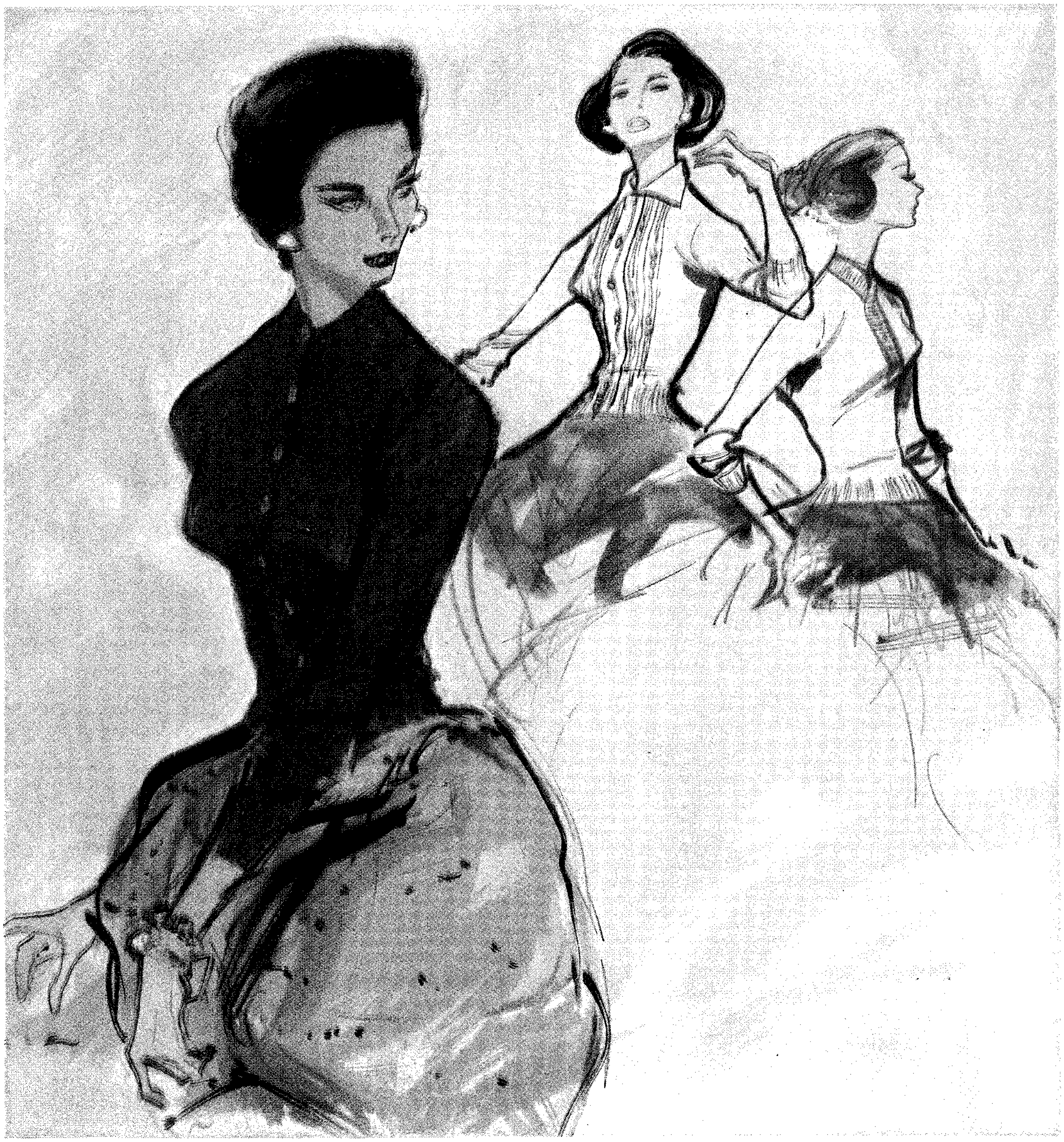

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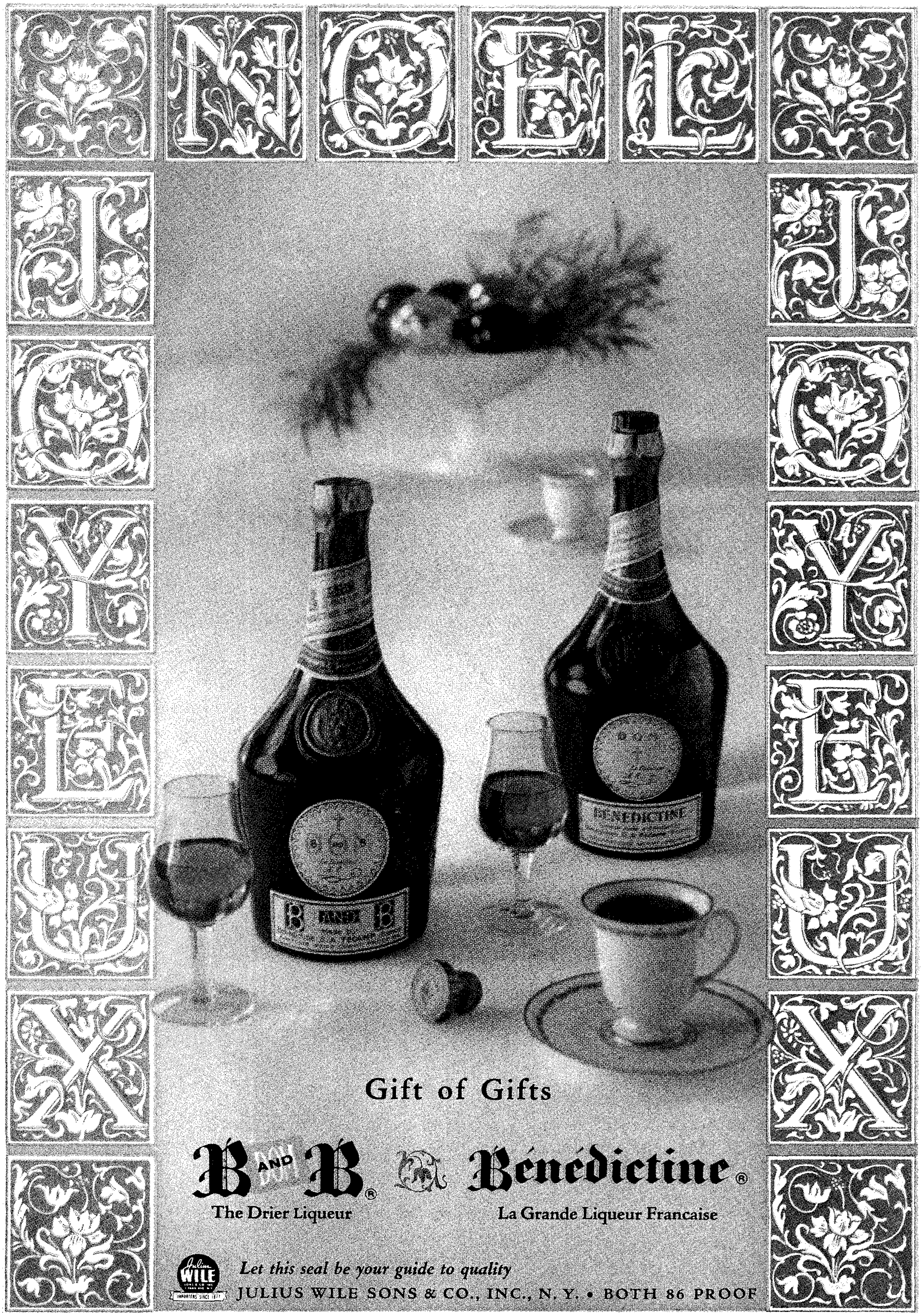

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products but to scrape up something—vaguely exotic, vaguely Asian in nature—that will pass for Chinese. For four or five years now, the Japanese have been making, to Chinatown's order, copies of Chinese crockery and the like, and there were plenty of these that look almost right, but not quite; the Japanese, for all their fame as copyists, can rarely avoid putting their own twist into things they make. Other shops were selling "Chinese" wares that were patently the products of other Asian countries, and in those countries' styles. On a walk down Grant Avenue, I saw the following things displayed in shop-windows as Chinese art: Indian enamelled brassware, Indian wooden trays and tables inlaid with ivory, Japanese crockery of Japanese design, Japanese crockery of Chinese design, Japanese lacquerware, Japanese kimonos, Siamese oxidized-silver jewelry, and Philippine rattan furniture and baskets. I don't mean to imply that all the stores that used to deal in Chinese merchandise have gone in for this sort of thing, by any means. In the southernmost part of Chinatown, near the city's downtown shopping area, there are some stores that carry fine Asian merchandise, properly identified and well displayed, and outside of Chinatown there are a few Western stores—Gump's is the most notable—that used to specialize in Chinese things and have switched to good products of other Asian countries. But many stores have been selling things as Chinese that are not Chinese at all, and the tourists don't seem to mind. By and large, they seem to be unsophisticated people; they want something with a faintly Oriental note, and will pay good prices for trash of the most careless workmanship. They stream into the shops, and the Chinese shopkeepers wait on them with enigmatic, knowing expressions, much as an adult might wait on children; I have seen similar expressions on the faces of Chinese traders among the Mongols and Tibetans, the "barbarians" of China's frontier.

THE meeting of East and West, as I glimpsed it in San Francisco, is troublesome at best. The trouble, I decided, stems mainly from two things—the abruptness of the sea barrier and the contrast in living standards on either side of it. This contrast makes it hard for us to sell goods in Asia, and it makes us reluctant to let Asians migrate to our country. And recently the trouble has been heightened by the various embargoes, bamboo curtains, and so on,

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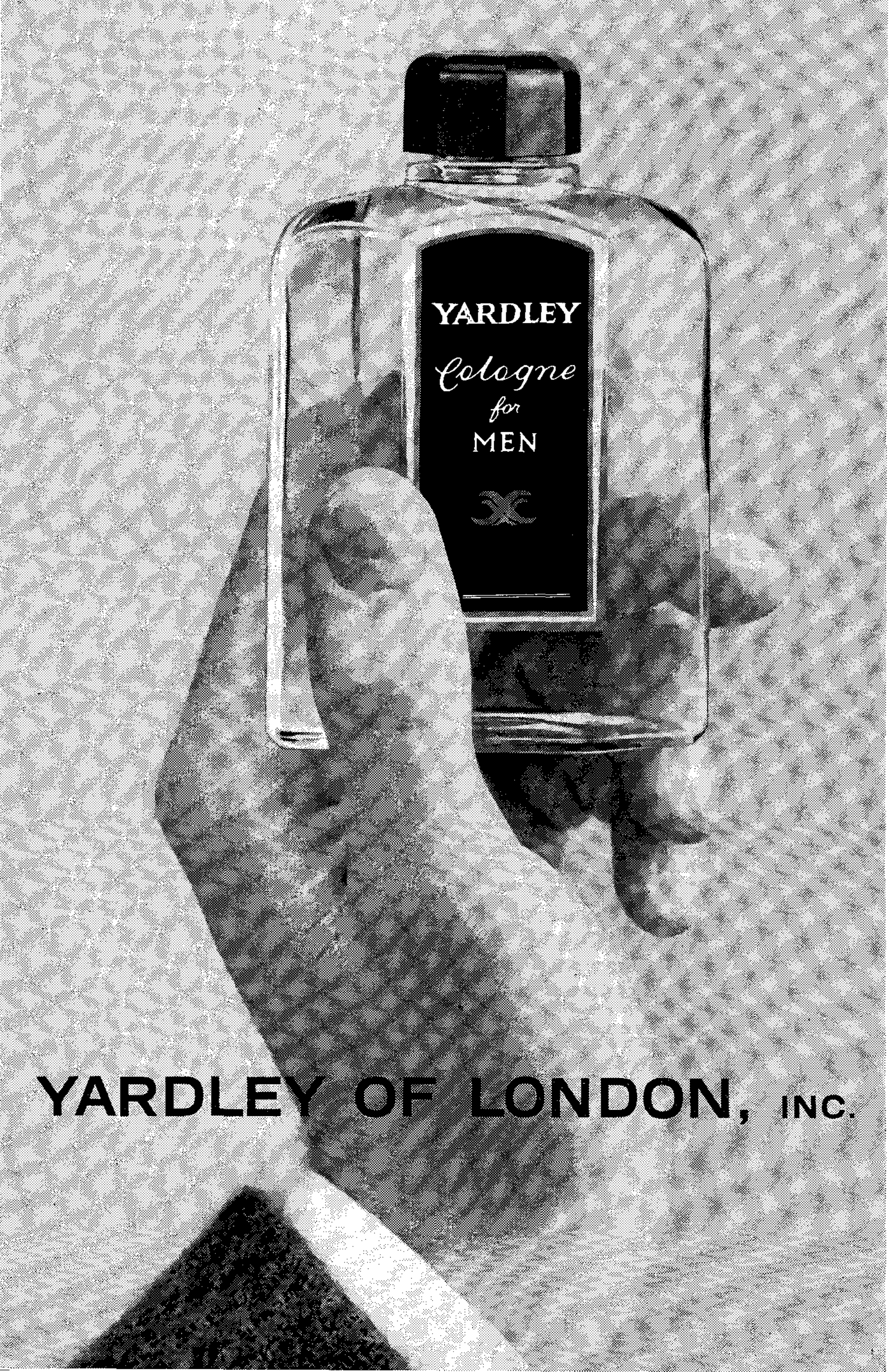

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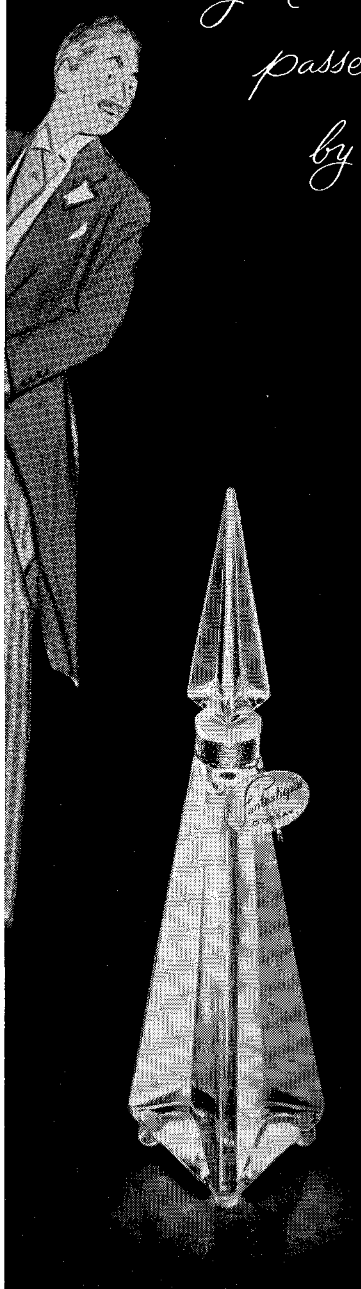
erected by the two sides. It almost seems as if the easiest thing would be to abolish contact, rather than try to blast a way through. Yet, when this idea is contemplated awhile, it seems ominous. Asia is growing all the time, not only in population but in strength, and as the decades roll by, it can hardly fail to press the West for living room. The pressure will be felt on many fronts, but no doubt the Pacific will be a leading one, and so great are the disparities it separates that the whole thing could be very explosive if it were dammed up. Against that possibility, one would like to have a safety valve—a channel for exchange and equalization—and the Golden Gate seems the obvious place for it.

The ways in which East and West meet at the Golden Gate are many. Among them are our booming academic interest, the presence of the Chinatown Chinese and the nisei, the influx of Chinese refugees, and the spate of Japanese goods. But if one looks for a pattern in these things, one is apt to look in vain. Often the points of contact seem to have little relevance to each other. The younger Chinatown Chinese and the nisei, for instance, might be expected to serve as links between the two cultures, but actually this doesn't happen; the youths are too deeply involved in Americanization to keep up much interest in the old culture. Nor, to take another example, do the Bay region universities, for all their new emphasis on Oriental studies, have much of a link with the Asian immigrant communities. Their scholars do not study the immigrants much, and the immigrants prefer not to be studied. They do not want anthropologists or sociologists prying into their affairs. So a large field of East-West relations is almost unexplored by the scholars living on its edge.

Still, there is one field of East-West relations in which San Francisco does function well, and that is the reception of Asian guests. Visiting Asians—businessmen, scholars, politicians—are passing through the Golden Gate all the time, and San Francisco, with its traditional hospitality, does right by them. Last summer, at lunch in the University of California's Faculty Club, a professor told me that he entertains about two hundred Asian visitors a year. In a recent week, he said, he had begun by helping to receive eight Siamese teachers; the next day there had been twelve Japanese government workers; and a few days later a group from Indonesia. And besides delegations like this, the professor said, there were a great many individual visitors. "Increasingly, people



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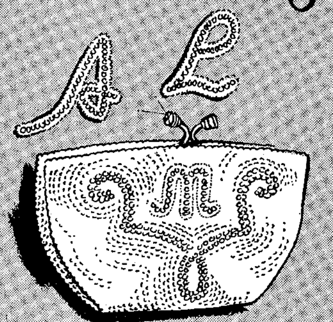

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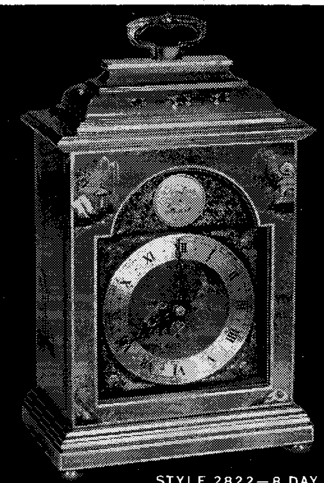

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who come from the Orient spend some time in the Bay region," he said. "It's big enough so that nearly everyone has somebody to look up. A visitor does this, and then he stays awhile." The Faculty Club's lunch was being served cafeteria style, and as the professor spoke, he looked up at the line of people passing the counters stacked with food. "See, there are some coming through the line now," he said. "Some sort of delegation." I looked, and saw half a dozen Japanese—all in dark-blue suits, and all with cameras hanging from their shoulders—being shepherded along by their American hosts. The party helped themselves from the assortment on the counters—very good food it was, too—and then sat down at a long table, Japanese and Americans intermingled, and began to talk and to eat.

It was a pleasant thing to see, and it gave me a feeling of cosmopolitanism, but soon I was reflecting that this was an altogether different feeling from the one I have in New York. The difference, I think, stems from the fact that New York is in a real sense a European city, founded by Europeans, whereas San Francisco is in no sense an Asian city. The Europeans one sees on the street in New York appear to belong here; the European goods in the shop-windows seem natural, unexotic things to buy; everywhere in New York one comes upon goods that were brought over from Europe and that are part of the domestic scene, too. The whole thing blends together. This is not true of Asia and San Francisco. The Asians one sees there do not yet appear to belong; the Asian goods are exotic-looking; and the whole thing does not seem to blend together at all. The gap looks infinitely wide and deep. And someday, presumably, a way to close it must be found. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

(This is the second of two articles on San Francisco as a frontier station.)

•

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THE GOOD NEWS

THEY'RE so fast in this hospital, Mrs. Corin thought. They tell you to be calm, don't rush, and then they're out the door in a second, and they always fling your meals at you. She remembered the terrible six weeks in which she had had to be spoon-fed by a nurse who was in a fever of efficiency to get the baby food into her.

Even the doctors had no time for you. Her doctor had said yesterday, "Mrs. Corin, you would get along a lot faster if you'd stop thinking about yourself. Forget your coronary. You're over the hump. Look around. Take an interest in the world."

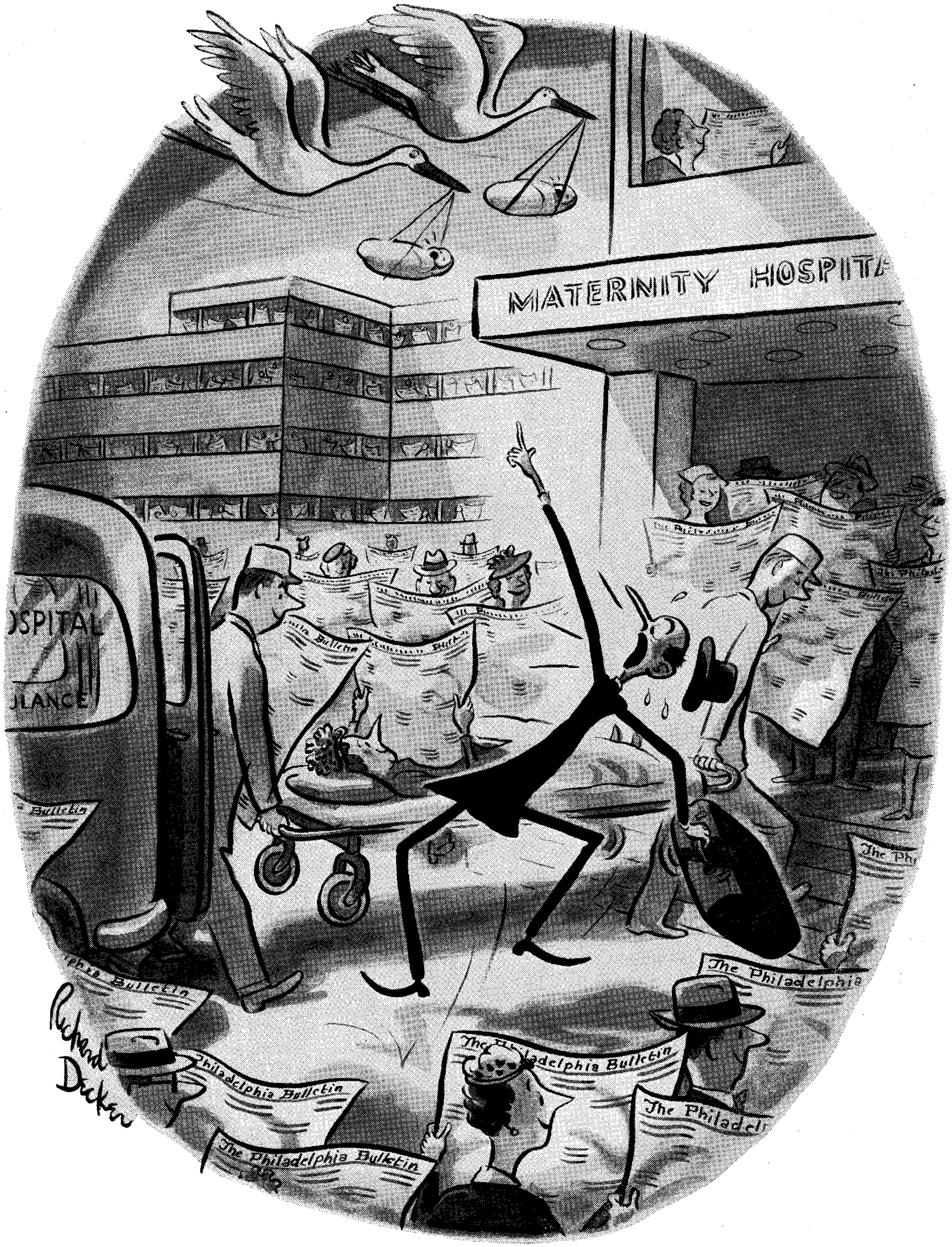
Mrs. Corin had shaken her head. "I'll try, Doctor," she had said. "But I just feel I'm never going to be like myself again. And why should I? I'm sixty-four and—"

The doctor had turned away after her first words, patting her absently on the hand and saying, "That's a good girl." He was gone before she could finish the sentence.

I'll try, she thought. I must get better quickly. But how could she help thinking about herself, struck down at eight-fifteen at night as she and Jessie sat looking at the TV, and about the week that followed, in which the doctor had given her too much hope? "This may not be a coronary," he had said on one of his visits to her home. "I want to be sure—you know? No sense in saying it's a coronary when it may not be." And, of course, it had been. It had been worse to know after that flurry of hope. So then she had been taken to the hospital, and poor Jessie had been left alone in the house. They were two old women, widows, with no one in the world but each other. It had been very hard on Jessie.

Mrs. Corin could still see herself as she was in those first weeks—lying absolutely still on this bed, nothing but eyes. The doctor hadn't even let anyone comb her hair. "Time enough for that," he had said cheerfully. A tear trailed from one eye, and she caught herself up. I *will* try, she thought again. Jessie needed her at home.

She turned her head on the pillow until she could see the young girl who shared the room with her. The girl was sitting up in bed with a large, compartmented box on her lap. There were bright-colored beads in the compartments, and she was stringing them carefully on a wire frame, apparently choosing them according to a pattern pasted on the inside of the lid. She had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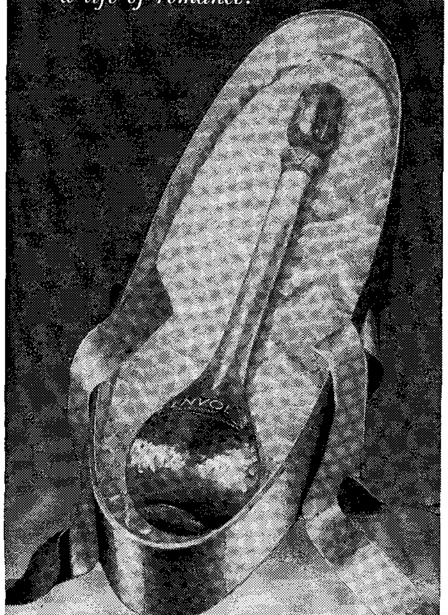

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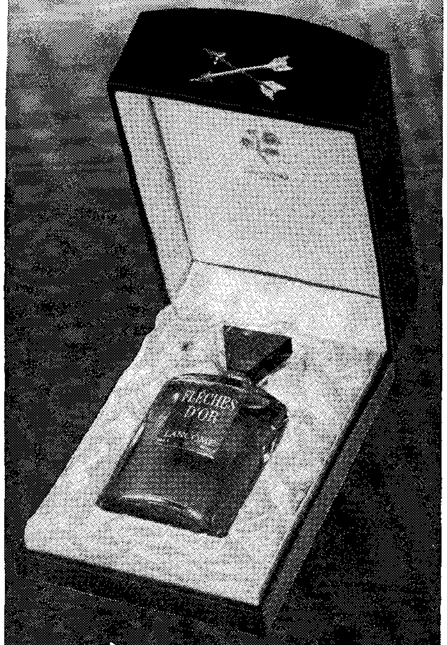

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come in with her husband the night before; the bed by the window had been empty since the morning, when Mrs. Torelli, an emergency appendectomy, went home. The girl had cried a little behind the curtain the nurse drew between the two beds. Mrs. Corin had heard the girl say, between sniffs, "Dave, I'm so scared." And Mrs. Corin's heart had gone out to her. She knew what it was to be scared. The girl was young, not more than twenty, and looked big and healthy—Mrs. Corin saw that right away. The husband seemed pale and slight beside her. But, ah, you couldn't tell, could you? Impatient for the husband to leave, Mrs. Corin thought about what she would say to the girl when they were alone—something comforting, so the girl would know she had a friend. She'd need someone to cling to in this place. She'd find it wasn't an easy thing to be sick here. Young people didn't understand being sick anyhow.

Presently, the nurse had made the young husband leave and told the girl to undress and get into bed. A few minutes later, she had pulled back the dividing curtain and introduced the women: "Mrs. Corin, this is Mrs. Howard."

The girl had smiled at Mrs. Corin. "*Janie* Howard," she had said. As soon as the nurse left, Janie had hopped out of bed, noisily tugged her suitcase out of the locker along the wall, and placed it on the chair by her bed. Mrs. Corin had watched, and waited for the time to speak.

The girl had opened her suitcase and taken from it a big box—the one that turned out to contain the beads—five large books, a Scrabble game, and three women's magazines. She arranged all these on her bedside table, returned the suitcase to the locker, and got back into bed. Then she took up one of the magazines, commented that the light over the bed wasn't very good, and settled back with a sigh.

All that noise after the hush of the room's emptiness had made Mrs. Corin feel tired and confused. How could the girl bustle about so? Where were the tears? A moment later, Mrs. Corin congratulated herself, because, she suddenly realized, she had not thought of herself since the girl entered. This is the way, she thought, nodding. Get interested in others. Help them.

IT had proved to be a disturbing night. An interne came to get a case history from Janie. While he was there, a lab technician, a girl of about Janie's

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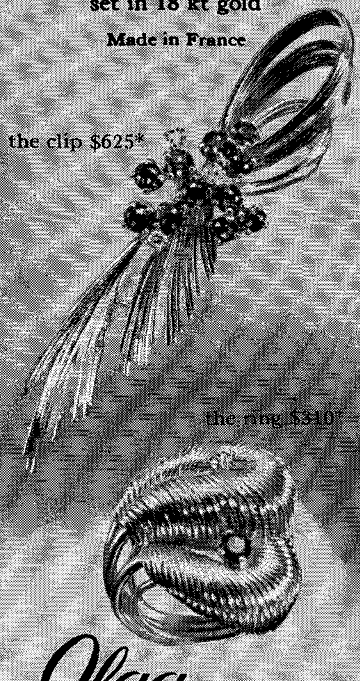

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age, came in and, amid giggles and the tinkle of pipettes, took a blood specimen. Mrs. Corin couldn't hear clearly, because the curtain had been closed again, but she knew the unvarying line of the interne's questions, the routine of the lab samples. Though she strained to catch Janie's answers to the interne, she heard nothing she could put together as a diagnosis. At one point, the interne said loudly, "I'm sorry, but I'm darned if I can hear anything peculiar." And Janie laughed. "This is a first-rate stethoscope, so it must be me," the interne said. "If I find it, I'm going to mark it with a pen, if you don't mind." Then, after a long pause, he said, "O.K., hand me that pen, please."

When the interne opened the curtain and strolled out, Mrs. Corin had pretended to be asleep, but then she had looked over at Janie. Janie, in a blue silk nightgown (Mrs. Corin wore the muslin hospital gown), was deep in a magazine again, and didn't look up. Mrs. Corin waited awhile and then fell asleep, in spite of the bright light shining across her pillow from Janie's bed.

That morning, Mrs. Corin had waked early, as usual, and waited for the hospital day to begin. During the night, someone had closed the curtain between the two beds, but Mrs. Corin knew from the measured breathing that Janie was still asleep. Two nurses' aids came into the room and collected the pitchers and glasses. Mrs. Corin had a favorite aid, Addie, a funny, lively thing, not as well groomed as the other girls but the most talkative of them all. She had been off the day before, and so observed, "Mrs. Torelli skipped out, huh?" Mrs. Corin smiled in appreciation of the "skipped out." "What's this one got?" Addie asked, and Mrs. Corin was forced to admit she didn't know. Addie mouthed surprise and scurried out with her tray.

Mrs. Corin was annoyed at not having been able to whisper to Addie, "This

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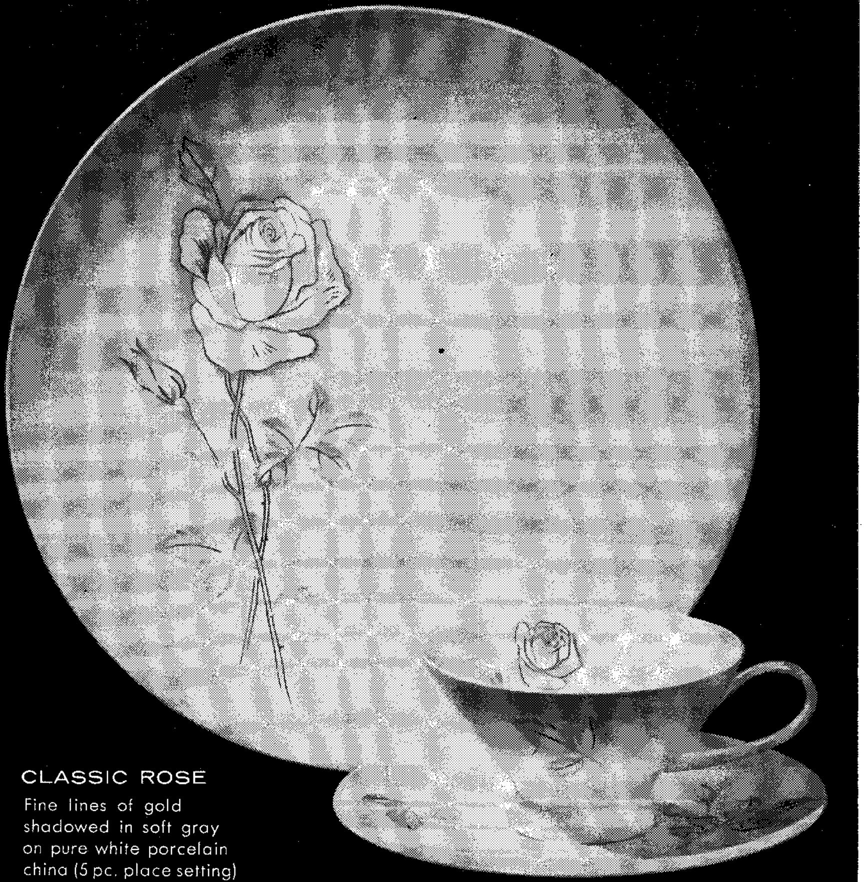

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is Janie Howard, poor thing. She has a cancer, or a lung abscess, or—" What wicked thoughts! She didn't know what had come over her, with this coronary.

Before the aids returned for the morning washup, Mrs. Corin had heard Janie get out of bed and had seen her go into the adjoining bathroom. Mrs. Corin envied the energy with which Janie began to scrub her teeth. (*She* was not allowed to raise her arms at all.) Then Janie returned and opened the curtain cautiously. She looked fresh and glowing.

"Morning," she said.

"Good *morning*," Mrs. Corin said. "You're looking very well, for a hospital case."

Janie laughed. "Oh, I don't really know if I am a case. I've got some funny sound in my heart, and my family doctor thought it ought to be looked at. Says it's a valve. But I've always had it and it's never bothered me. But he says it might need fixing, in case I wanted a family, or something."

Mrs. Corin felt a momentary breathlessness. "Heart surgery?" she said. Even as sick as she was, no one would have to open up *her* chest and then *her* heart. That would be more than a person could stand.

"Maybe," Janie said. "Put a new valve in, or something." She splashed some cologne on herself and picked up one of the books from the bedside table. "When I knew I was going to the hospital, I just went to the library and picked out the five biggest books I could find," she said. "I don't know what any of them are about."

She got into bed, turned over on her stomach, and began to read, while Mrs. Corin lay there, shocked. They would open up this child's chest and divert her blood stream. The doctor would slit open her heart and plunge his hand in to grasp the damaged valve. He would take that valve out and put in a new one and then begin the stitching. She looked over at the girl, lying propped on her elbows with her book flat on the bed. The blue silk of the nightgown outlined the curve of her back. "They do heart surgery all the time. It's just an ordinary thing nowadays," Mrs. Corin said.

Janie answered over her shoulder. "Yes, I suppose so. But they keep you a couple of months. It's going to be awfully expensive, even with our insurance."

When Addie arrived to wash Mrs. Corin, and had closed the curtain between the two beds, Mrs. Corin told

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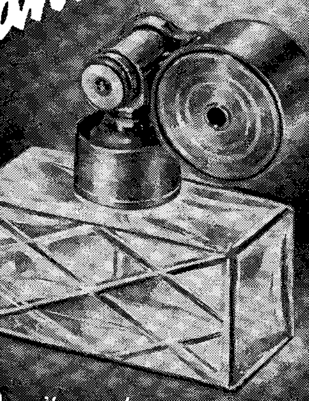

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her, in a shocked whisper, what she had learned about Janie Howard. Addie's eyes opened wide. She shook her head as she wrung out the washcloth over the basin on the bedside table.

"Brother, rather her than me!" she said.

"And she's so young," said Mrs. Corin. "Wants a baby, too."

"She's crazy," Addie said. "Heart people can't have children and run a house. They're lucky they stay alive till they're forty."

"Oh, it's a shame," said Mrs. Corin.

Addie looked alarmed. "Now, Mrs. Corin," she said. "Don't you pay it no mind. You got your own troubles. You just don't think about it, hear?"

All through breakfast, Mrs. Corin had heard the words "heart surgery" sounding in her head. Janie ate heartily and chatted. It was hard for Mrs. Corin to eat and talk, too, because she was so short of breath, but she was satisfied to hear all about Janie, and her husband, Dave, who was staying at the Y, two blocks away, until they heard what the doctor had to say, and about Janie's job in a credit bureau, and her new house, in the new development outside of town. Janie had been married a little over a year and loved to cook. Every night, she and Dave played bezique together. Mrs. Corin had never heard of bezique, so Janie began to explain the game to her. Mrs. Corin interrupted to ask who her heart doctor was—to see if she had heard his name on the hospital announcement system. He was a Dr. Mason; she had heard his name many times. Then Janie got out her box of beads and started stringing them on the wire frame.

NOW, as Mrs. Corin watched her, she suddenly realized that Janie had not once asked what *she* was doing in the hospital. A pang of fear went through her. Had the nurses warned Janie that Mrs. Corin was dying? She said loudly, "You know what my complaint is?"

Janie looked over politely. "No."

And, with a relief that was ridiculous, Mrs. Corin saw that Janie didn't know. She also saw that Janie didn't care. That was the way with the young. They didn't compare medical histories; they didn't scrounge for every bit of medical information. So here was this young girl, going into an ordeal she knew nothing about. If it were me, I would know what it meant, Mrs. Corin thought. I wouldn't be sitting up in bed making a bead flower—for that's what the pattern was turning out to be. But

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Janie strung on, blue after mauve after pink.

Later in the morning, two white-coated doctors came to see Janie. As they walked in, Mrs. Corin heard Janie greet the older one as Dr. Mason. The younger doctor, partly bald and serious-looking, must be his assistant, she thought. From her side of the curtain, Mrs. Corin could hear them laughing at the ink mark the interne had put on Janie's chest. They stayed for about fifteen minutes, and when they had gone and the curtain was opened again, Janie reported proudly that Dr. Mason had listened to her heart and said he had never heard a sound like that before. Then an orderly came and put Janie in a wheelchair—though she protested she could walk perfectly well—and rolled her off for her X-rays and an electrocardiogram. Mrs. Corin remembered how she had waited for the reports of her electrocardiograms! It wasn't the being shifted from bed to stretcher to table, or the tests; it was the significance of it all that had upset her for a whole day.

Janie was back in bed in time for a good lunch, and Miss Theodore, pert and red-haired, and the fastest of the nurses, stopped in for a moment to see how she was, and complimented both Janie and Mrs. Corin on their appetites. Mrs. Corin was pleased that her doctor would hear she had already followed his advice about forgetting her own troubles, and was even benefiting from it.

That afternoon was one of the two afternoons a week when Jessie normally came to visit. She came only twice a week because it was such an effort, and hospitals and sick people made her nervous. But Mrs. Corin found herself regretting that this was one of Jessie's days. There were too many things happening now. Of course, her last roommate, Mrs. Torelli, had been friendly, and had had a stream of visitors, but they had held no interest for Mrs. Corin—all their conversation was in Italian. But she had liked Mrs. Torelli. Her appendix had ruptured, necessitating three drains, which were eventually removed, little by little, to trembling shrieks and tears. Yes, Mrs. Torelli had suffered. Here Mrs. Corin veered into a rehearsal of Janie's story as she would tell it to Jessie.

Jessie was late, and Janie's husband arrived first. The young couple kissed briefly, and Janie told Dave there was nothing to report yet; they were planning the deciding test tomorrow, and the doctor would know immediately

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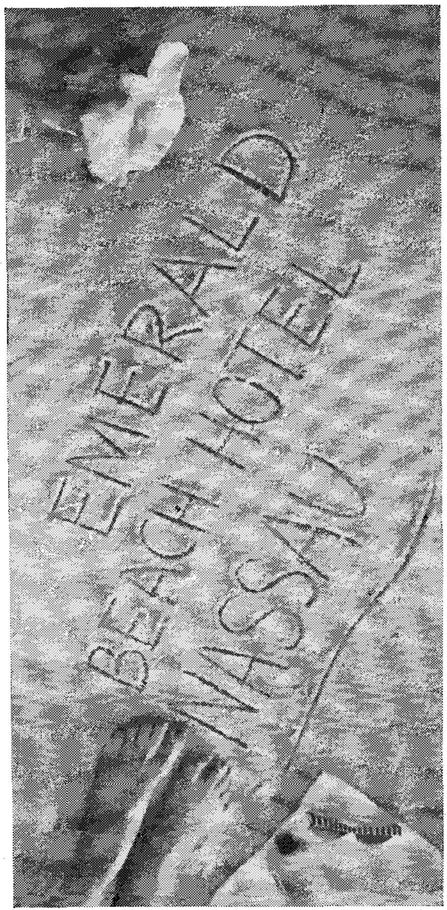

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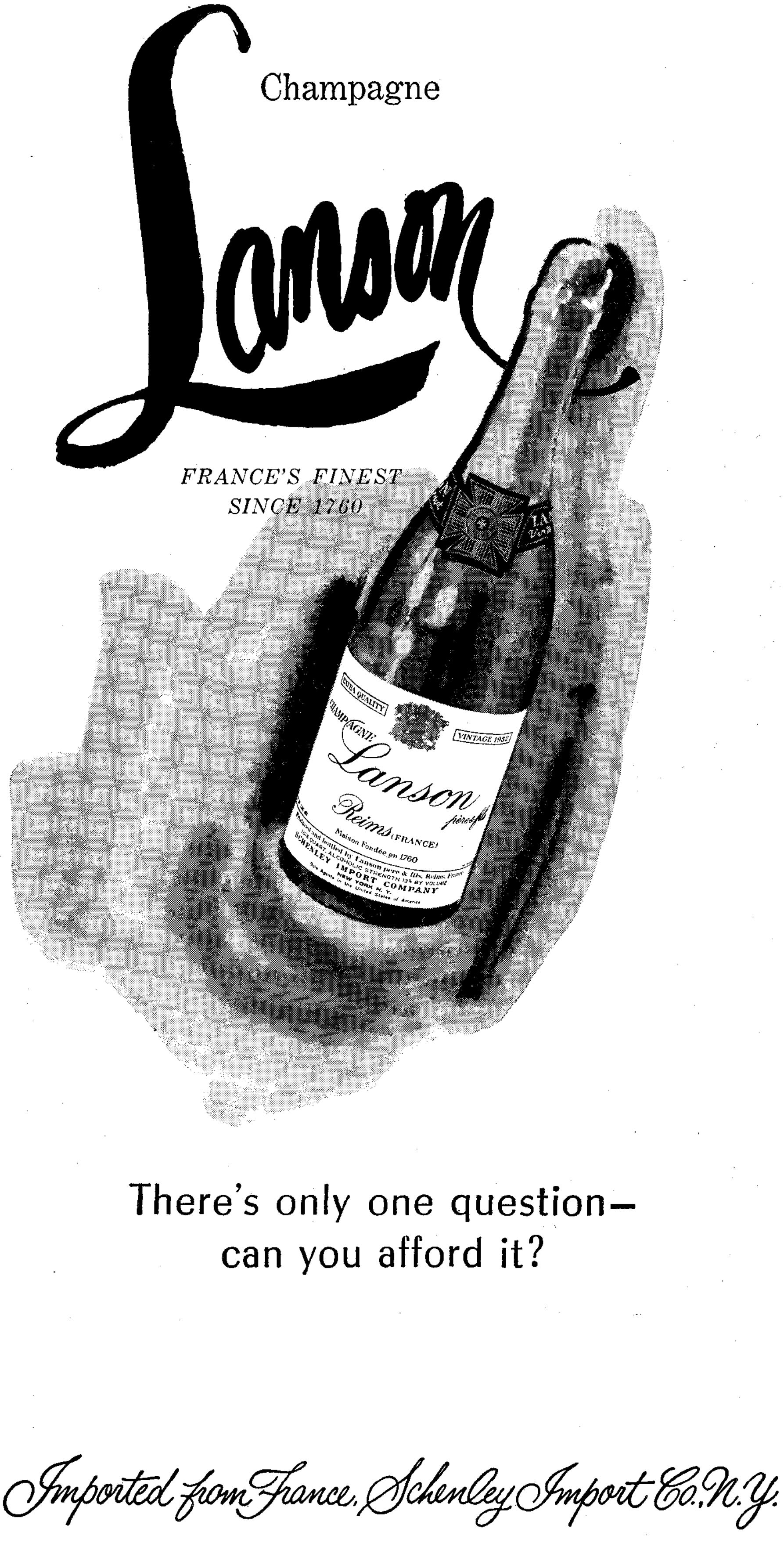
after that. Then she sent Dave to her suitcase to get a deck of cards. To Mrs. Corin's amazement, the two settled down and began to play.

Suddenly, Janie remembered to introduce Dave to Mrs. Corin. He rose, smiling and nodding shyly, and said "How're you?" and at once sat down again to deal out a hand. They played quickly and with a lot of banter.

Well on in the game, Jessie arrived, and, at Mrs. Corin's suggestion, closed the curtain part way and sat down on the straight-backed chair by the bed. She had a headache, she said, and she sat there stiffly, as though any movement would cause the pain in her gray head to course through her body. Then, with her eyes shut, she listened to the little information Mrs. Corin had gleaned about her own condition from her doctor and from the nurses, and even from Mrs. Torelli. Mrs. Corin felt it wasn't a really satisfying way to talk. Still, Jessie was like that, always centering on herself. She didn't deserve to be told about Janie, but Mrs. Corin knew she had to talk about the girl, to tell the whole frightening story again. It was a kind of comfort, almost—to be discussing heart surgery while she herself was past the crisis.

So, rather breathlessly and in whispers, she began with the moment Janie had entered the room the night before. Gratifyingly, Jessie opened her eyes and gradually seemed to forget her headache, and even added some information on valve operations she had gleaned from *Life* magazine to what they both remembered of a "blue baby" born to a young woman in their church. The child had died on the operating table. When Jessie got up to leave, she patted Mrs. Corin's hand—an unusual show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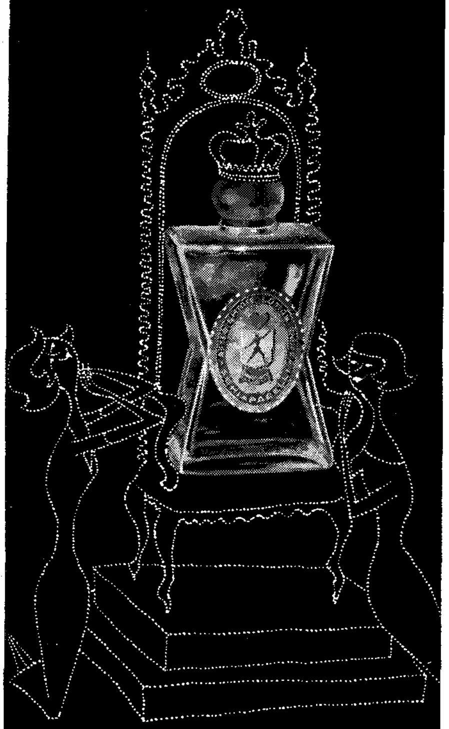

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of affection. Mrs. Corin understood. They were old ladies, but they were better off than the young girl in the next bed. Mrs. Corin watched Jessie pause on her way to the door, pretending to fumble for something in her purse but looking back steadily at the girl absorbed in her cards. Then, with a wave of her hand, she was gone.

Mrs. Corin stiffened slightly as a peal of laughter broke from Janie. "You monster!" Janie said to her husband. "You had it all the time."

"I was dealt it," he explained. "Had it right from the beginning."

"Time to go," announced Miss Theodore, popping in and opening the half-drawn curtain.

Mrs. Corin wanted to shout back at Miss Theodore, "Let them alone—those innocents! Let them have every minute they can!" But Dave got up obediently, gathered the cards, and put them away in the night-table drawer. Then he kissed Janie and said, "See you tonight," and left, only to return immediately in the tow of Dr. Mason's young assistant.

"Glad I caught your husband in the hall, Mrs. Howard," the doctor said. "I understand you haven't arranged for nurses yet."

"No," said Janie, surprised. "Were we supposed to?"

"Well, it's like this," the doctor said. "Valve ops take special nursing—*real* special nursing. And those girls are hard to get. You can't wait till the last second, and even ahead of time you may come up with a big zero. But"—here he paused and looked significantly at them both—"I just heard in the lunchroom that two of the top girls in this racket are between cases. Now, if I were you, I'd grab them and say a thank-you prayer."

Janie and Dave looked at one another. Then Janie asked, "Does this mean I have to have the operation? Dr. Mason said he wouldn't know till tomorrow."

The young doctor watched her carefully. "I'll tell you how it is. Tomorrow we do the catheterization, and we can't be sure of anything until then. Now, I'm just low man on a totem pole around here, you understand, but, Sis, I'd say better be safe and hire those nurses."

Mrs. Corin began to tremble, in her effort to remain perfectly still.

"Won't it be awfully expensive?" Janie asked. Her husband said something that sounded like "I'll manage."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders. "The nursing's half of it," he said. "No

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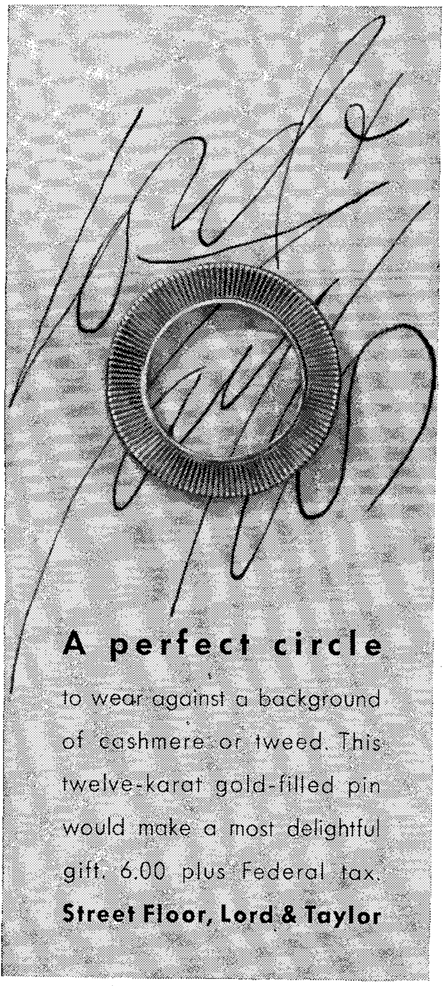

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point in going on with it if you're going to throw it away after. If you need them, you'll be glad to have them—don't you kid yourself."

"Well, if I have to," Janie said. "Should Dave see somebody about it?"

"No. We'll attend to it for you. I'm in charge of your catheterization, so I'll see you first thing in the morning. No breakfast, you know, but we'll keep some for you." And with that he left.

Janie turned back to her husband. "We never asked how much the nurses are going to cost. Maybe you could find out downstairs."

Dave nodded. "O.K., I will, but don't you worry."

When he had gone, Janie lay quiet, not doing anything. Finally, she looked over at Mrs. Corin, who was watching unashamedly, ready for any help Janie might want, any comfort she might reach out for. Janie smiled ruefully. "Hospitals can certainly spend your money for you, can't they?" she said. Then she reached for one of her books.

THE next morning, Mrs. Corin woke in trepidation; this was to be Janie's big day. In spite of her concern, Mrs. Corin ate a good breakfast and felt more rested than she had since she fell ill. It's having someone else to think about that does it, she told herself. Her doctor had known what he was talking about, all right. She watched as two nurses came in to robe the sleepy Janie in a hospital gown and transfer her to a rolling stretcher. Then Addie appeared, and though Janie was no longer there to hear them, she and Mrs. Corin kept their voices low as they discussed the case and what Dr. Mason's assistant had said last night about the nurses. Addie described the kind of catheterization they did in a heart case, because Mrs. Corin wasn't too sure what it was—inserting instruments in a vein and pushing them up through the arm until they were able to record the ebb and flow of the heart blood.

"Why, it's practically an operation," Mrs. Corin said.

"Oh, sure," agreed Addie, "and under local."

The morning went slowly for Mrs. Corin after Addie had gone; it was broken only by a brief visit from her doctor. He congratulated her on her improved appetite, and said that her color was better, too. She was encouraged enough to ask if she might start using the bathroom, but he frowned and said, "Now, we're in no hurry. You're

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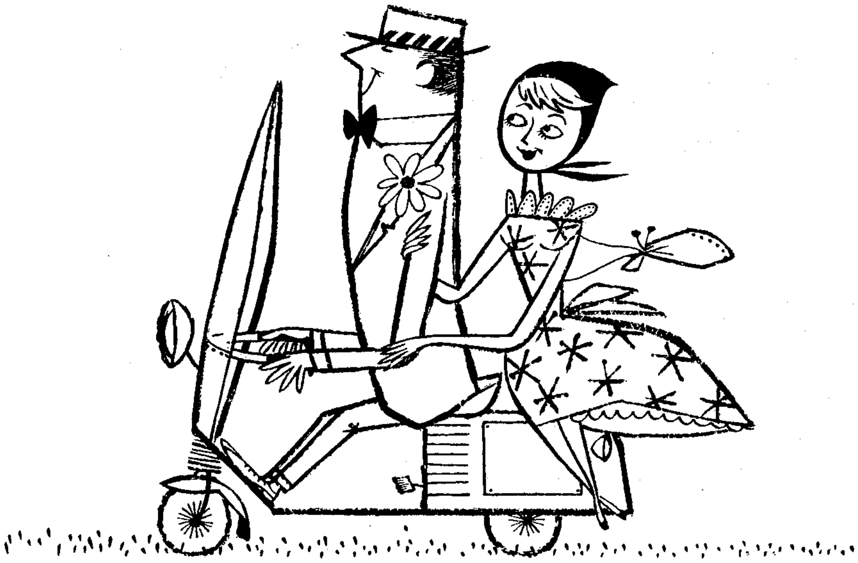

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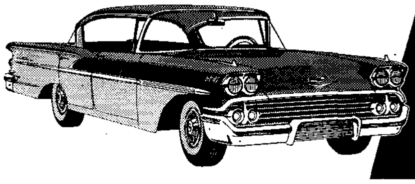

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not out of the woods yet. I'll let you know when that time comes."

The old thrill of fear went through her. Could it be a relapse he feared, or something like a clot or break? Hadn't she been through enough? Then she tried to think more reasonably. What had the doctor said? Nothing except that she was getting along better. Not out of the woods was obvious. That just meant she was still sick, and who wouldn't be, with a coronary not two months behind? She was really doing fine.

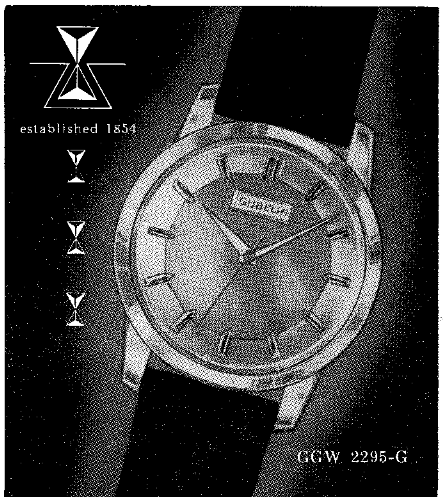
She looked at her small bedside clock. Eleven, and Janie wasn't back. From eight to eleven. Had something happened? Air could get into the vein. Janie's box of beads lay on the table by her bed, and Mrs. Corin could see that the bead flower was almost finished. Was it an omen? No matter what Jessie might say, if anything had happened she would send those small sweetheart roses that could be fashioned by the florist into pins and bracelets. Maybe into a small heart. Not a *heart!* What was she thinking of! Perhaps just a circlet with pale-pink roses in the middle and red ones around. Or—

Here her thoughts were interrupted as Miss Theodore bustled in, followed by an orderly wheeling Janie's stretcher. A surgical nurse was with them, and she and the orderly helped Janie into bed. Janie's left arm, where they had done the catheterization, was bandaged, but otherwise she seemed fine.

"Thanks. I sure needed help," she said to the nurse. "This arm throbs terribly."

Addie came in immediately with a tray of orange juice and coffee, and Janie squealed with delight. With Miss Theodore helping, she moved into a half-sitting, half-lying position on her propped-up pillows. Addie was sent for another pillow, to support Janie's bandaged arm.

All the noise and people confused Mrs. Corin, and she pretended to be asleep. "Thank God, Janie is back safe," she murmured to herself, recognizing the pricking of conscience at the picture she had entertained of herself sending that circlet of sweetheart roses. Janie sipped her coffee, and smiled, and chatted with Miss Theodore, who pretended a professional interest in her arm while really enjoying a short relief with a laughing, relaxed patient. But Mrs. Corin thought she detected a slight tinge of hysteria in Janie's laughter, as if it had already begun—the introduction to pain and terror. Mrs. Corin prepared herself for the real ordeal to follow—



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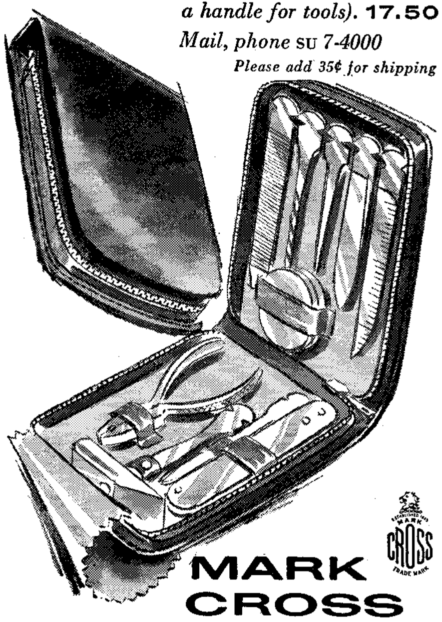

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Write for the Mark Cross Christmas Book for 1957

waiting for the report. Doomed at twenty! Who could find words to meet that verdict?

Then Addie hurried the lunches in, asking with her eyes and a toss of her head if Janie's sentence had been heard. Mrs. Corin shook her head. Janie picked at her lunch, attributing her lack of appetite to the sedatives she had been given just after the catheterization. Mrs. Corin smiled and nodded whenever Janie looked over. The girl complained of the soreness of her arm and constantly rearranged the supporting pillow. "They never said that vein business was going to take so long. They gave me a local, but it never lasted." She added proudly, "Once I even thought I was going to faint."

"You'll be all right in a few days," Mrs. Corin said.

"A few days?" said Janie. "Why, I feel O.K. now—except for this old arm."

Janie slept after lunch, and Mrs. Corin lay quiet, determined not to shorten the girl's restoring nap by any noise. Her own doctor's words about not being out of the woods yet were still with her, but in a detached way, so she could examine them at will and not feel frightened by them. She had, in fact, a touch of her old feeling of strength. Her mind's eye looked down at the picture she and Janie must make—the young, defenseless girl sleeping with her arm awkwardly placed on the pillow, and the watchful old lady, poised and ready.

The picture was broken by Miss Theodore, who rushed in ahead of a group that Mrs. Corin could see included Dr. Mason, his assistant, a strange doctor, and Dave. Then Miss Theodore closed the curtain. Mrs. Corin struggled to a sitting position. She must not miss a syllable. Let us know the worst, she thought.

The doctors were jovial, and teased Janie about all the bandaging on her arm, for what Dr. Mason claimed were a few scratches.

Janie laughed. "I sure don't want any more scratches like them."

"Well, Janie," began Dr. Mason, in the sudden stillness that came over the group, "all your tests are in, and I won't keep you in suspense but say right off: No operation. Your heart has never troubled you, your respiration is normal. There's no enlargement, no sign of disease or deterioration. That leaves the strange sound your heart makes. Well, I've never heard anything like it, and while I'm curious to see inside your heart, I don't find that reason enough

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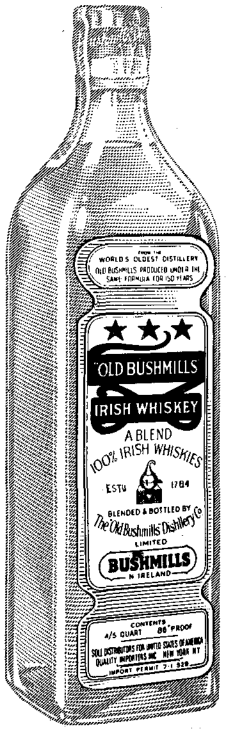

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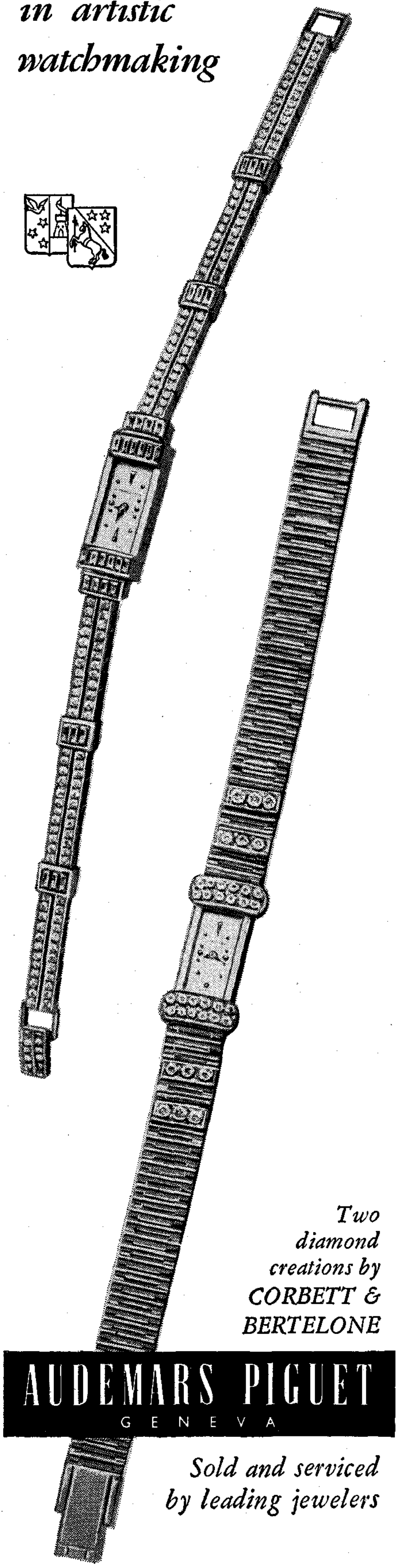

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to open you up. So I say go on home, have a family if you want, but keep in touch at all times with your doctor. He's a good man, to have found this condition, and don't think it was a wasted trip down here. He did just right. Now, how's that?"

Janie spoke in a loud voice. "That's just wonderful. When can I go home?"

They all laughed. "So you don't like us," Dr. Mason said. "Well, I guess you can go whenever you want. I'll call your doctor as soon as I leave you. And when you get home, have him change that bandage."

"Thank you, Doctor. I'll do that," Janie said. Dave mumbled his thanks, too.

The doctors left, and Miss Theodore opened the curtain.

"You hear that, Mrs. Corin?" called Janie. "I'm going home." She bounded out of bed and closed the curtain, and Mrs. Corin could tell that she was beginning to dress right then, with her husband's help. She was laughing and groaning at Dave's clumsy attempts to be of use. Next, Mrs. Corin could hear him packing the suitcase—with loud remonstrances from Janie about the way he was folding her things. In fifteen minutes, they were ready. There was one last squeal from Janie as she remembered her toothbrush. Then they hurried past Mrs. Corin's bed and out the door. They had gone, forgetting to open the curtain.

Never even said goodbye, Mrs. Corin thought, after all the kindness I showed her. Never hoped I'd get better, or anything. Mrs. Corin knew that crying was bad for her heart, but she couldn't stop the tired tears from trickling down.

She heard someone come into the room, and then Addie's impatient hand jerked open the curtain. "Well, what d'ya think of that? Skipped out so soon," Addie said. "What are you crying for, Mrs. Corin?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Corin said. And she buried her face in the pillow. —MITSU YAMAMOTO

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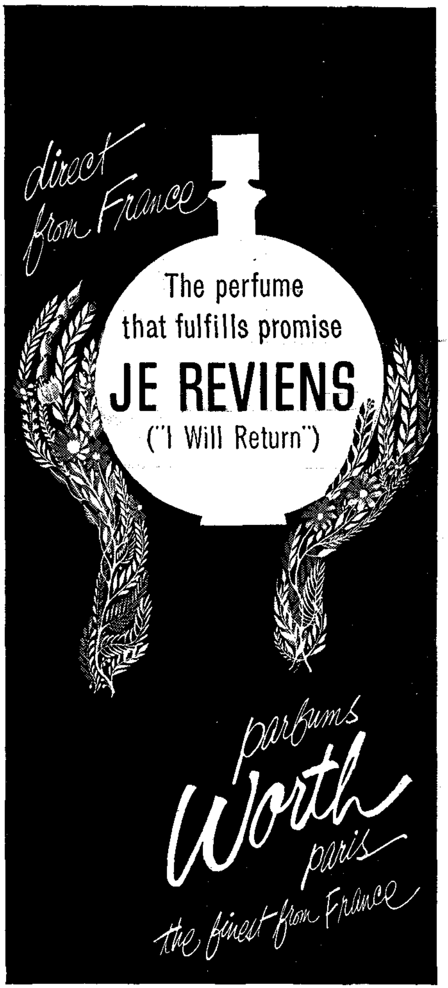

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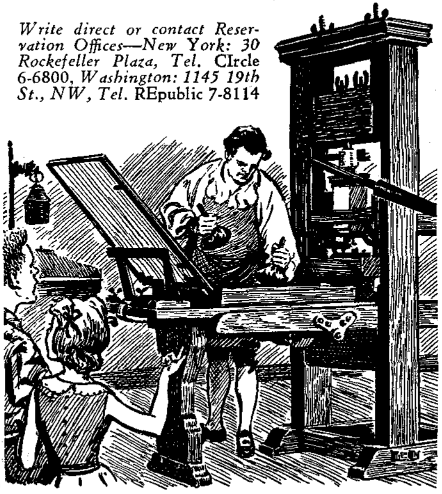

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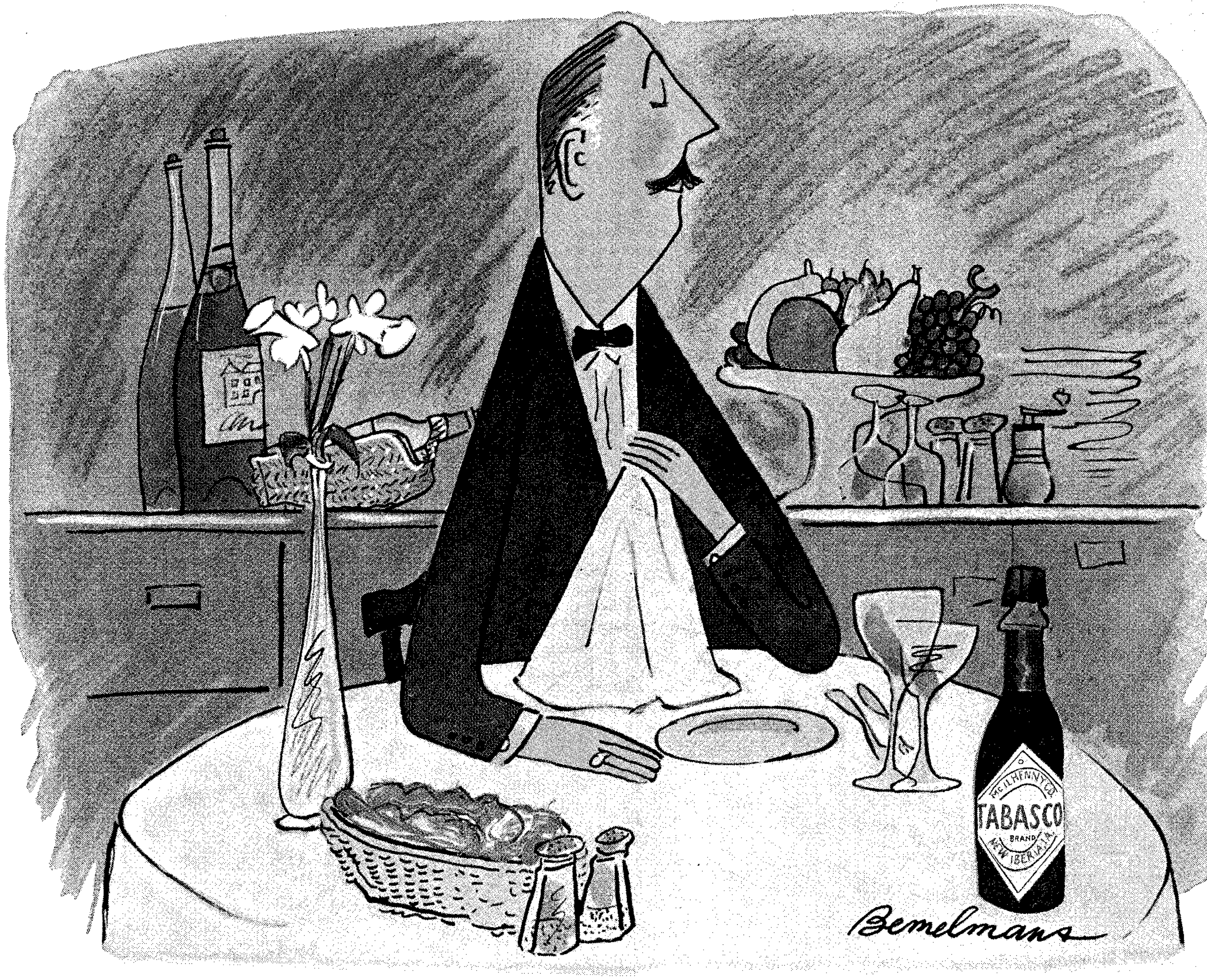
A well-seasoned traveler's guide to Tabasco



The sauces and gravies of Paris

The tourist long remembers the sights of Paris. But, like as not, he remembers with equal fondness a certain recipe he savored in this enchanted city.

It was such a sauce I tasted in a little out-of-the-way inn of the type Frenchmen consider their own. The spécialité of the house was "*Tournedos Béarnaise*" . . . beef tenderloin served on sautéed croutons and garnished with a superlative sauce. The latter included a subtle something that seemed familiar, yet elusive. So I asked my host about it.

"That," he smiled, "is American. It is Tabasco pepper sauce, the liquid seasoning from Louisiana."

I was ashamed. For I have visited Avery Island, home of Tabasco*. I have seen with my own eyes the bright red peppers being aged and mellowed in ancient casks to liquid perfection. "The cooks of Paris," I thought, "have nothing on the homemakers of America. For, right in our own land, we have Tabasco. Ready to give everyday dishes a Parisienne flair."

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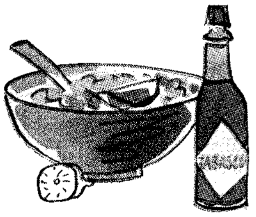

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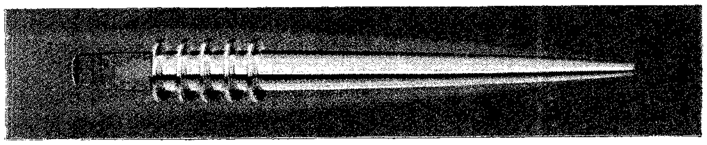

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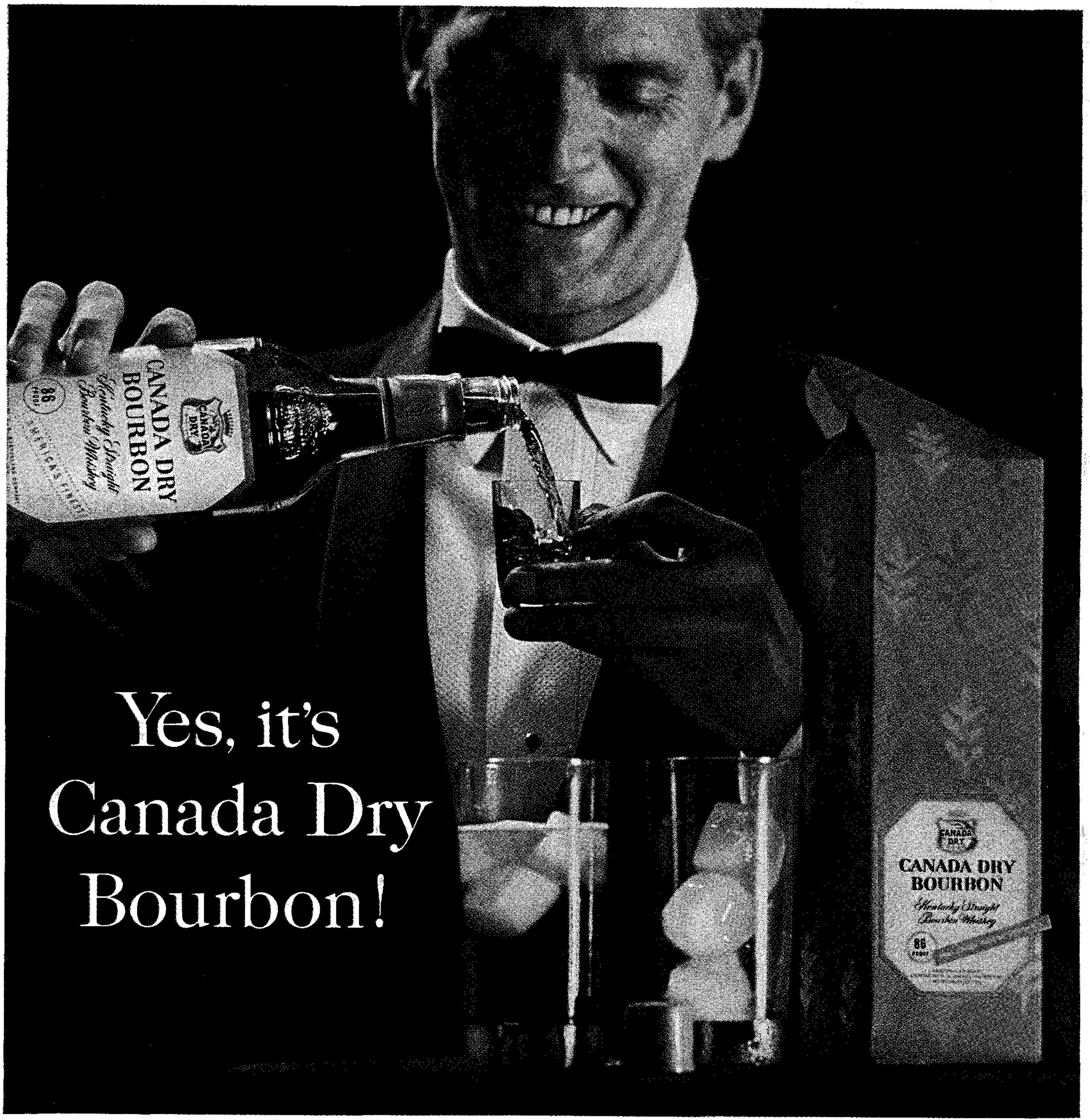
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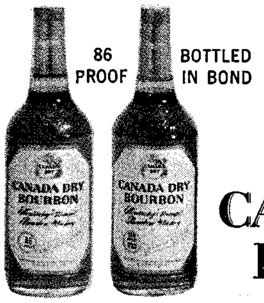
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LETTER FROM THE EAST

Turtle Bay,
November 12

FOR some weeks now I have been engaged in dispersing the contents of this apartment, trying to persuade hundreds of inanimate objects to scatter and leave me alone. It is not a simple matter. I am impressed by the reluctance of one's worldly goods to go out again into the world. During September I kept hoping that some morning, as by magic, all books, pictures, records, chairs, beds, curtains, lamps, china, glass, utensils, keepsakes would drain away from around my feet, like the outgoing tide, leaving me standing silent on a bare beach. But this did not happen. My wife and I diligently sorted and discarded things from day to day, and packed other objects for the movers, but a six-room apartment holds as much paraphernalia as an aircraft carrier. You can whittle away at it, but to empty the place completely takes real ingenuity and great staying power. On one of the mornings of disposal, a man from a second-hand bookstore visited us, bought several hundred books, and told us of the death of his brother, the word "cancer" exploding in the living room like a time bomb detonated by his grief. Even after he had departed with his heavy load, there seemed to be almost as many books as before, and twice as much sorrow.

Every morning, when I left for work, I would take something in my hand and walk off with it, for deposit in the big municipal wire trash basket at the corner of Third, on the theory that the physical act of disposal was the real key to the problem. My wife, a strategist, knew better and began quietly mobilizing the forces that would eventually put our goods to rout. A man could walk away for a thousand mornings carrying something with him to the corner and there would still be a home full of stuff. It is not possible to keep abreast of the normal tides of acquisition. A home is like a reservoir equipped with a gate valve: the valve permits influx but prevents outflow. Acquisition goes on night and day—smoothly, subtly, imperceptibly. I have no sharp taste for acquiring things, but it is not necessary to desire things in order to acquire them. Goods and chattels seek a man out; they find him even though his guard is up. Books and oddities arrive in the mail. Gifts arrive on anniversaries and fête days. Veterans send ball-point pens. Banks send memo books. If you happen to be a writer, readers send whatever may be cluttering up their own lives; I had a man once send me a chip of wood that showed the marks of a beaver's teeth. Someone dies, and a little trickle of indestructible memorabilia appears, to swell the flood. This steady influx is not counterbalanced by any comparable outgo. Under ordinary circumstances, the only stuff that leaves a home is paper trash and garbage; everything else stays on and digs in.

LATELY we haven't spent our nights in the apartment; we are bivouacked in a hotel and just come here mornings to continue the work. Each of us has a costume. My wife steps into a cotton dress while I shift into midnight-blue tropical pants and bowling shoes. Then we buckle down again to the unending task.

All sorts of special problems arise during the days of disposal. Anyone who is willing to put his mind to it can get rid of a chair, say, but what about a trophy? Trophies are like leeches. The ones made of paper, such as a diploma from a school or a college, can be burned if you have the guts to light the match, but the ones made of bronze not only are indestructible but are almost impossible to throw away, because they usually carry your name, and a man doesn't like to throw away his good name, or even his bad one. Some busybody might find it. People differ in their approach to trophies, of course. In watching Edward R. Murrow's "Person to Person" program on television, I have seen several homes that contained a "trophy room," in which the celebrated pack rat of the house had assembled all his awards, so that they could give out the concentrated aroma of achievement whenever he wished to loiter in such an atmosphere. This is all very well if you enjoy the stale smell of success, but if a man doesn't care for that air he is in a real fix when disposal time comes up. One day a couple of weeks ago, I sat for a while staring moodily at a plaque that

Lanz

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the waist wrapped obi-fashion . . .
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Oyster white,
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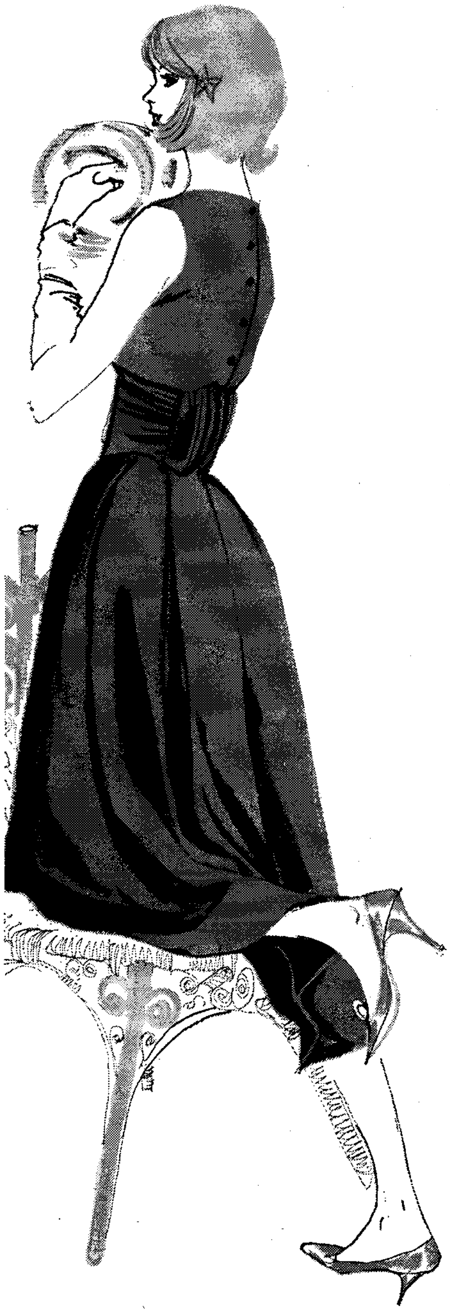

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

had entered my life largely as a result of some company's zest for promotion. It was bronze on walnut, heavy enough to make an anchor for a rowboat, but I didn't need a rowboat anchor, and this thing had my name on it. I finally succeeded, by deft work with a screwdriver, in prying the nameplate off; I pocketed this, and carried the mutilated remains to the corner, where the wire basket waited. The work exhausted me more than did the labor for which the award was presented.

Another day, I found myself on a sofa between the chip of wood gnawed by the beaver and an honorary hood I had once worn in an academic procession. What I really needed at the moment was the beaver himself, to eat the hood. I shall never wear the hood again, but I have too weak a character to throw it away, and I do not doubt that it will tag along with me to the end of my days, not keeping me either warm or happy but occupying a bit of my attic space.

RIGHT in the middle of the dispersal, while the mournful rooms were still loaded with loot, I had a wonderful idea: we would shut the apartment, leave everything to soak for a while, and go to the Fryeburg Fair, in Maine, where we could sit under a tent at a cattle auction and watch somebody else trying to dispose of something. A fair, of course, is a dangerous spot if a man is hoping to avoid acquisition, and the truth is I came close to acquiring a very pretty whiteface heifer, safe in calf—which would have proved easily as burdensome as a chip of wood gnawed by a beaver. But Fryeburg is where some of my wife's ancestors lived, and is in the valley of the Saco, looking west to the mountains, and the weather promised to be perfect, and the premium list of the Agricultural Society said, "Should Any Day Be Stormy, the Exercises for That Day Will Be Postponed to the First Fair Day," and I would rather have a ringside seat at a cattle sale than a box at the opera, so we picked up and left town, deliberately overshooting Fryeburg by a hundred and seventy-five miles in order to sleep one night at home.

The day we spent at the Fryeburg Fair was the day the first little moon was launched by the new race of moonmakers. Had I known in advance that a satellite was about to be added to my world, in this age of additives, I might have stayed in New York and sulked instead of going to the Fair, but in my innocence I was able to enjoy a

A MONTH AT-A-GLANCE

Two desk essentials cleverly and conveniently merged—in a leather pad with monthly sheets in the form of an oversize calendar that gives the date, the data, at a glance. Brown, green or wine hide. 16 x 21" 6.95
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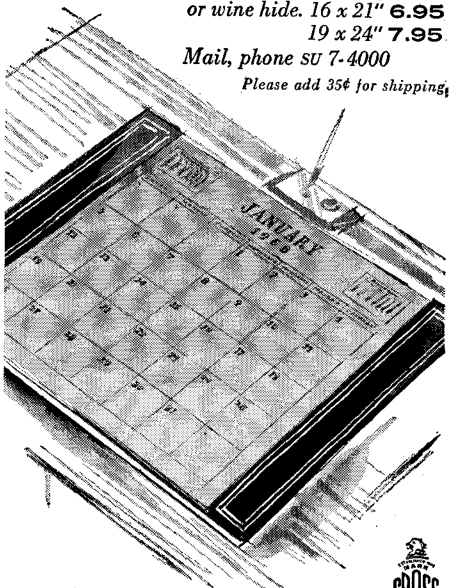


MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n.y. 22

Write for the Mark Cross Christmas Book for 1957

Christmas gifts by Margarete Steiff

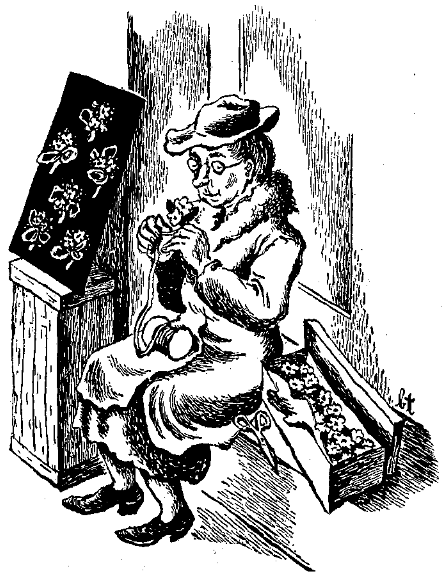
Here's Santa's most useful secret: everybody adores Steiff Plush Animals. Lifelike, fascinating toys for children...so beautifully designed and handmade (in Germany), grown-ups and teens collect them. See the Steiff Animals at F. A. O. Schwarz, Fifth Avenue, New York City, and at all other better toy and department stores.

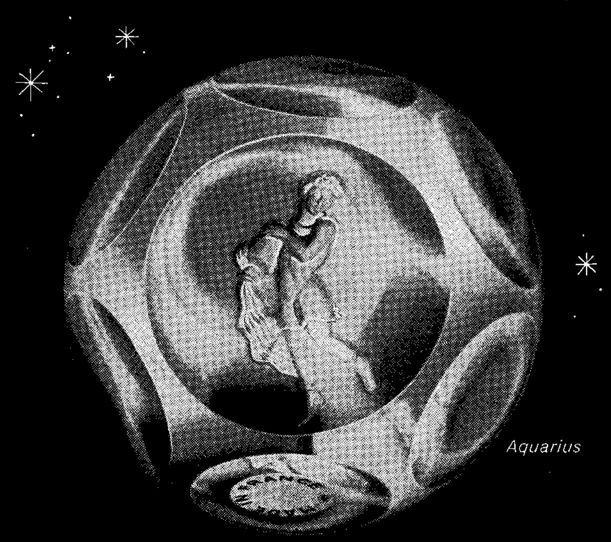
Steiff REALISTIC ANIMAL TOYS
LOOK FOR THE BUTTON IN THE EAR

day watching the orbiting of trotting horses—an ancient terrestrial phenomenon that has given pleasure to unnumbered thousands. We attended the calf scramble, the pig scramble, and the baby-beef auction; we ate lunch in the back seat of our flashy old 1949 automobile, parked in the infield; and then I found myself a ringside seat with my feet in the shavings at the Hereford sale, under the rattling tongue and inexorable hammer of auctioneer Dick Murray, enjoying the wild look in the whites of a cow's eyes.

The day had begun under the gray blanket of a fall overcast, but the sky soon cleared. Nobody had heard of the Russian moon. The wheels wheeled, the chairs spun, the cotton candy tinted the faces of children, the bright leaves tinted the woods and hills. A cluster of amplifiers spread the theme of love over everything and everybody; the mild breeze spread the dust over everything and everybody. Next morning, in the Lafayette Hotel in Portland, I went down to breakfast and found May Craig looking solemn at one of the tables and Mr. Murray, the auctioneer, looking cheerful at another. The newspaper headlines told of the moon. At that hour of the morning, I could not take in the exact significance, if any, of a national heavenly body. But I was glad I had spent the last day of the natural firmament at the One Hundred and Seventh Annual Exhibition of the West Oxford Agricultural Society. I see nothing in space as promising as the view from a Ferris wheel.

BUT that was weeks ago. As I sit here this afternoon in this dishevelled room, surrounded by the boxes and bales that hold my undisposable





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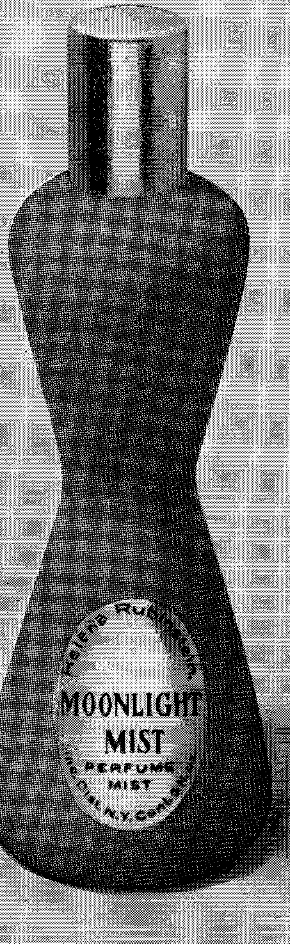
sprays clouds of perfume over you at the touch of your finger-tip. Most delicious. Most delightful. (Most economical!) Pastel Flacons with built-in atomizers . . . heavenly, heavenly gifts.



Apple Blossom, Heaven-Sent, White Magnolia, $2.75 plus tax. Command Performance, Fourth Dimension, Moonlight Mist, Five O'Clock each $3.00 plus tax.

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treasure, I feel the onset of melancholy. I look out onto Forty-eighth Street; one out of every ten passersby is familiar to me. After a dozen years of gazing idly at the passing show, I have assembled, quite unbeknownst to them, a cast of characters that I depend on. They are the nameless actors who have a daily walk-on part in my play—the greatest of dramas. I shall miss them all, them and their dogs. Even more, I think, I shall miss the garden out back—the wolf whistle of the starling, the summer-night murmur of the fountain; the cat, the vine, the sky, the willow. And the visiting birds of spring and fall—the small, shy birds that drop in for one drink and stay two weeks. Over a period of thirty years, I have occupied eight caves in New York, eight digs—four in the Village, one on Murray Hill, three in Turtle Bay. In New York, a citizen is likely to keep on the move, shopping for the perfect arrangement of rooms and vistas, changing his habitation according to fortune, whim, and need. And in every place he abandons he leaves something vital, it seems to me, and starts his new life somewhat less encrusted, like a lobster that has shed its skin and is for a time soft and vulnerable. —E. B. WHITE

•

A Long Island inventor got a patent this week on a self-service machine for dogs. It issues a dog biscuit on the mere pressure of a paw. The machine, which stands against a wall, has a window through which the four-footed patron can see and sniff the biscuits. . . .

At the bottom of the cabinet is a paw pedal. Pressure on this releases one biscuit at a time from the stack above. The biscuits shown in the drawings of the patent are bone-shaped. Mr. Jacob says a pet can be taught to operate the machine and will manipulate it voluntarily whenever he is hungry. Once the machine is empty, the dog will call his master's attention by barking.—*J. Walter Thompson Library Flash.*

If his master is away, he picks up the phone and dials the nearest chain store.

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LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT
(DYNAMIC HANDS ACROSS THE SEA DIVISION)

[*Adv. in the Rome Daily American*]

MILANESE family in leading social and financial position would marry very dynamic, attractive, refined 27 year old daughter, internationally educated, graduated abroad, speaking four languages to a young American graduate 30-35 years old, tall, gay character, broad mentally, loving sports and traveling, working with American company in Europe in adequate financial condition. Photo would be welcome. Write Box 4516, RDA.

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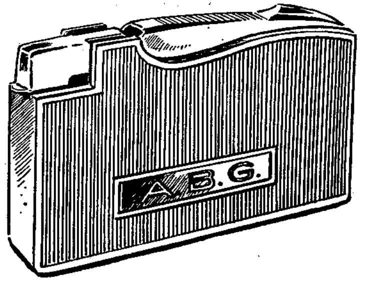

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R. H. STEARNS
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KISLAV
*wool-line doeskin**

From France, washable white, black, brown, chestnut, frosty mist, gray. 6½-8, $15.50

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BOSTON • CHESTNUT HILL

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Full Dose of Gloom

If you're feeling low in the mind and convinced that the world is too much with you, late and soon, you might try as an antidote the French film called "Gervaise." Whatever is eating you, I'll wager, is a trivial indisposition compared to the dysphoric lot of the characters here assembled. They are benighted products of the Second Empire—a working-class group whose fate it is to stagnate in poverty, alcohol, and despair. Based on Zola's "L'Assommoir" and directed by René Clément, the film was written by Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost, who were responsible for the excellent "Devil in the Flesh." While not as savagely pessimistic as Zola, and by no means as expert as the Master in establishing the reasons for their people's behavior, M. Aurenche and M. Bost do confront us with individuals who excite our sympathy. This is particularly true of the heroine, a crippled young woman named Gervaise, who, after being abandoned by the father of her two children, marries a roofer and presently becomes the mother of Nana, another famous figure in Zola's gallery of the dispossessed. She winds up with both her lover and her husband on her hands, the two of them far gone in dipsomania. As played by Maria Schell, an actress of infinite resources, this woman is at all times appealing, and no matter how hard your heart is, I think you'll respond with commiseration to the description of her efforts to start a laundry after her husband is banged up by taking a header off a roof.

Although it may be that M. Aurenche and M. Bost don't quite explain the motivations of the various unfortunates we meet in "Gervaise," M. Clément does a superb job of presenting them as they struggle along. His realism about the physical consequences of alcoholism will perhaps be a bit unsettling to the squeamish, but he should give general satisfaction in his direction of Gervaise's wedding and of a birthday party for her. There is a kind of humor in these scenes, but he never lets us forget that while the characters are having a fine time stoking up on roast goose and other comestibles, doom is always the uninvited guest at the doings.

"Gervaise" is pretty much a particular triumph for Miss Schell, but the rest of the cast is also meritorious. François Périer gives an estimable depiction of the roofer who takes to drink after his accident; Armand Mestral is effective as the scoundrel who seduced the heroine during her formative years; and Suzy Delair makes a plausible nasty neighbor who is out to frustrate any plans for happiness Miss Schell may have. Jacques Harden is a nice relief from the two other gentlemen prominent in the picture as he portrays a noble blacksmith, glowing with honest love for Gervaise.

"Don't Go Near the Water," based on a novel by William Brinkley, deals with the deadheads in the Navy who handled public relations during the Second World War. It's a rather tasteless business, depending for its humor on such things as the use of mouthed but not spoken four-letter words. Mustered for the sad affair, which must have been meant to be a cut-rate "Mister Roberts," are Glenn Ford, Gia Scala, Earl Holliman, Anne Francis, Keenan Wynn, Fred Clark, and Eva Gabor. I wish them better luck next time.

—John McCarten

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Report of a meeting of the London County Council*]

QUESTION

Council meeting—8 October 1957
By Miss Madge Dugdale
of the Chairman of the
General Purposes Committee

To ask the Chairman of the Committee—

(i) Has his attention been drawn to a recent report in the Press that birds—a species of tit—have begun eating the putty used for fixing the glass in metal window-frames?

(ii) Have any of the windows of any of the Council's premises been so attacked by tits or others birds?

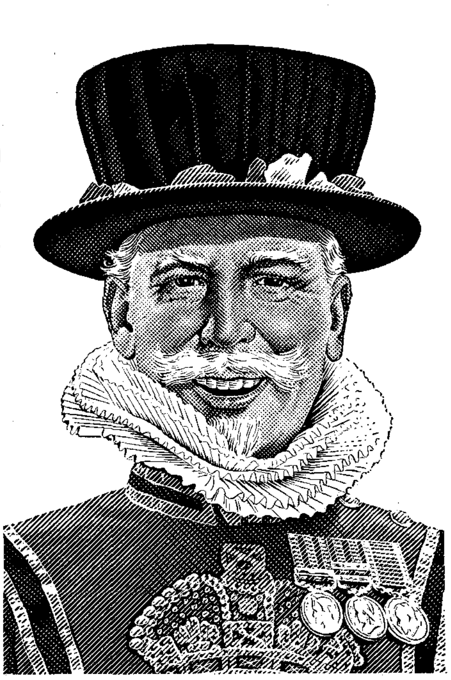
(iii) What steps are being taken to ensure that no putty to which birds may take a fancy is used in the Council's building operations?

Reply by Mr. R. E. Goodwin

(i) Yes.

(ii) A few of the Council's buildings have suffered from the depredations of these attractive if mischievous and hungry birds, but the amount of damage is happily very limited.

(iii) So far, I am glad to say, the position is not sufficiently serious to call for special measures against them but their activities are being carefully watched.



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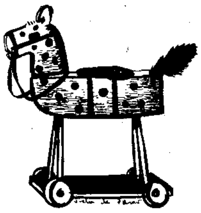
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

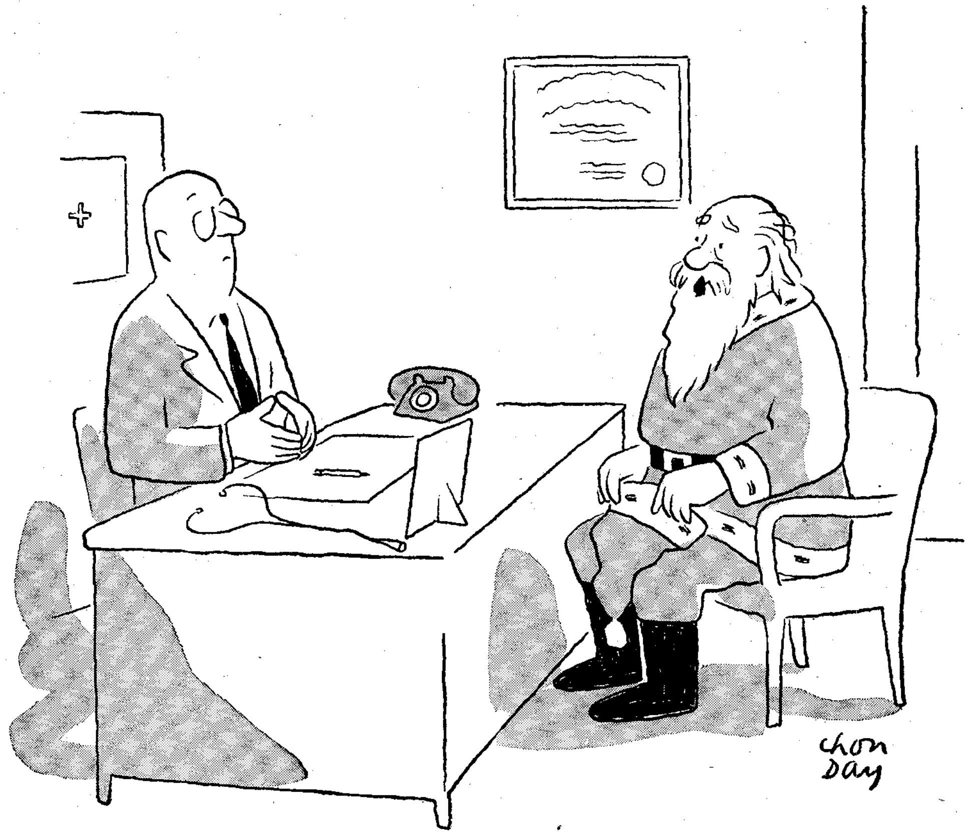
EVER NIGHER DRAWS CHRISTMAS DAY



IN compiling these notes on proposed Christmas gifts, which seem to grow richer and grander with the passing of each richer and grander year, we are plagued by one small point. Who on earth, we ask ourselves, is blest with enough friends and relatives to give all these magnificent presents to? Fortunately, that's *your* problem, and we shall proceed on the assumption that you have been as efficient about drawing up your receiving line as we have been in handling our end. This week, our end consists of suggestions for the householder and his house, plus a glance (starting on page 216) at what's available for young readers. Last week, we ticked off articles that have to be ordered ahead, and jewelry, and next week we'll take up presents for women. After that— well, there's a lot more to come before it's time to set out the eggnog.

Right now, instead of courageously plunging straight into the midst of the current urban delirium, we propose to edge cautiously into it by way of our country friends' rolling acres, at least to the extent of first discussing presents suitable for the great open spaces. With this in mind, we recently visited the Downtown Gallery, 32 East 51st Street, where, as part of a collection of native folk art, a large group of American weather vanes have been assembled, some of which go back to the eighteenth century. We won't hazard a guess as to why, after over two hundred years of being casually taken for granted, our native weather vanes should have suddenly become a matter of the liveliest interest to connoisseurs, but the fact is that today they are the last stylish word among amateurs of American folk art. The examples to be seen on Fifty-first Street include all the well-known and some of the rarer patterns that set the fashion for such things on the Eastern Seaboard in pre-Revolutionary America (vanes either cut in silhouette from sheet iron by blacksmiths or carved in profile from wood), along with quite a few nineteenth-century three-dimensional designs in copper, elaborately contrived with chisel and hammer. The patterns that recur most frequently at the Downtown are the fish (usually the cod) and the rooster, both early Christian symbols, which were used in New England to surmount churches and, later, private houses. There are also spirited images of deer, both two- and three-dimensional (these were usually found in Maine and Vermont); the angel Gabriel, complete with trumpet; galloping race horses, in three-dimensional copper, copied from Currier & Ives racing prints; a splendid specimen of a sheep, whose coat is carefully chiselled to simulate wool; and numerous vanes consisting of a closed hand with the forefinger pointing impressively into the wind. All these are ancient models, but it would take a customer more knowledgeable than we are to distinguish with any certainty between them and the gallery's assortment of vanes made in recent years from antique molds. The modern works, which are all of hammered copper, are bona-fide replicas of designs in favor in the early nineteenth century and are mostly priced between $65 and $500; the antiques start at $75 and go a great deal higher. None of the vanes are equipped with directionals, but these can easily be obtained from any first-rate hardware concern, such as Hammacher Schlemmer. Actually, the Downtown Gallery sells most of its pieces not as working weather vanes, to top off proud barns and stables, but as interior adornments, to go over mantelpieces and doorways. And sometimes they are bought to set up on pedestals on lawns and in flower gardens. . . . Other interesting weather vanes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries are to be seen at Helena Penrose, 931 Third Avenue (56th). They are sold complete with directionals and cost from $200 up.

IF the first essential of a bibelot is beauty, then surely the second is that its counterpart shall not be found in the living rooms of half one's friends and acquaintances. Some ornaments that we can guarantee to fill the bill on both counts are the antique statuettes, ceremonial vases, ornamental bronzes, and fragments of wood carving from the Far East that the Decorative Accessories Company, 305 East 63rd Street, a new concern dedicated to the ancient applied art of the East, has recently brought out of India, Thailand, and Japan. In view of the quantity of modern trash that is being exported today from India, the beautiful objects made in that country some two and three hundred years ago (and now to be seen on Sixty-third Street) are of great, if somewhat melancholy, interest. Among the Indian antiques are a num-



"It hurts when I laugh."

KUHNER

Yours for the picking: lace-in-bloom by Van Raalte

Slip #7936, with all its lace nylon-lined from hip to hem. Sizes 32 to 38 in Black, Cloud White, Crème Beige, Primrose Pink . . . $14.95. #6836 The matching petticoat (not shown) small, medium, large in Crème Beige, Black, Dresden Rose or Willow Green . . . $10.95

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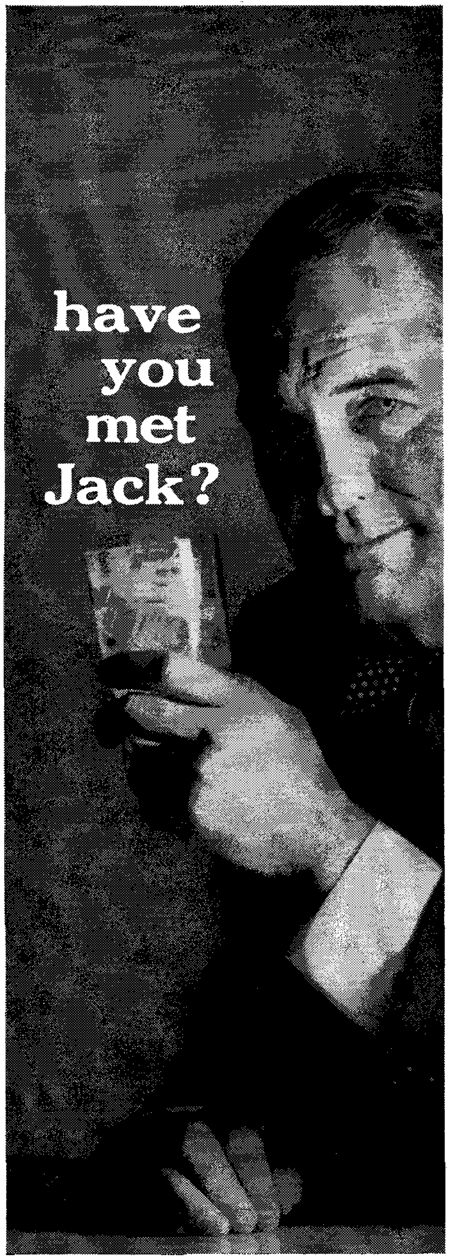
Because you love nice things

ber of large seventeenth-century bronze jars and a series of eighteenth-century wood carvings, done in high relief on panels about thirteen inches long and six inches wide. The carvings are priced at $40 or $45 each, and the bronze jars, no two of which are the same, cost around $250. The majority of the new firm's imports come from Thailand, and include some wonderfully graceful Buddhas, many of gilded bronze; numerous statuettes of dancers, in groups or alone; and one or two rare figures of the phoenix, which are remarkably impressive. Prices of any of these begin around $200. From Japan there is a collection—hardly to be listed under the heading of bibelots—of delightful boxes. Some are of cowhide with deeply incised decorations in gold, some are of red lacquer with a brushwork design, and one is of a hard wood, probably teak, with a decorative inlay of mother-of-pearl. They all would make charming sewing boxes; $60 and up.

At Roslyn Rosier, 40 East 57th Street, more Asian antiques are on hand—notably some enchanting small brass horses from India. They were made in the fifteenth century, as children's toys, and were recently excavated in the environs of New Delhi. While no two are exactly alike, they are all around six inches high and handsomely chased; some of them are set on wheels and were no doubt pulled about by those long-ago children. All are priced at $65. If you are shopping for a connoisseur, you might investigate some of the shop's more important—and more costly—Asian antiques, such as a considerable variety of bronze or stone heads from Cambodia, and some strange and wonderful Chinese animal figures in bronze or earthenware. These range in height from six to sixteen inches, and prices start at $100. Still among the Oriental bibelots, there is in Gunther Jaeckel's gift shop a pair of very striking carved stone dogs, nine inches high, that once decorated the balustrade of a seventeenth-century Chinese country house; $75 for the two.

For the living rooms of households with more modern tastes, America House, 32 East 52nd Street, has some first-rate ceramic animals, which for avant-garde style are simply unbeatable. One, for example, is a nine-inch lionish sort of animal with a marvellous growth of mane, which might well account for his proud expression; $35. . . . Rabun Studios, 31 East 67th Street, has cheerful animal figures made by the American ceramist Margot Kempe, and since they can be bought in pairs, as well as



have you met Jack?

Fix yourself a highball with Apple Jack. The difference will delight you. With Apple Jack you add a rich fragrance . . . a smooth light dry taste that gives your highball a new and appetizing character. Have one tonight. There's nothing like it.

Laird's Apple Jack
distilled since 1780

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Christmas sentiment—S.F.A's hanging album

Carlin Comforts' exclusive and highly prized gifting—decorative velvet panel that holds 6 pictures of loved ones. With brass ring for hanging, and tasseled fringe. 19 in. long, 3¼ in. wide. Dusty rose, aqua, white, black, gold, dark green, beige, 14.50. Mail and phone orders filled. Also available in Chicago, Beverly Hills, Ft. Lauderdale.

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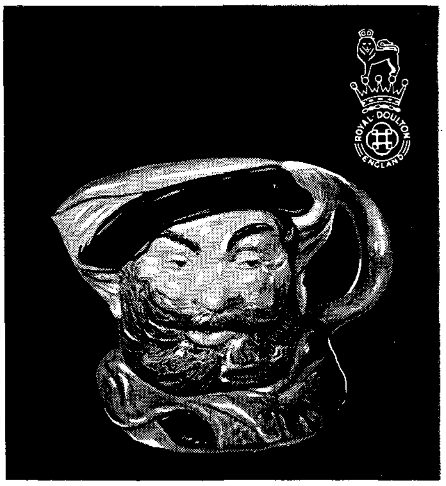

The jugs Royal Doulton makes today for your bar, den or curio shelf are direct descendants of quaint English jugs popular in the 18th Century.
Falstaff, large $10.00. Small size, $5.00

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SEND FOR NEW FIGURINE OR TOBY JUG BOOK IN FULL COLOR.
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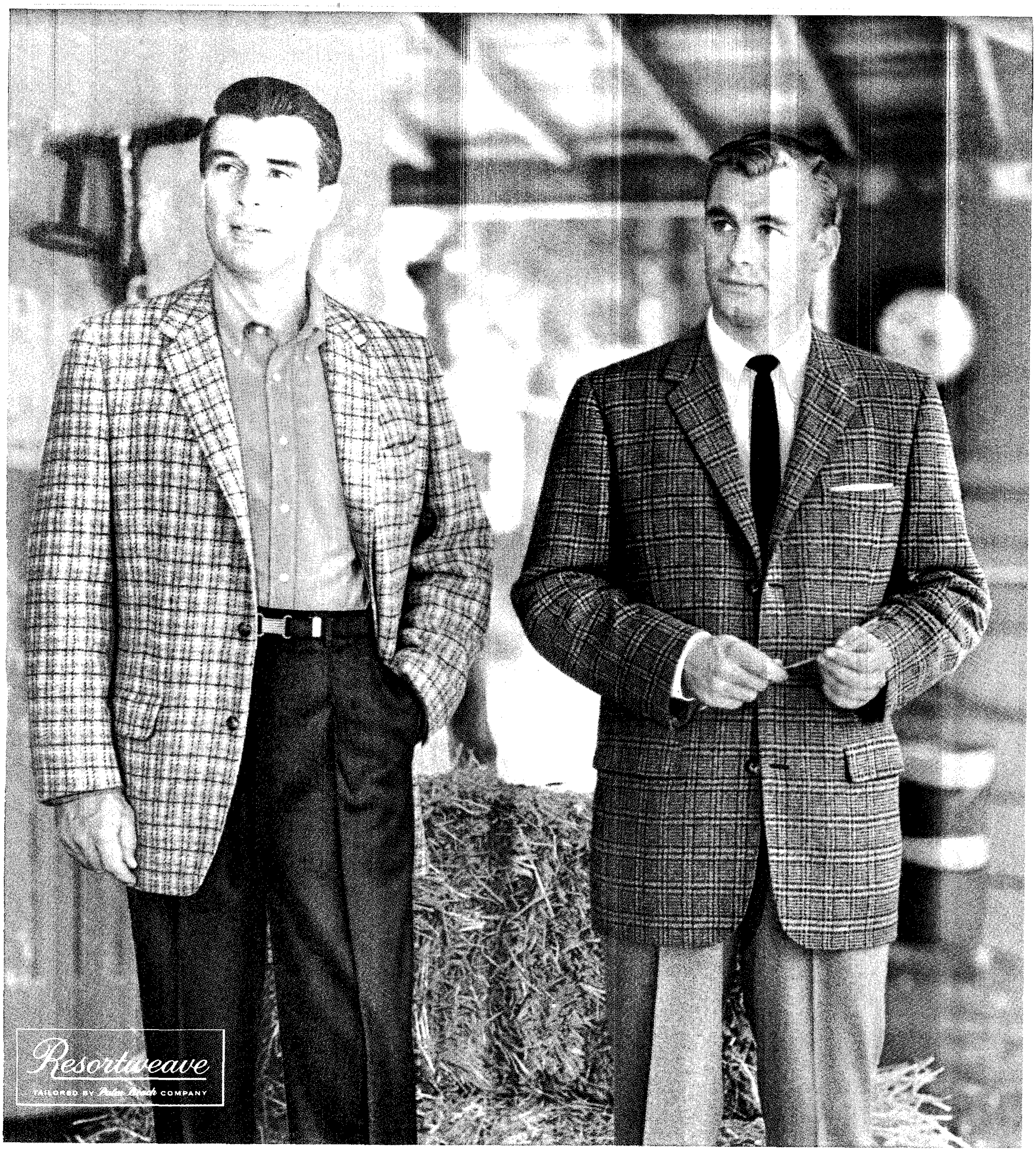
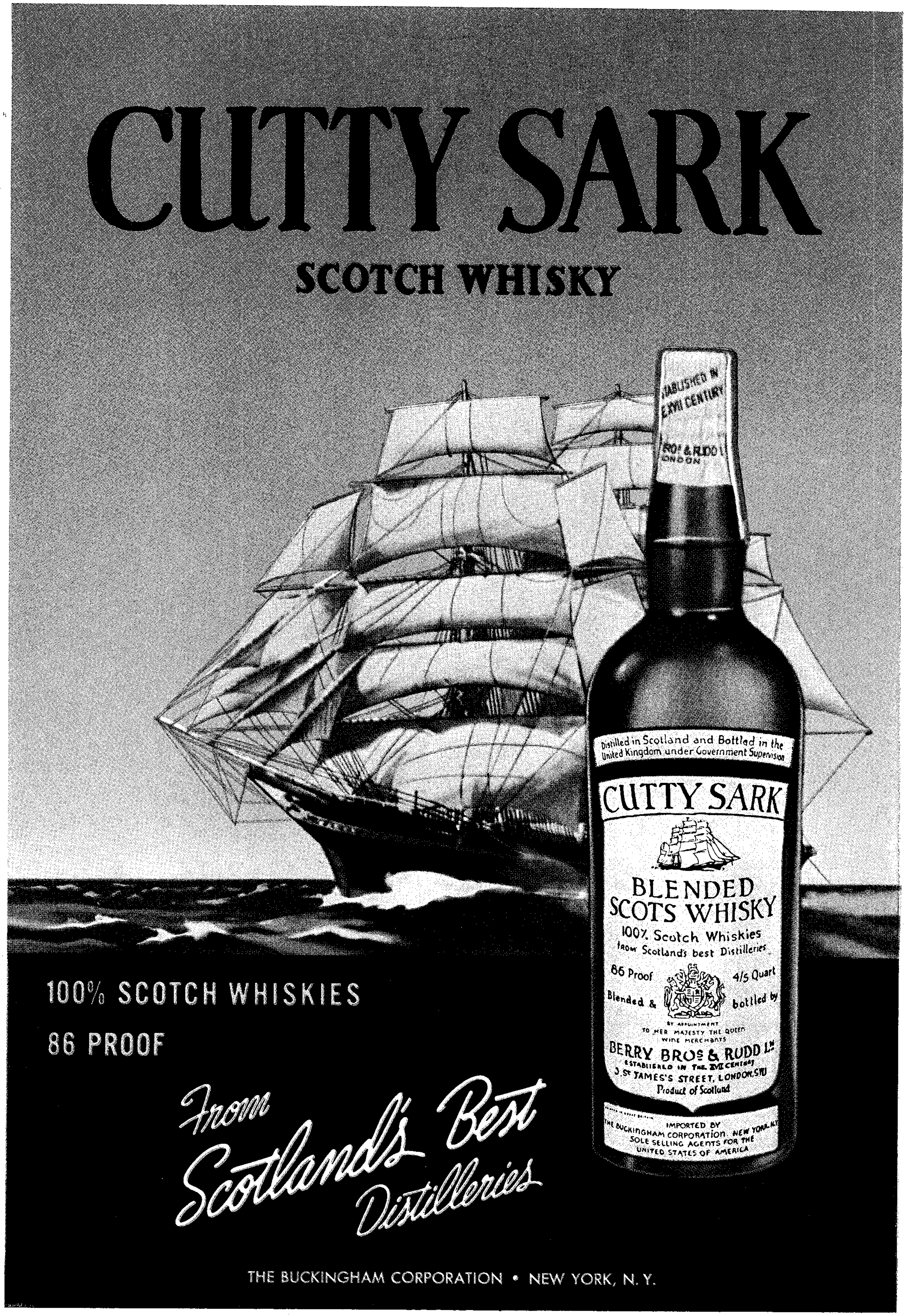

Resortweave
TAILORED BY Palm Beach COMPANY

"Palm Beach" perfects the lightweight wool sport coat. Witness these handsome new, *light*-wool Resortweave† sport coats. Here's real multi-season wearing comfort combined with lasting good looks. The exclusive Resortweave fabrics come in a vast choice of colors and patterns. Palm Beach tailoring assures a perfect, trim fit thanks to the costly bias-cut collar. Coats worn here with Palm Beach flannel slacks. At fine stores everywhere. (Perfect for Christmas giving.) Resortweave sport coats, 35.00. Flannel slacks, 18.95. Prices slightly more in the far West. **PALM BEACH***

†Reg. App. for, Palm Beach Company. Coats illustrated are 100% wool. *Reg. T.M. Goodall-Sanford, Inc. All prices refer to areas where fair trade acts are valid and in effect.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Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
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BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
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CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

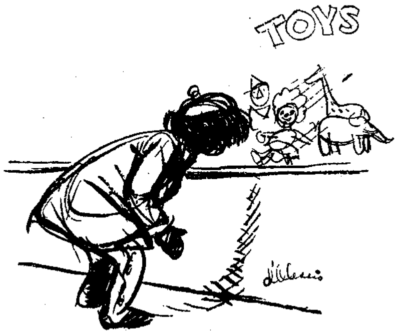
86 PROOF

From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

singly, they may be used as mantel ornaments. In the collection are terra-cotta cows, couchant, at $37.50 each; elephants of unglazed earthenware, at $25 each; and very modern foxes, also at $25 each, that would go extremely well amid contemporary furnishings.

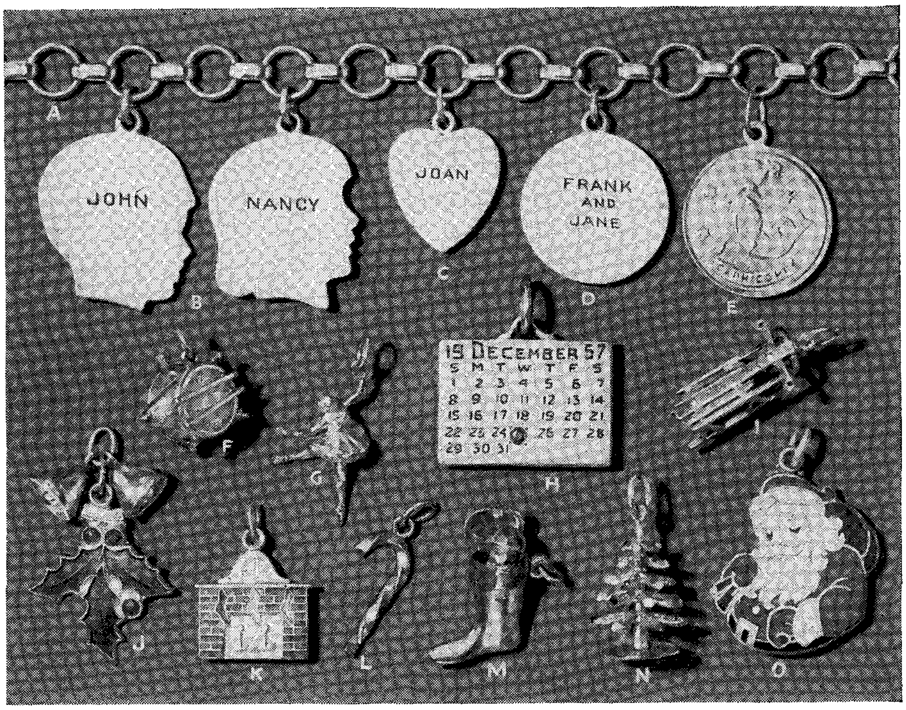
ANYONE who doesn't already know that the eighteenth century was one of the most gadget-crazy periods of history has only to take a look at the exquisite marble eggs with which English ladies of that age cooled their hands before a bout of pastry-making. These fascinating objects, made of rare Cornish and Derbyshire stone, and serviceable as paperweights in this era of frozen pastries, are to be had at La Cuisinière, 133 East 55th Street, where, let us hope, they will be bought for people who at least have an interest in cookery. The eggs, costing from $15 to $17.50, are but the beginning of a long list of charming—and, for the most part, far more practical—table and kitchen equipment, of various periods, recently received from England by this shop, whose Gallic name unfortunately gives no hint of the robust British flavor of its wares. To begin with one of the most satisfactory Victorian institutions, there is a collection of Sheffield dish covers, starting at $14.50, which will buy one that is just right for eggs and a rasher of bacon, and going on to $22.50, for one that might shelter a noble roast of beef. And to go under just such a roast, there are dozens of very fine old platters of heroic size (around twenty-one inches long) in unusual patterns of Staffordshire and Doulton; most of these are made with wells, and they cost between $15 and $25. There are several lots of lovely eighteenth- and nineteenth-century dessert knives and forks. One incomplete set (only nine knives and nine forks remain of the original dozen pairs) has beautifully chased silver blades and delicately grooved ivory handles; $30. Complete sets, somewhat less elaborate but with nice ivory handles and in perfect condition, are the same price. Among some



Caldwell Christmas Presents

GRANDMOTHER'S BRACELET AND CHARMS

14-karat gold



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GRANDMOTHER'S BRACELET

A. Bracelet (others from $13.75)	$23	D. Disc	$ 9.25
B. Boy or Girl Charm	12	E. Zodiac	10.50
C. Heart	7.50	(3 letters each charm free; additional, 15c each)	

OTHER CHARMS

F. Drum	$ 7.75	K. Fireplace, enameled	$11
G. Ballerina	11.50	L. Candy Cane, enameled	4.50
H. Calendar, date set with ruby	30	M. Santa in Boot, enameled	12.50
I. Sled	20	N. Christmas Tree, enameled	16.50
J. Holly and Bells, enameled	15.50	O. Santa Claus, enameled	15.50

Send for the Caldwell Gift Book

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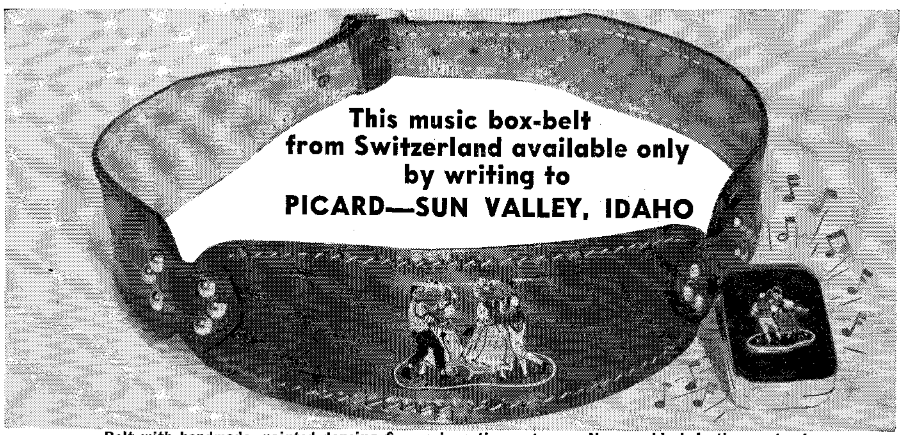

Belt with handmade, painted dancing figures in native costumes. Navy or black leather contrast trim. Mail orders (indicate waist measurement) with check $14.95 (plus $.25 postage) to

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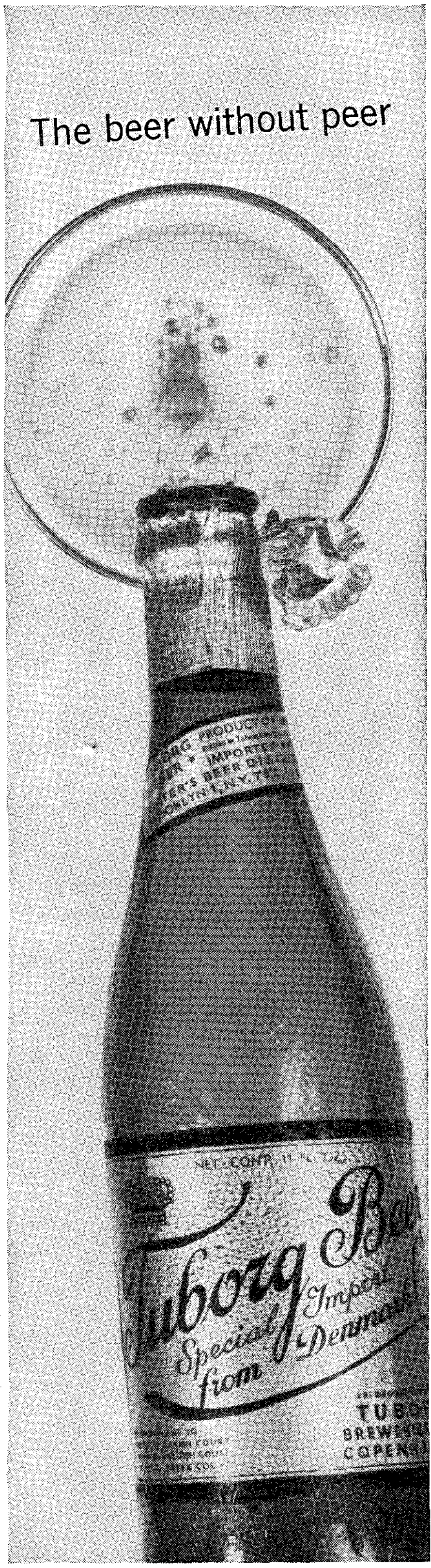

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less imposing items are late-Victorian covered cheese dishes, of rather heavy earthenware, at $10.50. Porcelain menus and menu holders, which one ordinarily thinks of as strictly French utensils, are here in great quantities from Victorian England. The porcelain menu is such a useful piece of equipment for private tables (who would take two helpings, even of shad roe, if he knew pheasant was on its way?) that we earnestly hope La Cuisinière's large assortment comes to rest on the tables of all the fine cooks in town. The little porcelain menus (they can be written on with a soft pencil) cost from $6.50 to $9.50; those intended to hold cards are sold in pairs and are slightly higher in price. The kitchen trivia on hand here include a sizable collection of Staffordshire aspic and jelly molds, in which a few antiques ($10.50) are scattered among many attractive reproductions ($4.50). The London milkman's blue-and-white twill apron, which has been imported for the benefit of husbands who fancy themselves as cooks, costs $3.98, and dish towels of the most magnificent Irish linen you will find outside Dublin are $13.20 a dozen. They have red or blue borders, and there has been no nonsense about prettying them up with allegedly humorous designs.

LOOKING for a present for a *frileuse* lady? If so, and if, besides being chilly, the lady is greatly cherished, then an Irish knee warmer may be just the ticket. These irresistible coverings, which in our own idiom would be called throws, are imported by Isabel Scott, 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), and sold by that firm and by Georg Jensen. Made in a village near Dublin, they are woven on hand looms by a group of County Wicklow ladies from locally grown and hand-spun wool. Although the covers are very warm, they are as light and as soft as clouds, and done in colors that are ravishing beyond words. Some combine half a dozen shades of violet and pink; others are in yellow and gold; still others are in various tones of scarlet and pink; and most delicate of all is a combination of beige and off-white. Each measures forty inches by sixty, and costs $27.50.

HAVING a deep affection (it's almost a passion) for beautiful fur rugs, we've ruefully noted over the years that a beautiful fur rug is one thing that simply never gets on the bargain counter. But just as we had accepted this depressing generality for gospel, here come some extremely good-looking fur rugs from Austria that don't cost you the eyes out of your head. Measuring forty inches by sixty, and costing $65 apiece, they can be ordered from the Blue Hill Pavilion, Blue Hill, Maine. They are not, strictly speaking, skins at all, but fox tails and whatever is left of the pelt after the furriers get through with it, cut into strips and hand-woven together, which may account for the relatively low price. The considerable variation in the natural coloring of the skins (all the way from reddish brown to a rich black) furnishes a random pattern that is most effective. No two of the rugs are exactly alike, and the combinations of shades include gray and black, red and black, red and brown, and, occasionally, a rich nutria. The customer can specify which of these he'd prefer and the Blue Hill Pavilion will try to accommodate. Postage is extra, amounting to $1.75 anywhere in the city.

We had thought that at one time or another in these columns we had said all there was to say about the new school of beautifully colored Navajo rugs, which have no more to do with the old Wild West red, black, and white horrors than a rabbit. This year, though, the Arizona Indians (via America House) have come up with rugs even prettier than before. They are in all sorts of sizes and in soft shades (much more subtle than pastel) of pink and beige, yellow and brown, blue and gray, and the like. All are sturdily woven of hand-spun wool, and will probably last a lifetime. Prices range from $80, for a pink-and-beige rug five feet three inches long and four feet wide, to $120, for one, in several shades of yellow, that is six feet long and three feet five inches wide.

If a deserving woman you know has been complaining for years that she can't find a small, odd-shaped rug for a small, odd-shaped floor space, you might step up to Altman's fifth floor, where there is a collection of handmade Spanish (Alpujarra) rugs in the most unusual shapes and sizes we have seen anywhere. One such, of more or less runner type, is six feet long and eighteen inches wide, and comes in the delightful color combinations of the standard Alpujarras. Another hard-to-find shape is the small square, which the Spaniards and Altman offer in vivid patterns—black or autumn colors on off-white, bright blue and red on beige, black on red, and several other nice combinations. A three-foot square costs $39 and a four-foot square $50. If you are not too proud to settle for a hand-hooked rug

Stan Thomson

or who says gasoline is expensive?

"They say it in Britain, where a skilled carpenter gives more than a day's pay for just eight gallons.

"They say it in Ireland, where only one person in twenty owns an automobile.

"They say it in France, where the price is the same for eight gallons of gasoline or a pair of shoes.

"In the United States? Everything indicates that gasoline should be almost as expensive here, too.

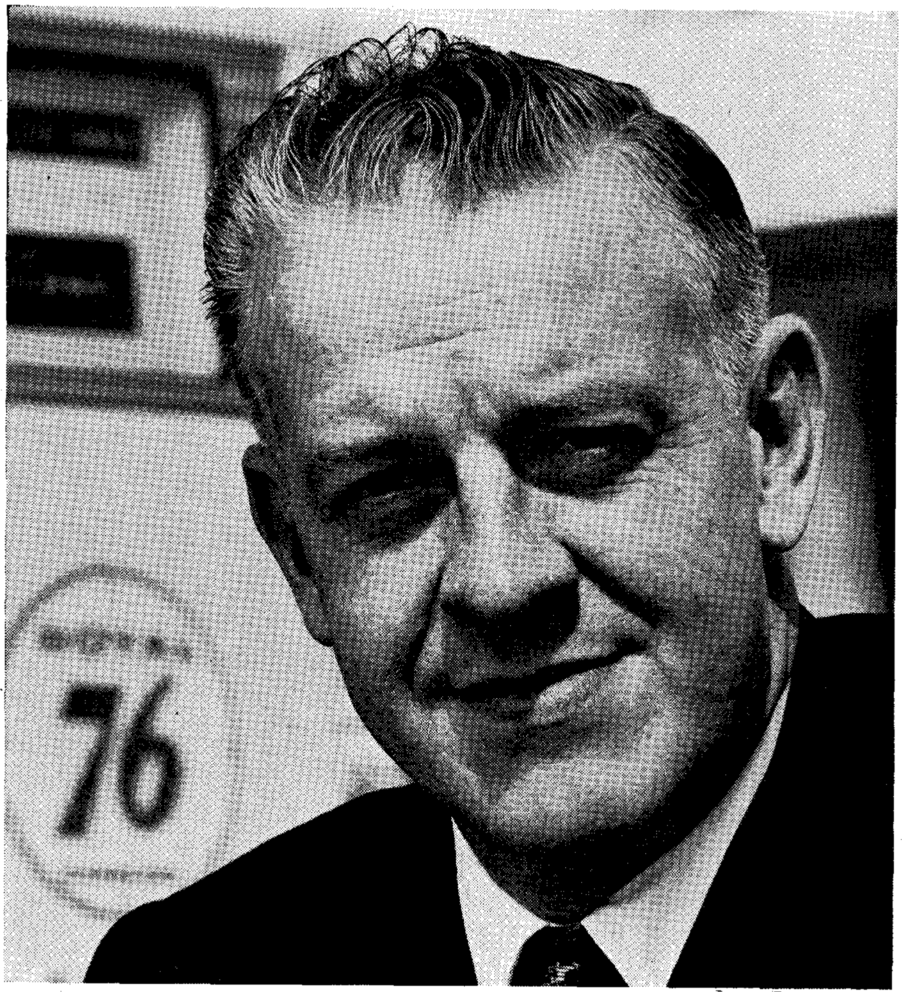
UNION
ROYAL 76
TAX 9
TAX 9

"For instance, Union Oil's costs of building a refinery and the labor costs to operate it have tripled since 1937.

"We pay four times as much to put up a service station today as before the war.

"And fuel taxes you pay at retail have increased 5 cents a gallon in the last 20 years. (In that same time, our refinery price has gone up 4½ cents a gallon.)

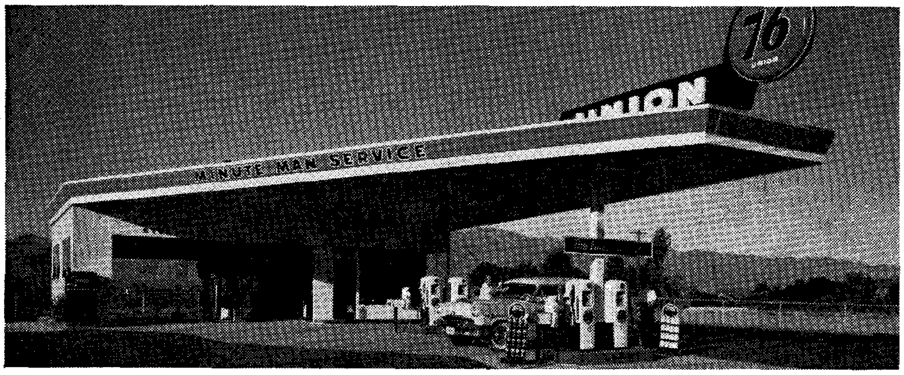
"In spite of these increases, though, Americans pay less for their gasoline than anyone else in the world.



"WE PAY LESS FOR GASOLINE THAN ANYONE ELSE IN THE WORLD."

"What's more, two gallons of today's gasoline do the work of three gallons of the old product."

* * *



As manager of Union Oil's refinery in the San Francisco area, Stan Thomson has a natural interest in the price of gasoline.

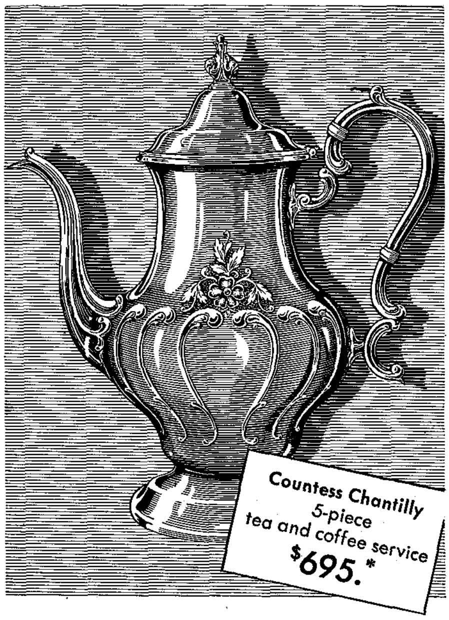
And, he points out, the comparatively low price of gasoline in this country is one measure of the efficiency of the economy under which we live.

Our competitive economy gives us such good value for our money that we enjoy the highest standard of living the world has ever known—and still have money left for savings.

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. *Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



Chantilly

Tea and Coffee Service brilliantly reflects your good taste

Chantilly flat silver by Gorham is one of the world's loveliest sterling silver designs. Its extraordinary popularity as a flatware pattern has resulted in a growing demand for tea and coffee services in Chantilly. Choose from three, all crafted by Gorham's famous silversmiths. Each varies in the amount of ornamentation and handwork. See them at your authorized Gorham silverware dealers.

Chantilly
5-piece
tea and coffee service
$1825*

Duchess Chantilly
5-piece
tea and coffee service
$1185.*

5-piece service includes:
coffee, tea, sugar, cream, waste

Gorham
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America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831

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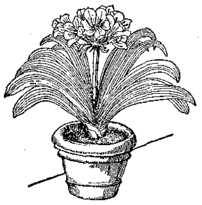
*PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX. SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

that is not an antique (though done in an early-nineteenth-century pattern), you would do well to have a look at some nine-by-twelve-foot cotton specimens that Altman is showing; you will find some very pleasing Victorian patterns at the very pleasing price of $69.95.

HAVE you a friend with a Victorian or Early American house whose walls need adornment? Then you are pretty certain to hit the Yuletide bull's-eye with an authentic silhouette. A collection of portraits in this very special medium, all done in England during the eighteen-thirties, and all measuring in the neighborhood of eight inches by ten, is to be seen at the Old Print House, 139 East 53rd Street. It is astonishing how much personality and character the artists were able to snip into these likenesses, and yet preserve a simple, understated decorative quality. They are all full-length figures, and most of them are either signed or initialled. A signed portrait of a pompous-looking gentleman holding an open book costs $18.50; a little girl rolling a hoop, who might have been a playmate of the infant Victoria, is the same price; a fine figure of a gentleman standing, top hat in hand, before a washed-in background of sailing ships is $25 (this one is dated 1834, and is also signed); a sweet and gentle-looking young girl, complete with eyelash, is $17.50; a man holding an open book and facing a small girl in a severe attitude is $25; and so on. In addition to the cutouts, the shop has a series of original silhouette engravings, done in this country in 1844, of such picturesque nineteenth-century worthies as Thomas Hart Benton, Henry Alexander Wise, and Silas Wright. They are something like eleven inches by fifteen, and they cost $35 apiece. There are also an enormous number of hand-colored wood engravings of American towns, dating from the middle of the last century and de-

BUS STOP
NO PARKING



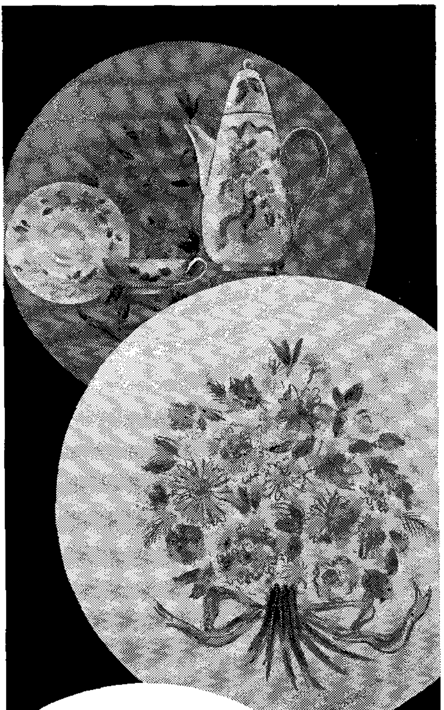
Clivia, the Rare Winter-Flowering Plant, Hates Sun . . . Yes, It Does.

This aristocrat of the Amaryllis family is about the only winter-flowering houseplant we know about that does not demand a sunny window. Indeed, don't ever put Clivia on a south window-sill or one that's normally sunny, but put it right on the sill in north light. Fancy a plant that actually likes to grow and bloom in a New York apartment, heat and all. Could you find a nicer gift for a city dweller? But we don't want to give the impression that Clivia grows without light in an oven, so if you or your friends live in dark city caves, please turn the page.

Clivia blooms, a compound of small Amaryllis-shaped flowers, usually appear toward the end of February, but sometimes they are contrary and wait until early April. But when the flowers appear you will be amply rewarded. They are charmingly shaded yellow to reddish, and last two weeks and more. Also, Clivia's dark green, leathery leaves make it an attractive foliage plant 365 days a year, and sideshoots in a few years more than double the number of flowering stalks.

We guarantee one flowering stalk to appear this winter on these fine, 4 to 5 year-old Belgian imports. Instructions are sent with each order. We ship Clivia in full leaf in special cartons, potted, ready to grow, $9.95 each, postpaid east of the Rockies and Texas. West of the Rockies and Florida, please add 75¢ for extra postage. Insured. If sent as gifts, be sure to enclose gift cards and correct addresses with the order.—**A. Pettingill**

WHITE FLOWER FARM
Rare Plantsmen
Litchfield 23, Connecticut



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Informal ribbon-tied bouquet in blues, yellows and greens on white...finest translucent china. At leading stores.
Contemporary Ceramic Accessories
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Send 25c for brochure. Dept. NYN.
SASCHA BRASTOFF PRODUCTS, INC.
11520 W. Olympic Blvd., Los Angeles 64

picting communities in every part of the country; they run from $2, for small views intended to be framed in groups of three or four, to $12, for larger prints. The Old Print House will have any of the silhouettes or engravings framed for you, within two weeks.

If the little girls among your own forebears were not of the industrious type who left behind them painstakingly stitched samplers for the embellishment of their descendants' living-room walls, their negligence can be most satisfactorily set right. Elinor Merrell, 18 East 69th Street, has a large collection of samplers, and the sight of these has quite upset a notion we had that when you have seen one sampler you have seen them all. These specimens of exceedingly fine needlework were done by careful small hands in England, Holland, France, and this country, and they are as varied as they are exquisite. Most of the work is on coarse linen canvas, and includes an alphabet or so, a pious verse or two, some baskets of flowers, a scattering of birds and beasts, the child's name, and the date. One such sampler, measuring fifteen inches by sixteen and done in England in 1826, costs $7.50; a slightly larger one, made in France in 1835, is $18; one displaying various lace stitches and a good example of Hungarian point embroidery is $25; a nine-inch square of sheerest white linen, from Holland and dated 1779, with five kinds of darning stitches, some so fine that they are indistinguishable from the linen background, is also $25; an English sampler dated 1832, no bigger than a pocket handkerchief and adorned with two verses of a religious poem embroidered in the most meticulous script, is $18; and so on, through fifty-odd infinitely touching examples of childish endeavor.

Also at the Merrell shop—but a far cry from the innocent simplicity of the samplers—is a group of hard-to-come-by French colored lithographs (most of them made in the early nineteenth century) of the odd genre that stems from Arcimboldo's sixteenth-century *têtes composées*, in which fruits, insects, fish, kitchen utensils—anything—are ingeniously grouped together to form human figures. It's hard to say whether these curious prints of, say, a girl whose body is a flounder, with codfish for arms and oysters for feet, were intended to be humorous or perverse. In any case, they make interesting decorative touches, and a figure made of butterflies, caterpillars, grasshoppers, and what have

Glen Craigie
LOOMED IN SCOTLAND

SCOTS BRED...AT EASE ANYWHERE!

There's a rightness you'll recognize instantly... to the cloth *and* the cut of it. It's honest old-country tweed, loomed in Scotland of pure Shetland fleece exclusively for Glen Craigie. Despite its kindly handle, it has that almost indestructible quality which only old-time Scottish weavers can produce. And Glen Craigie has tailored it with the care fine tweed deserves, to the easy, natural lines a country gentleman can live in.

Glen Craigie jackets from $60 *to* $75 . . . *at these and other fine men's stores.*

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Chicago, Ill.	Marshall Field & Co.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville Clothes
Greenville, Del.	Wilmington Country Store	San Diego, Calif.	The Oxford Shop
Greenwich, Conn.	Outdoor Traders	San Francisco, Calif.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Grosse Pointe, Mich.	Proper's	Santa Barbara, Calif.	Tweeds & Weeds
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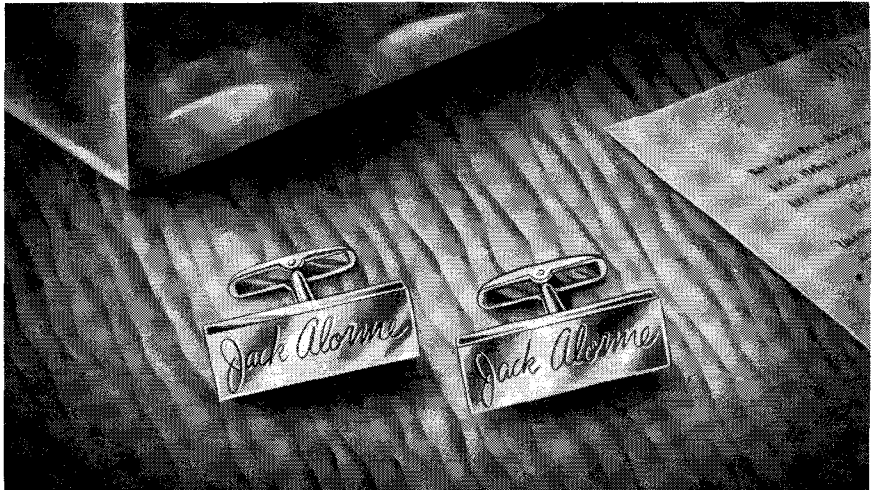

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Your own signature, reproduced on these stunning bar cuff links, make them as individual as a custom-made suit. Of 14-kt. gold, pair, 55.00; of sterling silver, 12.00. Actual sizes shown. *Prices include federal tax. Allow one week for engraving. Postage prepaid in America.* Write for our Christmas catalog.

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JEWELERS • STATIONERS • SILVERSMITHS
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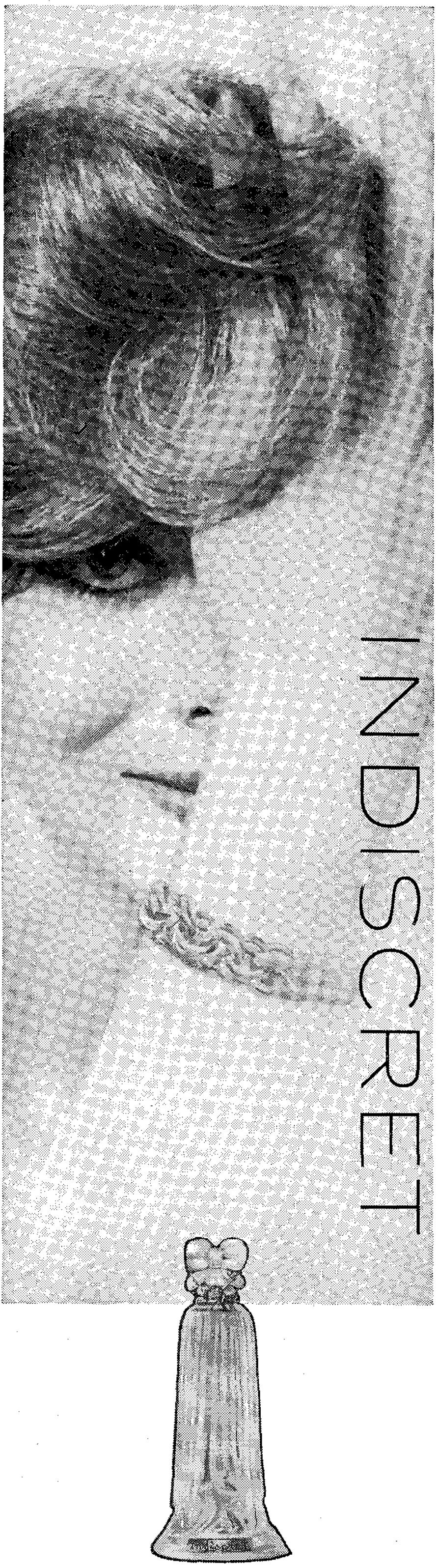


PARFUMS
LUCIEN LELONG
PARIS • NEW YORK

you might well please a favorite entomologist, just as a portrait of a lady made entirely of roses, cowslips, morning-glories, and such might be a great success in a gardener's Christmas stocking. In nice old twelve-by-fourteen-inch frames, the prints cost $50 each.

In a living room where the decoration is scrupulously confined to the nineteenth century, something to enliven the occasionally oppressive quaintness of undiluted Victorianism might be welcome, and few things can achieve this better than a bit of Chinese art such as was commonly found in well-to-do New England parlors of the period. At the East & West Shop, 132 East 61st Street, are some Chinese water-color-and-ink drawings that would serve the purpose exactly. A good number of the drawings—nine inches by twenty and a half, and signed by an artist-scholar of the mid-nineteenth century—were intended to be pleated and made into fans. These depict such subjects as rocks and grasses, scattered yellow chrysanthemums, and a mountain scene with a rushing waterfall. They are all delicately brushed in with water color on rice paper or bamboo paper or, occasionally, gold-colored silk, and are priced between $15 and $22.50. A collection of water colors—most of them of a single bird on a flowering branch—done on bamboo paper in 1800 are $15 each; these are only ten inches square, but the shop's expert on such things points out that each should be framed with a mat of considerable size, to give it the importance it deserves. Some marvellously colored Japanese woodcuts (fourteen inches by nineteen and a half) showing eighteenth-century palanquins and their noble occupants in incredible detail, are $18.75 each; and a collection of water colors on silk (eleven inches by sixteen), done in 1729 by a Chinese artist and depicting lotuses, peonies, and other flowers of the most ethereal beauty, are $22.50 to $37.50. A substantially more valuable group includes a series of twelve original Chinese gouache paintings (fifteen inches by nineteen) portraying, with remarkable technique, the entire history of silk-making; these rare works cost $125 each.

With the walls of very different interiors in mind, Georg Jensen has recently imported three new posters by the Danish artist Bjorn Wiinblad, who has executed a beguiling series of commercial drawings for various Copenhagen firms over the past few years. One of these prints, done for the Royal Danish Ballet, is of a very appealing little dancer (two feet by three feet three inches); the two others, a third again as big, are gigantic playing cards—a king and a queen, of no particular suit. Other posters in the series, of whose fascination we have spoken before in these columns, are a graceful Japanese girl and a breezily clad, very black, and very opulent figure of a woman complacently regarding herself in a hand mirror. As wall decorations amid highly informal furnishings, these would delight almost any householder. The prices are $7.50 and $8.50 apiece, except for the kings and queens, which cost $12.50.

YOU don't have to look twice to see that the pepper mills made by the Salisbury Artisans, of Salisbury, Connecticut, are little works of art; you have to live with them, though, to discover that the grinding mechanism, imported from England, is practically indestructible and will turn out, year after year, a fine and perfectly even grind of pepper. While these mills are not entirely new, we can perhaps be excused for singing their praises at this time, because the little white-metal screw that formerly adorned the top of the grinder has been replaced by a plain brass knob, which may not sound like much but does give the contrivance immeasurably more style and distinction. As for the wood itself, it simply couldn't be improved upon, being either rosewood or *goncalo alves*, a Brazilian species, impeccably hand-turned and then hand-polished to the softest lustre. The mills are made in several designs, of which we find a three-and-a-half-inch model called Ethan Allen—perfectly plain, surmounted by the small brass knob, and priced at $6.75—one of the most fetching. A slender six-inch grinder called Alander, which is done only in rosewood, costs $8.85, and a three-and-a-half-inch one with corrugated sides is $6.75. All these mills have matching salt shakers; the one for the Alander design is $4.75 and the others are $3.75. Prices in every case include postage.

WHAT on earth would big-time Christmas givers with unerring taste do if it weren't for Steuben glass? Fortunately, this gloomy rhetorical question does not have to be answered, for the Steuben designers have never been in finer form, and the shop's display of its famous wares has never been more inspiring. Among the magnificent objects that we hope will fall into worthy hands this Christmas are a number of candelabras—some low enough to talk across at an informal dinner, others tall and imposingly graceful—at prices that run from $130 to $200; a couple of exquisite water pitchers (one with a round body and one pear-shaped), at $45 and $47.50; a most unusual whiskey decanter, with a wide, perfectly flat bottom and four crystal bands around the neck—a charming decoration that also makes a splendid handgrip—at $65; and some new all-purpose wineglasses of great beauty and simplicity, at $174 a dozen.

Did you know that Baccarat, 55 East 57th Street, has one of the biggest collections of Old-Fashioned glasses in captivity—and one of the handsomest, too? There are any number of cuts and shapes, and the capacities range from six ounces to a noble nineteen ounces. Some large and very good-looking barrel-shaped glasses, deeply incised at the base, cost $63 a dozen, and there are Old-Fashioneds of less majestic proportions at $48 a dozen. Two entrancing centerpieces—one a large, flat crystal starfish, for a hostess who believes that table decorations should be kept as low as possible, and the other a basket-shaped oval, done in a bold, pointed cut—are $35 and $85, respectively. Among the less sumptuous Christmas-gift possibilities at Baccarat are some bud vases in jewel colors—a rich sapphire, a ruby red, a deep emerald, and so on—at prices ranging from $8 to $12.50.

TABLE china being an almost certain need in young households, it is lucky that at this time one can, by judicious picking and choosing, find patterns of grace and distinction at not too ruinous prices. To get the Christmas china shopper off to a good start, there is, at Bonniers, a delightful luncheon (or breakfast) service of fine earthenware in deep cream with a narrow, irregular border—it's really more of an edging—of soft yellow. The shapes of the various pieces—generous café-au-lait cups, graceful jugs, gently curved fruit

for the knowing
few on your gift list

MONNET
ANNIVERSAIRE
COGNAC

about
$10.

This "fine champagne" cognac is considered by many to be the finest France is producing. It compliments those to whom you serve it—or give it.

In a most attractive
black bottle, uniquely boxed.

82 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

14 K. GOLD
CUFF-LINKS
FOR CARD SHARPS

Enamelled
JOKERS or any other card
in the deck $75.00
Handcuffs $70.00
The 4 Suits $55.00
Federal Tax Included

FIRESTONE & PARSON
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, Boston, Mass.
Mail orders given careful attention.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors · Furnishers

DINNER SHIRT

103. The Sahara Sand . . . a soft tan Fugi silk dinner shirt. Full length pleats ¼" wide—24 pleat bosom—sheer batiste side body. **$17.50**

14½-16½ neck
32-35 sleeve

All buttons on detachable tape—French cuffs.

No C.O.D.'s — Mail Orders Accepted
Add 35¢ Postage

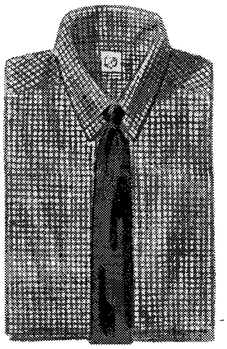
Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N.Y.
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

bowls—are of the sort that in itself is an earnest of good, comforting food. A five-piece place setting is $9; the jugs cost $3 and $5, depending on their size; and a charming little double jam jar is $7.50. Some studiedly countrified Portuguese earthenware has a pattern of dull pink and deep blue on an off-white ground that would be entirely captivating on a not too formal table; prices are $1.50 for the lunch plate, $2.50 for the morning coffee cup and saucer, and $6.50 for a coffeepot, to give you an idea. . . . Having long admired all outsize coffee cups, we report with pleasure that both Bonniers and the International Designers Group, 30 East 83rd Street, have some whoppers, in white Arabic china, that hold nearly a pint. . . . Among many grand Wedgwood services, Plummer and Altman have a number of engaging patterns whose modest cost may come as a surprise. Summer Sky, for instance, an earthenware of purest cerulean blue, with a deep-cream border, is priced at $5.95, for a five-piece setting (or $1.85, for a ten-inch dinner plate), and there are handsome green dessert plates in the shape of a vine leaf, at $2. At Altman, Wedgwood's Cane—a rich allover yellow earthenware—costs $5.10, for a five-piece setting, or $1.55, for the dinner plate.

At Georg Jensen, some kitchen utensils in a new ceramic, called Terma flameware, by the distinguished Swedish potter Stig Lindberg, prove—if it needed proving—that the utilitarian can be as admirable as the wholly ornamental. These pieces—frying pans and saucepans of a rich dark brown with a matte surface—are elegant enough to appear on any table and strong and heat-resistant enough to be set directly over an open flame. The group includes two shallow frying pans, a deep, covered saucepan, several casseroles, and a graceful coffeepot, at prices that run from $4.25, for a skillet, to $12.50, for a large casserole. The coffeepot is $9.75.

If you are looking for odds and ends of valuable antique china—either English or Continental—a worth-while place to go is the Art Exchange, 908 Third Avenue (55th). Here, along with a large number of collector's items, there are small pieces that would make capital Christmas presents for anybody who appreciates really good old porcelain. There is, for example, a wide choice of valuable cups without saucers (which are in great demand as cigarette containers) and of equally valuable saucers whose cups have departed this life

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors · Furnishers



RED GINGHAM TAB COLLAR

Seldom have we seen a shirt with such brightness and warmth of color. Certain to pick up the spirits and certain, too, to catch the approving eye of friends, fellows and countrymen.

Cut with generous shirt body, coatstyle, unlined tab collar and single button barrel cuff—breast pockets. **$7.50**

Neck size 14½-16
36 sleeves not available

No C.O.D.'s — Mail Orders Accepted
Add 35¢ Postage

Chipp
14 East 44th St. • New York 17, N.Y.
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

a gentle parody of family or friends
individual *expressive* *whimsical* *each with its own personality*

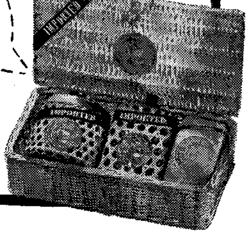
greenland seals,
handmade in varying shades
of genuine, silvery gray
sealskin

available in 3 sizes
3"—$1.50 4"—$2.50 6"—$3.50
postage included — no C.O.D.'s

DESIGN RESEARCH INC., 57 BRATTLE ST., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Treasure Chest

ST. JOHNS
BAY RUM
SOAP, TALC
Virgin Islands

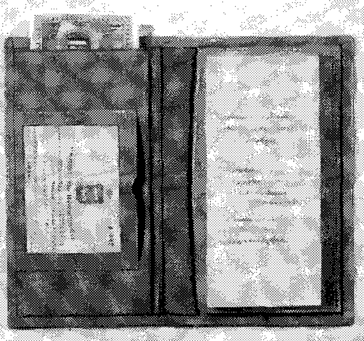


M. W. McIntyre, Ltd.
292 Madison Ave.
New York, U.S. Agent

$7.50 plus tax

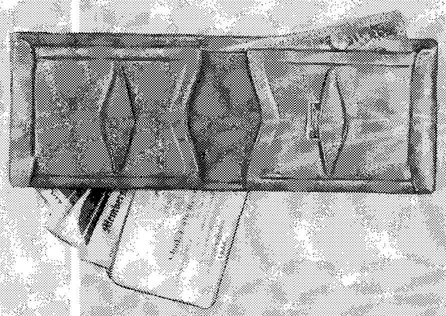
Match up a set that looks like a million for the money!

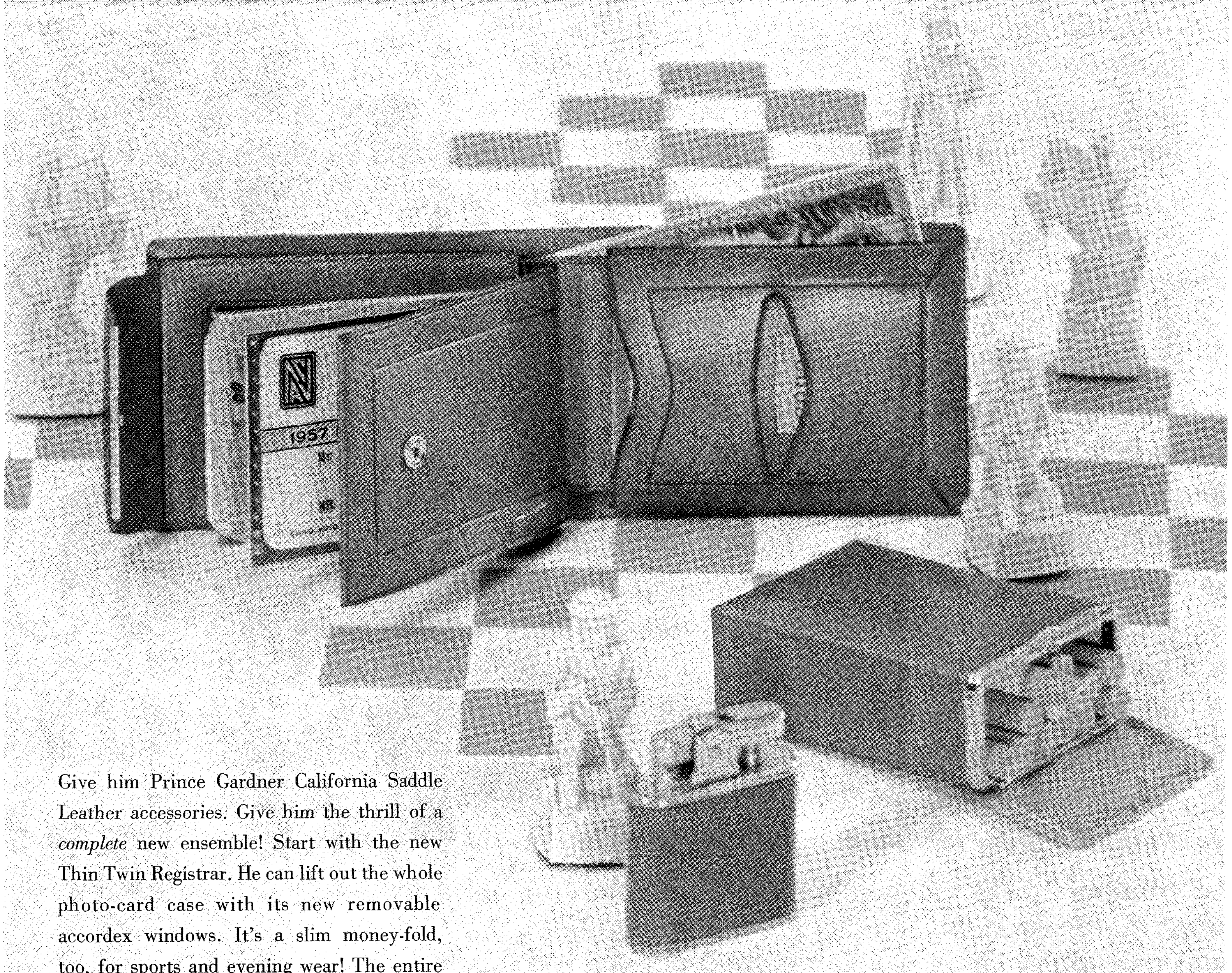
BREAST POCKET SECRETARY.
CHECKBOOK CASE. $7.50*



SIX-LOOP KEY-GARD. $3.75*

SLIM BANKER WITH
SWING PHOTO-CARD CASE. $5.00*



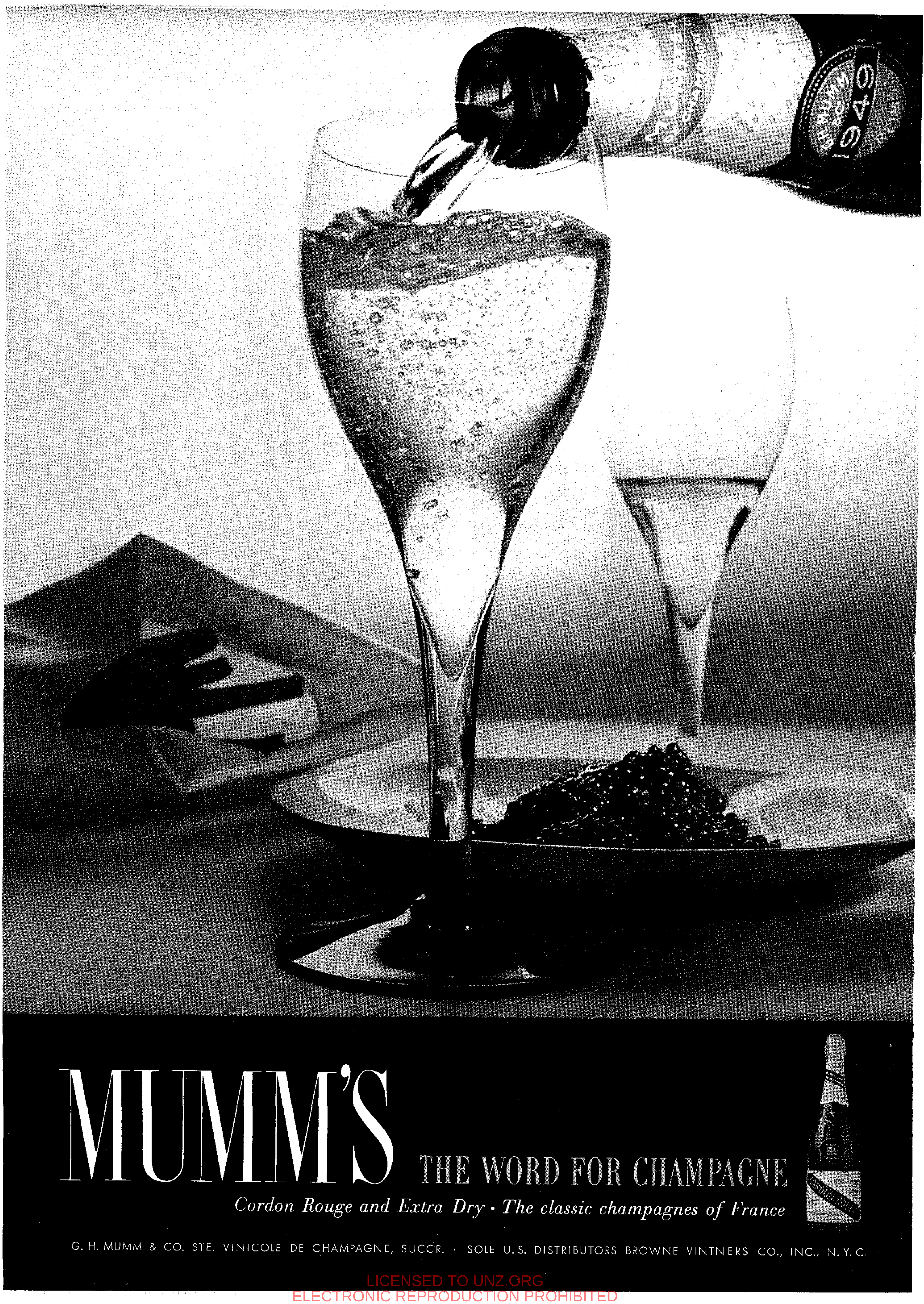


Give him Prince Gardner California Saddle Leather accessories. Give him the thrill of a *complete* new ensemble! Start with the new Thin Twin Registrar. He can lift out the whole photo-card case with its new removable accordex windows. It's a slim money-fold, too, for sports and evening wear! The entire Thin Twin is protected by an Invisible Stitch® to hold its shape and prevent ripping. Only $7.50*. Others to $45.00*. Matching California Saddle Leather accessories: Cigarette Case $3.95, Cigarette Lighter $3.00.

get your money's worth for your money . . . get

PRINCE GARDNER® matched accessories

PRINCE GARDNER • 1234 S. KINGSHIGHWAY, ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI. AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE. *PLUS TAX


G.H. MUMM & Co.
1949
REIMS
DE CHAMPAGNE

MUMM'S

THE WORD FOR CHAMPAGNE

Cordon Rouge and Extra Dry • The classic champagnes of France

G. H. MUMM & CO. STE. VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCR. • SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C.

(which would make highly decorative ashtrays). Prices of the cups run from $5.50, for several English and Chinese Lowestoft items, to $10, for some beautiful Vienna ware; the saucers, which include specimens of the finest English, French, and German china, range from $12.50, for an exquisite Newhall piece, to $20, for a saucer of rare Lowestoft. Among the more costly items, the shop has a group of little eighteenth-century gravy boats, which would cozily hold soup for two or look very comely in a cabinet—$20 to $60 for these. And in an unusually large collection of Meissen's extremely rare Red India pattern there are numerous outsize meat platters and chop dishes, priced at from $19 to $48.

How far out of your way will you go to get some exceptionally pretty little soup bowls that don't cost much? If the thought of Fourteenth Street doesn't make your feet cry out in protest, we can lead you to Bon Marché, at No. 26 East, where some very fetching small black or orange bowls, in a delicate Japanese porcelain, are to be had for ninety-nine cents.

WE can't believe that anybody with an interest in antique English silver has failed to visit the exhibit of the breathtaking Lumley collection currently being held at James Robinson, 12 East 57th Street, nor can we seriously imagine that any connoisseur will be influenced in making a purchase of such aesthetic and financial importance by our say-so alone. It is, rather, as a serene interlude in the turmoil of Christmas shopping, as well as for our own pleasure in recalling the superb silverware, that we suggest a visit to this display, gathered from among the treasures of some of the wealthiest families in England. If we end by inspiring somebody to give his dearest love a Queen Anne coffeepot or a Charles II bowl this Christmas, so much the better. Some of this silver goes back to the early seventeenth century (there is a thirteen-inch standing saltcellar from the reign of James I that, if it were ours, we wouldn't trade for any Cellini we've ever seen), but the peak of the collection is reached in the examples from the eighteenth century, when the enormous wealth of the English nobility was, for the first time, being spent on the adornment and comfort of the home. On hand are several pieces by Paul Lamerie, probably the greatest of all the English silversmiths (actually, he was a Huguenot refugee from France), among them a pair of rococo sauceboats of

(Advertisement)

ASSISTANT GARDEN EDITOR
GARDEN EDITOR
duquette

A title on the door... rates a Bigelow on the floor

P. S. Plain *or* fancy—you can depend on a Bigelow carpet to bring your office comfort, quiet and distinction. Special designs, colors and textures available. Call any Bigelow district office, or Contract Dept., 140 Madison Ave., New York City. Bigelow . . . fine rugs and carpets since 1825.

two of France's great perfumes

NOSTALGIA

—

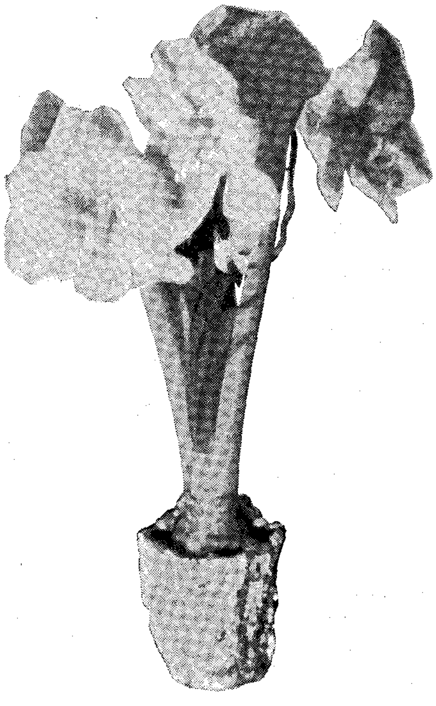
FLEUR SAUVAGE

EAUX CONCENTRÉES AND COLOGNES

MADE AND BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY

Parfums Monteil

PARIS NEW YORK



To Our Dear,
Dear, Dear, Dear
Dearest Mrs. Richards:

Yes, you can grow Warmenhoven Amaryllis, the strain that is internationally famous for not only size of bloom, but for their wonderfully clear and nearly iridescent colors. Anyone can grow this strain; fact is we are so sure of it that we unconditionally guarantee that each bulb will bloom this year, and that, Mrs. R., is quite a guarantee. Moreover, if our concise directions are followed even haphazardly, the bulb will get bigger and bigger, throw more and more flowers year after year. Yes, it will.

This is the perfect "not-too-little-and-not-too-much" rememberance. We ship huge bulbs (11 inches and more in circumference), potted, ready to grow. All one does is to add water. In from six to eight weeks the great flowers (4 inches and more in diameter, two to six blooms on each stalk) will appear. Sounds foolproof? Well, it *is* foolproof—for years we've sold all of this scarce strain we could get.

Order by color. Pure White, solid shades of Pink, Salmon, Scarlet, Darkest Red, Lighter Red, and Rose. Also, Rose and White. Potted, each $5.95. Shipped postage free east of the Rockies and Texas; west of the Rockies and Florida, add 50¢ for each bulb. (Unpotted bulbs $4.95 each, postage free anywhere in U.S.A.) Detailed instructions accompany each bulb. Please indicate a second (and third) choice of color. Be sure to enclose your gift cards, addresses, other instructions.—**Amos Pettingill**

P.S. For fanciers we have extremely rare Warmenhoven named varieties. Indicate color: White, Pink, Red, Scarlet, Salmon, and Cerise. $15.00 each, shipped potted only. Supply is very limited. And *please* don't buy these rarities for gardeners who won't appreciate them.—A.P.

WHITE FLOWER FARM

Rare Plantsmen

Litchfield 23, Connecticut

George II's time, a pair of George I salvers, and a George II inkstand. David Willaume—another great name among silversmiths—is represented by a pair of finely chased latticework cake baskets, the like of which we've never seen, and by an inkstand, complete with inkpot and pounce box. Other rare and beautiful items are a George II shaving set, consisting of a bowl, a covered soap dish, and a hot-water jug; and a Scottish teapot, made in 1721, that is one of the most graceful pieces of table silver a householder ever coveted. Of a later period (1823), and the last word in extravagant posh, is an ivory spice case, eight inches by ten and bound with elaborately worked silver bands, which contains two ivory-and-silver nutmeg graters and six silver boxes, each with the name of a spice inscribed on its hinged lid. To give you an idea of the majestic prices asked for these majestic objects—no, we lost our nerve. All we can say is that they're well up in the thousands.

To move along to some modern silver that is not only good-looking but within the realm of possible purchase for ordinary shoppers, America House has recently instituted a service that, as far as we know, is unique. Through an arrangement with Lewis Wise, whose signally handsome pieces are to be seen at the shop, America House undertakes to furnish his silver in designs made to order for individual customers. What he does is submit original designs or modifications of his existing designs to the customer, and once a pattern is agreed upon, he is willing to restrict it to the family that ordered it. The flatware is, of course, entirely handmade, and, to tell the truth, the specimens on view at America House are so lovely that we can't see much reason for variation. All the same, silver in an exclusive family pattern is an understandably desirable bit of elegance. Prices for the one-of-a-kind designs run from $75 to $100, for a six-piece place setting.

As we noted last week, a branch of Emilia Bellini, an Italian linen shop of fashion and distinction with headquarters in Rome and Florence, has come to roost at 411 Park Avenue (55th), and in addition to the lingerie, which we have already discussed, there is a display of embroidered table linen as fine as anything you will see in these parts. Among the particularly noteworthy tablecloths is one with a flight of brilliant butterflies marvellously embroidered on sheer white linen (seventy-two inches by a hundred and eight), which, with twelve matching napkins, costs $135; a slightly longer cloth with field flowers hand-woven into the linen, at $65, including a dozen napkins; and another hand-woven specimen, with a pattern of the heads of scarlet-combed cocks, at $69.50, including napkins. The shop also has sheets of the best percale with a hand-printed band of floral decoration at the hem ($25 for a pair of single sheets and a pillowcase, and $45 for the double-bed set); gaily hand-printed children's sheets ($22 for the set); infants' hand-blocked pillowcases ($15, complete with a down pillow); and, for the most important baby of the year, a crib cover of wonderfully delicate white piqué, richly embroidered in white ($85).

The Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (72nd), has embroideries of the same meticulous workmanship but of more ambitious, not to say precious, patterns, many of them copied from medieval illuminated manuscripts or historic tapestries. A luncheon set, for example, takes its design from the pages of the Duc de Berry's famous Book of Hours, no less. One of the most elaborate items in the collection is a small down pillow (twelve inches by eighteen) covered in hand-woven silk on which is copied in finest embroidery the central motif of the Anne of Brittany tapestry at the Cloisters, complete with unicorn and cipher. The price is $125. Pillows covered with the same hand-woven silk and embroidered with a single spray of flowers—a small bunch of lilies of the valley, a sprig of lilac, and one rose in full bloom—cost $45. A tea cloth forty-five inches square, with a songbird embroidered in each corner, and six napkins, embroidered with a pattern of green foliage, are $85; three-piece breakfast-tray sets depicting the trials and triumphs in the life of a lady gardener are $22.50; luncheon sets consisting of a runner, eight napkins, and eight doilies embroidered in highly fanciful designs are about $175; and there are countless sets of finger-bowl doilies, cocktail napkins, and such—all triumphs of needlework and a busy

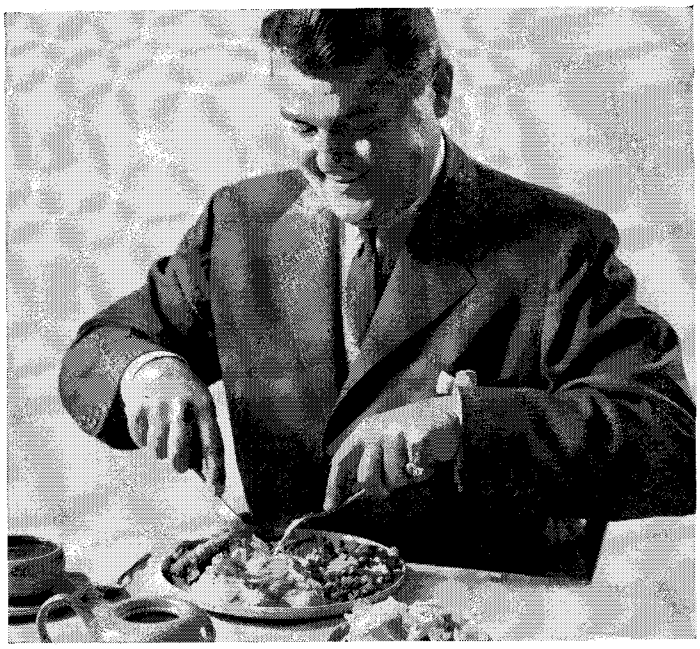
CHRISTMAS CARDS
LASZLO

What's the difference between appetite and hunger?

What makes some people crave more food than their bodies can use up?

Are they really hungry —or do their appetites fool them?

How can you train your appetite to suit your body needs?



New facts about dieting—and how sugar helps control your weight

Q. Is it possible to eat only as much as you should, and still be satisfied?

A. Yes, it is. Sometimes people confuse appetite with hunger. Hunger has been defined as a *need* for food, appetite as a *desire.* The big difference is you can train your appetite, and re-educate it to match your real needs.

Q. Can you do it without starvation diets or drugs?

A. Doctors warn that drugs and drastic diets are advisable only in certain cases, and can be dangerous without proper medical supervision. Training your appetite is the *natural* way to control weight.

Q. What is the best way to start?

A. The leading nutritionists suggest this: Eat the same foods you are accustomed to, in good variety. Simply go *light* on portions. This plan includes sugar for several reasons. Most people *like* sugar, it supplies energy, and it helps in cutting down.

Q. How can sugar help you eat less?

A. You may remember, when you were small, your mother wouldn't let you have a cookie or a piece of candy before a meal because you wouldn't eat all your dinner. Mother may not have known the scientific reason, but it is a fact that *no other food stems the appetite faster than sugar.* If you are trying to cut down on portions, a nibble of something sweet shortly before a meal may keep you from eating, at mealtime, far more calories than you need.

Q. What happens if you cut down too far?

A. You must remember that carbohydrate foods, such as sugar, are used primarily for energy—the kind of energy your body needs for every action, every heartbeat, every breath. When these foods are trimmed too drastically, nature sends out warning signals to slow down. You have a feeling of tiredness, of brain fatigue, even irritability.

Q. How can you help prevent this letdown?

A. Nutritionists have found that an Energy Break helps in mid-morning or afternoon—perhaps a piece of candy, cookie or a beverage with sugar it in. This is what is meant by "The Scientific Nibble." Sugar is the quickest source of energy there is. *Ounce for ounce, no other food supplies energy as fast, with so few calories.*

Q. Would an artificial sweetener have the same effect?

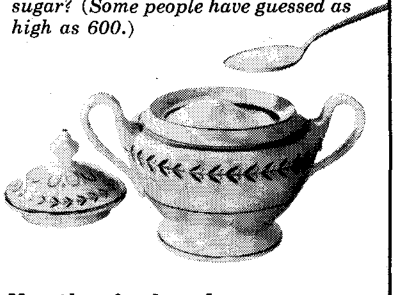
A. No. Artificial sweeteners have no energy value whatsoever. What's more, they have little or no effect in weight reduction. In a 3-year study of overweight people at one of the nation's leading universities, it was found that people *who gave up sugar and used artificial sweeteners lost no more weight than those who used sugar.*

Q. How can I keep my weight down after I reduce?

A. Simply eat foods you like, in enough variety to provide a balanced diet. If you start to gain, eat a little less. Again, nutritionists say, *don't cut out any one food.* Enjoy sugar and the foods that make meals a pleasure. This way, you can live all your life with smaller portions, learn to feel satisfied with them, and actually improve your health!

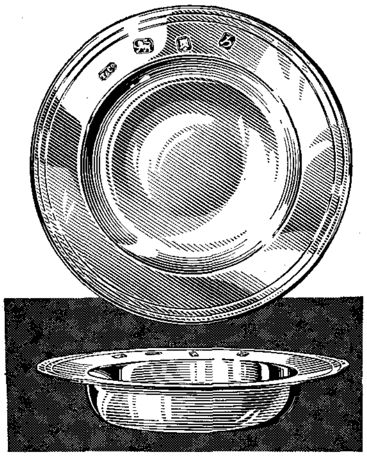
18 CALORIES!

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people have guessed as high as 600.)



No other food curbs your appetite so fast with so few calories

SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
New York 5, New York
All statements in this message apply to both cane and beet sugar.



THE ARMADA DISH
STERLING SILVER

Elizabethan design, originally made
of silver captured from the
Spanish Armada in 1588. For use as
an ashtray or mint dish,
three inches across. Ten dollars
including federal tax.
Add fifty cents for shipping.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK

Introducing . . . Vanessa

MINTON
English Bone China
A vivacious over-all floral pattern
in the modern mood
on pure white bone china.

In New York . . . at Tiffany's

MEAKIN & RIDGWAY, INC.
129 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.
U. S. Representative for Minton

imagination—at around $45 a dozen.

Very modern—and, we admit, refreshing after these extravagant table settings—are some quite simple placemats designed, with great style and dash, by Alexander Girard for Georg Jensen. These linens are hand-blocked in strictly conventional patterns but in color combinations so fresh and daring, and at the same time so harmonious, that the mats are a delight. Since they depend for their effect largely upon these subtleties of color, there isn't much point in trying to describe them, except to say that they are done on heavy linen, measure fifteen and a half inches by twenty-six and a half, and cost $2.75 each.

In a collection of Danish handicraft that has been assembled on Bloomingdale's fifth floor is a group of unusual table linens, among them hand-woven dinner-size cloths in patterns that have both dignity and beauty. One of these is a conventional design outlined in black on a background of magnificent écru damask, and another has a design of deep écru on a slightly lighter shade. A damask cloth a hundred and eight inches long and sixty-four inches wide in either of these patterns is $49.98, and the napkins are $3.98 apiece. For much more informal occasions, there are some bucolic luncheon cloths, fifty-one inches square, of cotton in lovely dark color combinations—brown and dark blue, mustard and yellow, and deep pink with deep brown; $8.

Lord & Taylor has a nice present for an optimist who believes that we are going to survive the Christmas delirium and live on into summer—a Fieldcrest lightweight blanket (a washable blend of rayon, cotton, and nylon) with a stylized and very fetching multicolored embossed decoration. The decorations, which come in extremely happy color combinations printed on dead white, are so pleasing that the blankets can quite properly double as counterpanes, especially in simplified summer living. The same decorations appear on fine percale sheets, in single and double size ($3.95 and $4.95, respectively), and on pillowcases ($1.35 each). The blanket-counterpane is seventy-two inches by ninety and costs $14.95.

ONE doesn't have to be much of an oenologist to find M. André Simon's new book, "The Noble Grapes and the Great Wines of France" (McGraw-Hill), a sheer joy. To begin with, it is one of the best-looking volumes that we have seen in some time, and merely to contemplate its robust dust jacket (a

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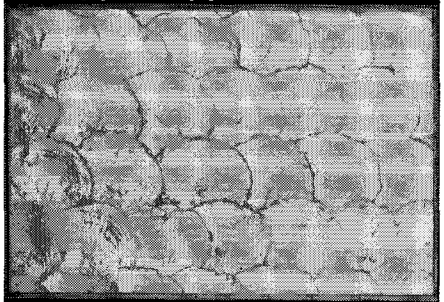

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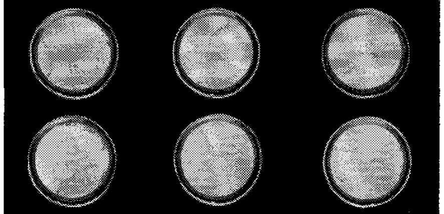

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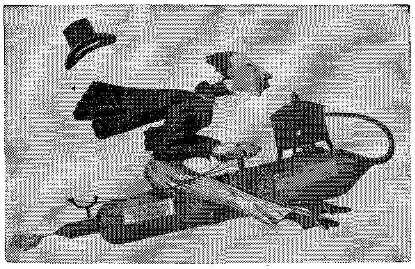

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study of over half a hundred venerable bottles, the like of which will not, alas, come the way of most of us) inspires a reverent thirst. In addition to the visual delight provided by this and by twenty-four superb full-page color photographs detailing most of the steps in the grape's life, the volume presents a vast amount of information. For the dedicated wine lover, the book will be encyclopedia, counsellor, and guide to one of the most vital of life's pleasures. For all such people, could there be a happier Christmas gift? The price is $15.

With the obeisances currently being made to *la haute cuisine française* by amateur cooks in these parts, it's odd that the great gastronomical works of the French masters are not more easily available here than they are. Since the gift of such a volume implies a certain amount of troublesome search on the part of the giver, in addition to an appreciation of the recipient's culinary prowess, it gives us a sense of some achievement in being able to lead you to the Paris Book Center, 11 West 46th Street, where there is what we believe to be the largest collection of French cookbooks in the city. Among the works to be found here are Ali-Bab's famous "Gastronomie Pratique" ($25); "L'Art Culinaire Français" ($20), by Urbain Dubois—a huge tome that takes care of practically all problems in the higher realm of gastronomy—along with a less complete work, called "La Cuisine d'Aujourd'hui" (*aujourd'hui* being 1930), by the same author ($7.50); Alexandre Dumas's often quoted but little read "Dictionnaire de Cuisine" ($3.50); Cournonsky's "Cuisine et Vins de France" ($20); and not only Escoffier's "Guide Culinaire" ($8.50) but his lesser-known "Ma Cuisine" ($5). In addition to these authoritative books, which are more or less rarities, the shop carries a large quantity of down-to-earth kitchen guides, among them Pellaprat's "L'Art Culinaire Moderne" ($18, in either French or English); "La Guide de Tous les Jours," recently reprinted by the Cordon Bleu Cooking School ($3); and, inevitably, old "Tante Marie," who, we suspect, could never have boiled an egg ($3).

THEORETICALLY, a phonograph record is the most surefire present you can give a child. The theory, however, gets a sad jolt this year by what appears to be a bumper crop of records that are even sillier than records for the young usually are. If you have a child on your list who likes recordings of clas-

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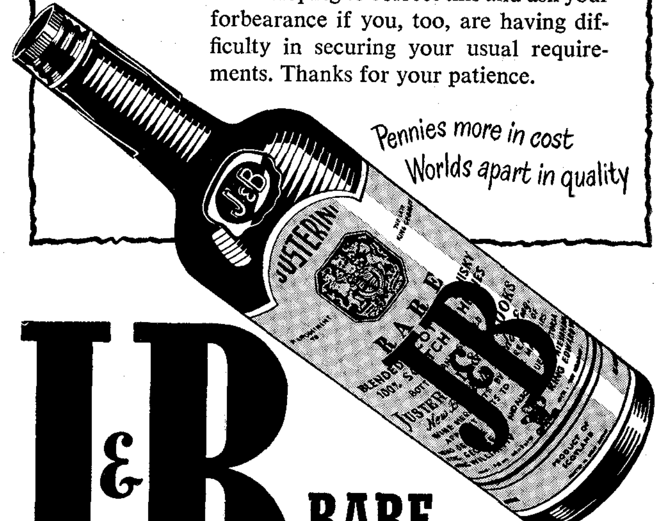

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sical music, your task of selection is an easy one, since the catalogues of all the big companies list numerous items of this sort, chosen specially for young listeners. What is recorded for less cultivated infant ears is, unfortunately, another matter, and, having put in a lot of time recently listening to compositions that, in the main, might well embarrass an intelligent five-year-old, we here pass on to you the results of our critical picking and choosing. Most of the records we are reporting on have had the approval, on one count or another, of children of our acquaintance, whose tastes we have found rather startlingly catholic. (Listeners of four and five showed a lively, even excited, enthusiasm for Columbia's "The Jazz Odyssey of James Rushing, Esq.," a wonderfully spirited composition in the course of which the great blues singer delicately touches on the fortunes of a New Orleans streetwalker, but we are far too prim to include such a number in this roundup.) To start with a fairly conventional entry, Decca has brought out "Captain Burl Ives' Ark," a collection of seventeen delightful songs about animals sung by the Master. Some are his own compositions, some are his gay and playful rearrangements of traditional favorites, and a few were written—with much taste and imagination—by other contemporary versifiers. Another new Burl Ives record (there are never enough) is Columbia's "Songs for All Ages," which serves up a lot of the more successful of the old Ives standbys ("The Donut Song" and "Mr. Froggie Went a-Courtin'," among others), but the inclusion of some particularly infantile Mother Goose rhymes makes it a rather mixed bag—which, of course, is just what the title says it is. . . . People under six who haven't been able to get tickets for "My Fair Lady" will be amply consoled by a record called "Tell It Again" (Angel), in which Julie Andrews, assisted by Martyn Green, sings an assortment of nursery rhymes most engagingly. The verses are set to new and tuneful melodies, which are sung to the exactly right accompaniment of a single flute. . . . You won't find a more rousing collection anywhere than Vanguard's recording of the Weavers' repertory of American folk songs, work songs, gospel hymns, and ballads, interspersed with a few imported primitives. Not only are the selections themselves felicitous but they are rendered with an obvious joy that is as infectious as it is stirring. . . . "American Folk Songs" (Folkways) includes twelve little-

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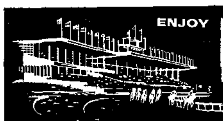

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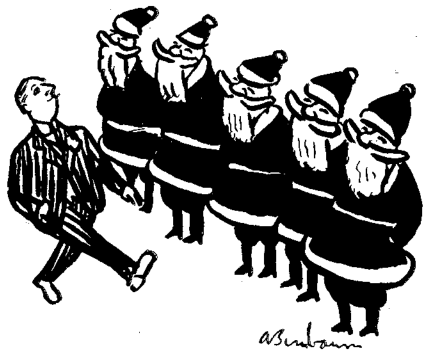
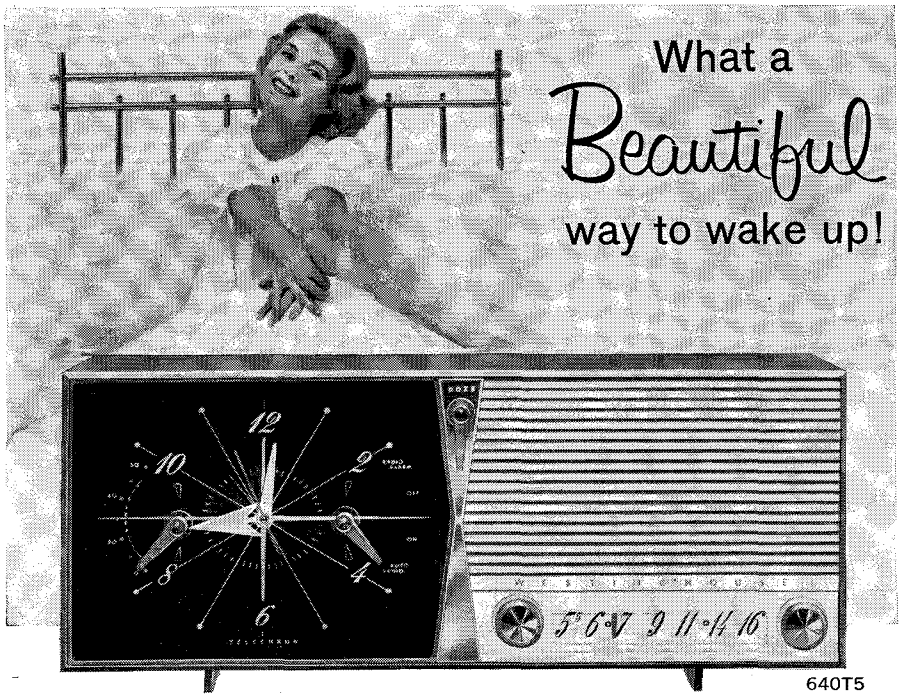
known ballads, ring games, lullabies, and blues, products of the rural South, which are sung with a sweet freshness by those wandering minstrels the Seeger Family, accompanied by fiddle, guitar, and banjo. . . . A new addition to Folkways' Songs to Grow On series is "For Mother and Child," and the child in this case is clearly as young as they come in a phonograph audience. The selections are all sung by Woody Guthrie, who also composed them, and they have the quality of short lullabies, being especially distinguished by the reiterative, almost liturgical, singsong that makes a three-year-old feel good. . . . Still another recording of American folk songs, done by a chorus and orchestra under the direction of Mitch Miller, has been brought out by Simon & Schuster. Most of the numbers are sung with such bounce that the record is almost certain to be a favorite with children; parents, however, may well raise an eyebrow at finding "Rock of Ages" and "Stand Up, Stand Up, for Jesus" in a so-called "Fireside Treasury of Folksongs." Surely, though, there can be no two opinions about the happy selections that Simon & Schuster have made for "A Child's Introduction to Gilbert & Sullivan," in which all the more bubbly tunes are presented. . . . Six wonderful poems from T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats" have been fitted into a musical pattern by Alan Rawsthorne, recited by the actor Robert Donat, and recorded by Angel; although this wryly humorous composition was designed for children, it will delight anybody who has a speaking acquaintance with cats. . . . "Barrel Organ in Hi-Fi" (Epic) is the gayest, liveliest noise you've ever heard, being a reproduction of the music of one of the celebrated street organs of Amsterdam, where such instruments appear in droves. Children under six are almost sure to find it irresistible; Columbia's "Calypso Songs for Children" is another spirited collection that should please the same age group. . . . "Angels in pigtails" is what Dylan





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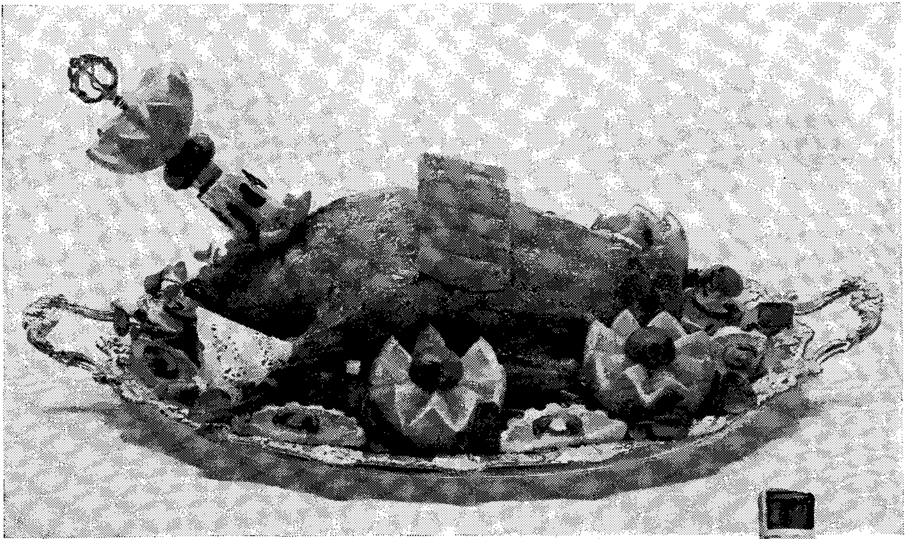

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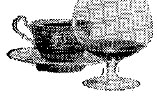

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Thomas called the little girls who make up the Oberkirchen Children's Choir, whose "Christmas Songs" have been recorded—by Angel, fittingly—in a poignantly beautiful collection of thirteen carols. . . . And R.C.A. Victor has taken care of just about everybody's taste in an album called "Music at Christmas Time," in which, on four discs, are recorded practically all the carols, Christmas hymns, and jolly Christmas songs there are. But in case you have square-dance-crazy ten-year-olds on your list, you should know that Victor has also put out several albums of square-dance and circle-dance music, complete with calls and wonderfully clear and detailed instructions.

HAVE you thought of giving a favorite infant a nursery chair this Christmas? Or a worktable? Or a seesaw? Or a doll's cradle? Or a play house? Well, if you have entertained any of these ideas, you have only to go to Bloomingdale to find a single unit that combines all these functions and more; it's the darnedest piece of furniture you've ever seen. This versatile contraption, which has recently been imported from Denmark, is called a tub chair, and a tub chair is what it is, the sides and back being one piece of plywood (natural birch finish, or a brilliant red or blue) curved into a half circle, and the seat being a shelf (red or blue) fitted into slots in the sides. The unit costs $14.95, but it is only the beginning. Two units can be assembled into all sorts of convenient combinations (an enclosed desk and seat, for instance), and two additional shelves, one a large tabletop and the other an armrest, make almost innumerable variations possible (these are $7.95 and $3.25, respectively, in red or blue). Since coherent description of the performance of this extraordinary piece of nursery equipment is well beyond our powers, we shall now turn you over to a Bloomingdale salesman, who will put it through its paces for you. All we have to add is that the piece is meant for children up to six years old.

SINCE there are so many chances to go wrong in selecting a family present, which usually represents a relatively serious financial outlay, we shall play absolutely safe by reminding everybody with this particular problem on his mind that there can be precious few homes that don't need an extra chair. Certainly there can be *no* home that would not welcome one of the magnificent reproductions of ancient Chinese

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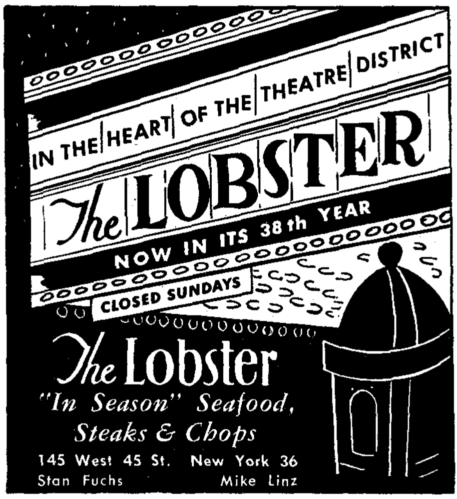

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REGINALD DENNY
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"A SWEETHEART OF A MUSICAL" —Kerr, Herald-Tribune
JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

"GLORIOUSLY FUNNY"—KERR, Her. Trib.
GEORGE AXELROD and CLINTON WILDER present
CYRIL RITCHARD
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A NEW COMEDY BY GORE VIDAL
VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET
WITH EDWARD ANDREWS
BOOTH Theatre W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

chairs recently made in Hong Kong for Lord & Taylor. The most impressive of these pieces has been copied from the familiar imperial Peking chair—low and very wide, and executed with beautiful hand-wrought detail in rosewood. The price is $219. A yoke-back chair, reproduced from a seat of a slightly later period and made of the same wood, costs $195, and a rather high seat, which is more formal, though it has a less traditional background, is $179. . . . Georg Jensen has imported from Sweden a charming variation on the canvas easy chair; it is slightly reminiscent of the well-known old British officer's chair but has considerably more style. The armless frame is of natural oak, and the seat and back are of unbleached linen—an extremely comfortable setup, and one that would add greatly to the looks of a patio or terrace, or even of a modern living room. The price is $58.

A very good-looking desk of the bureau type, to be had at Bonniers, should make a highly satisfactory communal possession for a family, since it has three capacious drawers. Although the design is what is known as Scandinavian modern, the modernity is sufficiently modified to blend in well with furnishings of almost any period; the wood is a beautiful warm teak, except for the legs, which are oak, and the price is a hardly less pleasing $165. . . . Anybody looking for a really bang-up gift of this kind—something to be scrupulously preserved for posterity—will find in Macy's antique department a surprisingly large number of very handsome eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century desks, at prices that might well make Fifty-seventh Street bite its nails in vexation. One of the most commodious of these antique pieces, made in 1830, is a Biedermeier, and, furthermore, is one of that unpredictable style's more inspired manifestations; of superb mahogany, it has a bank of drawers on each side of a kneehole, and the generous writing surface is prettily encircled by a low gallery. The price is $219. A little Sheraton kneehole desk of engagingly delicate design, suitable for a drawing room or for a cheerfully furnished morning room, is of faded mahogany that looks like fruitwood; this is fitted with two drawers and two side cabinets, and is priced at $298. And perhaps the high spot of the collection is a fine example of George I cabinetmaking. It has a slant top, and there is a full bank of drawers on each side of a kneehole; $498. In addition to these conventional ladies' and gentlemen's writing tables, of which this is a far from complete listing, Macy

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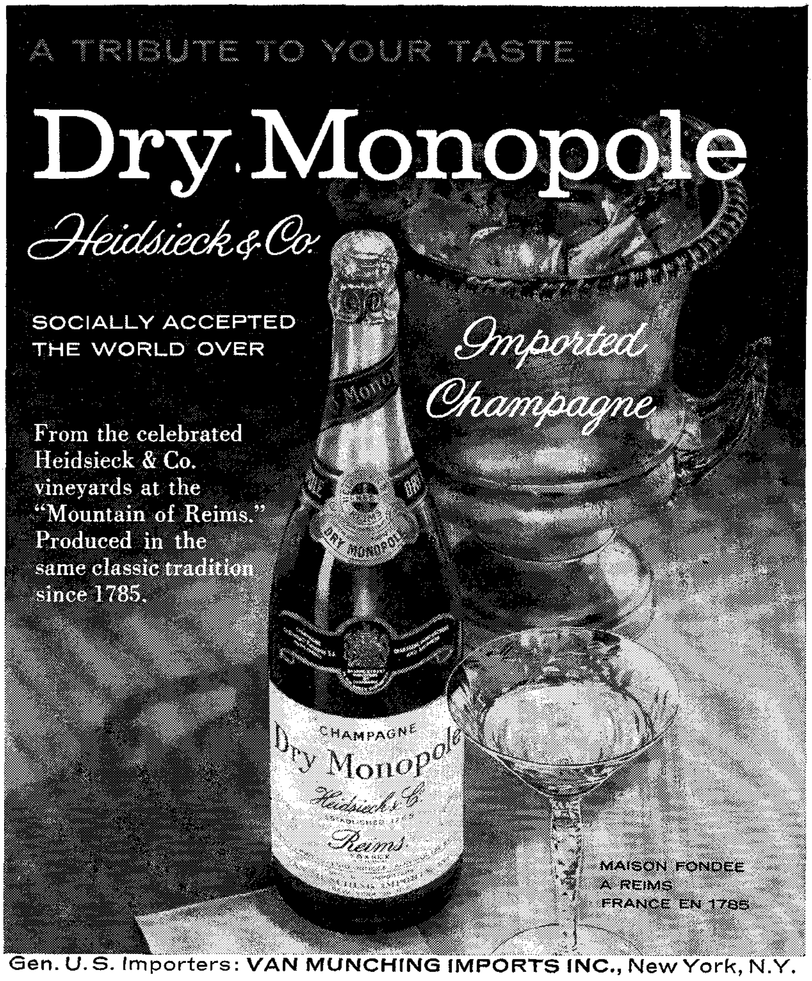

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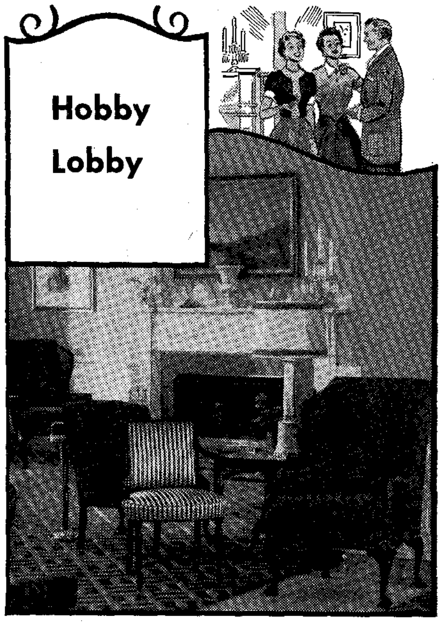
has quite a good many campaign chests fitted with writing compartments, the prototypes of which were made in China for seafaring men, Army officers, and commercial travellers; most of the chests in the Macy collection are reproductions of the Chinese originals and were made in England or Ireland at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Prices of these endlessly practical pieces, which are of camphorwood or padouc (a wood very like teak), and in most instances are brassbound, begin at $398.

IF you think the friend whose living-room window is a bower of foliage or flowering plants has enough of such things for her own good, that's just where you are mistaken. Nobody who potters about with indoor flora ever has enough, so we feel reasonably sure of ourselves in advising you to let your Christmas shopping include a look at the flourishing and extensive collection of plant life at the City Gardener, 437 Third Avenue (31st). This concern, which is one of the few in town that deal only in plants (no cut flowers), also has something of a reputation for stocking plants that are not to be found elsewhere in Manhattan; town gardeners who piously follow every latest instruction of such horticultural oracles as Montague Free would be distracted by orders to plant creeping fig or creeping Fittonia if it weren't for the City Gardener. But don't get the idea that the outfit doesn't have all the well-known showy plants that grow so luxuriantly in banks, too; there are dieffenbachias, dozens of varieties of the grander philodendrons, and so on. It's just that the firm caters to window gardeners who like to buy a young uncommon creeper for, say, ninety-eight cents, and cultivate it lovingly until it gets to be a great, three-fifty specimen. Whatever it is that your horticulturist wants—even a four-foot Norfolk Island pine ($10), to be delivered in a tub, used as a Christmas tree, and transferred in warm weather to a terrace or patio—the City Gardener has it. Perhaps we had better say, though, that the concern delivers only in Manhattan.

BECAUSE electric waffle irons have been around since the beginning of time, and because the old folks have forgotten how to make waffles and the young folks know only the frozen kind from the grocery store, a waffle iron may not sound like a very promising Christmas entry. But just you wait until you see General Electric's new model! Although it couldn't possibly



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be described by any such adjectives as "sensational" or "fabulous," and although it neither grates coconut nor slices pineapple, it does turn out the best waffles you've ever eaten. Maybe that's because the appliance is constructed to do only the one job, and do it well. It has a thermostat control, and a light that comes on when the right temperature is reached; there is an overflow groove that successfully prevents a messy dribble from reaching the outside of the utensil; and the grids have been specially treated to prevent sticking. The price of this little Sunday-morning blessing is $21.95 at practically all department stores and many hardware shops.

G. E. has a couple of other good Christmas bets, just recently put on the market. One of them—a new automatic electric saucepan of precisely the most practical shape and depth—will, we guarantee, delight any woman, whether she cooks with joy or from necessity. People in the former class will recognize an extra flavor in food cooked under thermostatically controlled heat, and those in the latter will find that, because the thermostat is absolutely reliable, stewing, simmering, and braising can be done with little or no help from them, and that the saucepan can even reduce the chore of dishwashing, since it is good-looking enough to go right to the table. Furthermore, it can be entirely immersed in dishwater, which gives it a great advantage over the kind that has to be dipped in ever so carefully, to keep the electrical part dry. The new saucepan comes in a cozy two-quart size, at $19.95, and in a four-quart—so-called family—size, at $24.95. G. E.'s other contribution to the 1957 Christmas tree is an electric iron that may not inspire a girl to take on the family laundry but will certainly ease the labor of anybody who already has the job. This serviceable appliance not only functions as a standard steam iron and dry iron but, at the push of a button on the handle, will loose an even spray of water ahead of itself, so that the most rumpled cottons and linens

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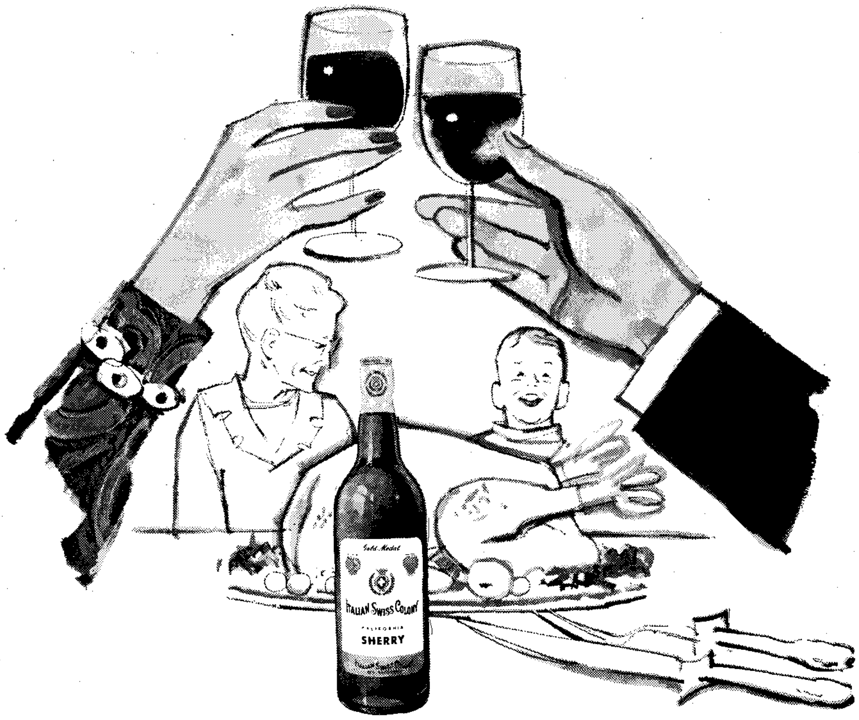

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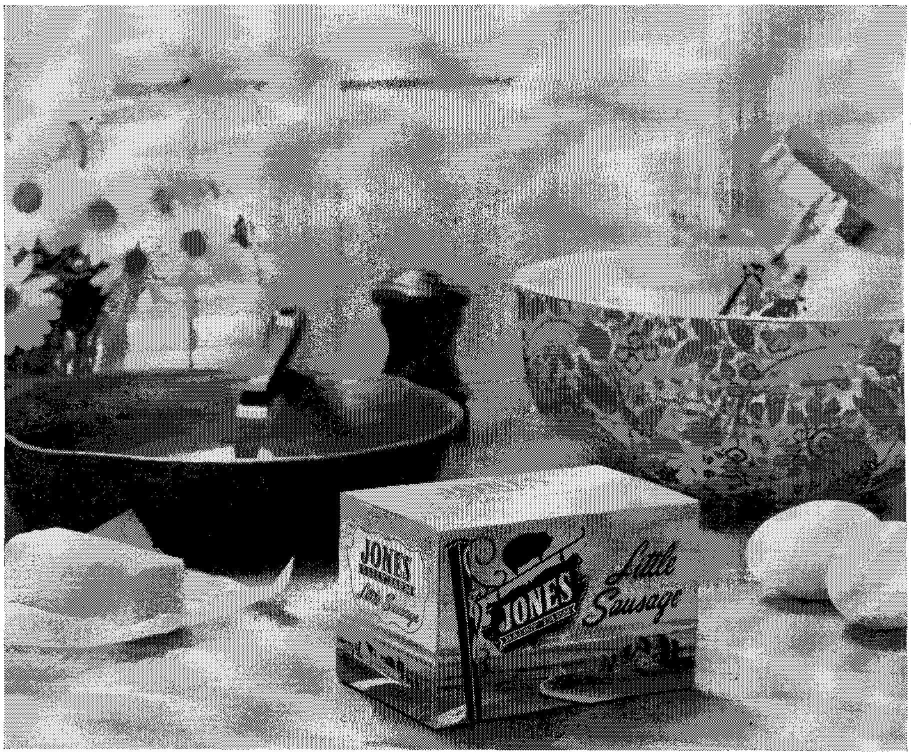

Jones Sausage—prized for quality. Particular people insist upon Jones Sausage for breakfast. The reason is so simple—choice succulent cuts of young porkers—hams, loins, shoulders—delicately seasoned with fresh ground natural spices—how can it be anything but good! At the meat or frozen food counter of your favorite grocer.

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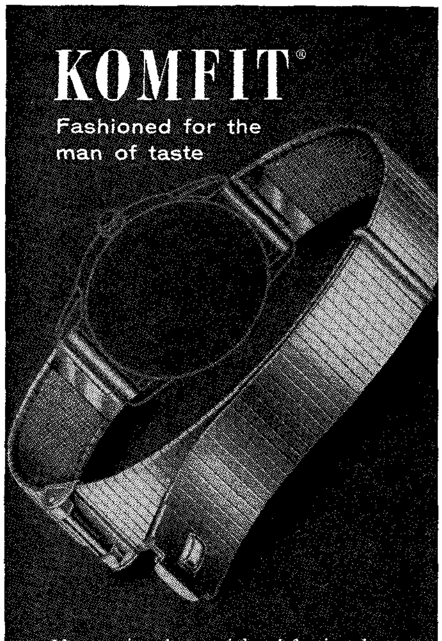

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Can you think of a nicer or more unique remembrance than 12 husky plants of Fraises des Bois (Wild Strawberries from France) for those friends of yours who have everything? This variety, named Charles V (after the French ruler who first brought wild strawberries from the woods and cultivated them in his gardens), was developed by us from French stock. They begin bearing their luscious fruit the end of June and don't stop until frost. Yes, they do, Mrs. Richards, they *certainly* do, and they require nothing but sun and water.

Also, these plants (clumps of cool green leaves, white blossoms and red berries) make delightful edging plants for borders, for they grow upright (8" high, 12" diameter) and do not throw runners. We provide propagating instructions so that anyone starting with only 12 plants of Charles V can multiply them into fifty or a hundred plants in two to three years, enough to supply ample servings of this gourmet's delight every week.

This is the present that can't go wrong, because we make it right. Here's the way you send Fraises des Bois as Christmas gifts. Give us the names of those whom you wish to remember. We send gift cards now, then ship the plants early next spring. One dozen Charles V, $8.95. Larger quantities: 25 for $14.95; 50 for $27.50. Delivery free. Sorry, no Canadian orders. Be sure to enclose gift cards, addresses, any other instructions. And please do it now because stocks are limited.—**Amos Pettingill**

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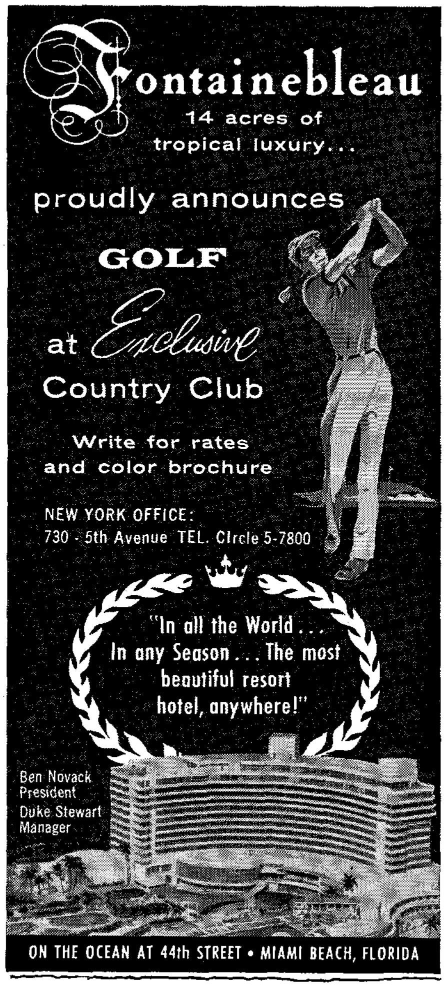
can be ironed without previous dampening. The price is $19.95.

We have often thought how nice it would be to own one of those electric trays for keeping a whole breakfast, or any part thereof, hot, if only such contrivances were not invariably so homely. Now one of the clever craftsmen at America House has removed that disadvantage by making a hot tray that performs exactly as well as the standard appliance and at the same time is extremely good-looking, being set smartly in a frame of dull metal, with a plastic bottom. It works on A.C. only, and costs $27.

Although ground coffee in cans seems to us to be getting better all the time, there are plenty of people of more fastidious taste who hold out for coffee in the bean. To these *fines bouches* there can be no more graceful compliment than that implicit in the gift of Waring's new coffee grinder, an attachment that fits onto the Waring Blendor. (And don't tell us that there is anybody in this great happy land so unfortunate as not to own a Waring Blendor.) The device costs $18, give or take a few cents, and is sold at Hammacher Schlemmer and Macy.

Does anybody *hand*-grind his coffee any more? We strongly doubt it, but if you happen to have a friend possessed of enough fanaticism and energy to turn one of those old-fashioned hand mills, we can lead you to a large assortment of particularly appealing ones, on Altman's fifth floor, at $10 each. We are assured that the mechanisms are in perfect condition, but we are also told that these quaint little mills, with their pretty, deep brass collars, have been in use in Dutch kitchens for fifty-odd years. Nobody can explain the impulse that caused so many Dutch housewives suddenly to throw out the attractive brass-bound grinders, unless it was the advent of Waring's new grinder.

IF there is such a thing as a market in obelisks (the indoor, tabletop variety, not the kind Napoleon dragged home from Egypt), Macy has unquestionably cornered it, and now displays in its excellent—and too little appreciated—antique department more of these charming bibelots than you would probably care to shake a stick at. Most of them are of modern design, or are reproductions of eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century ornaments, although there are a number of originals among them. Probably the most interesting of the antiques are a few specimens of a kind of glassware that was



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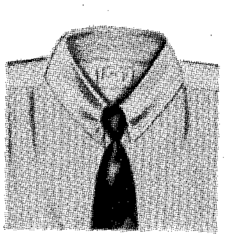

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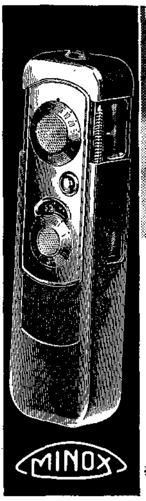

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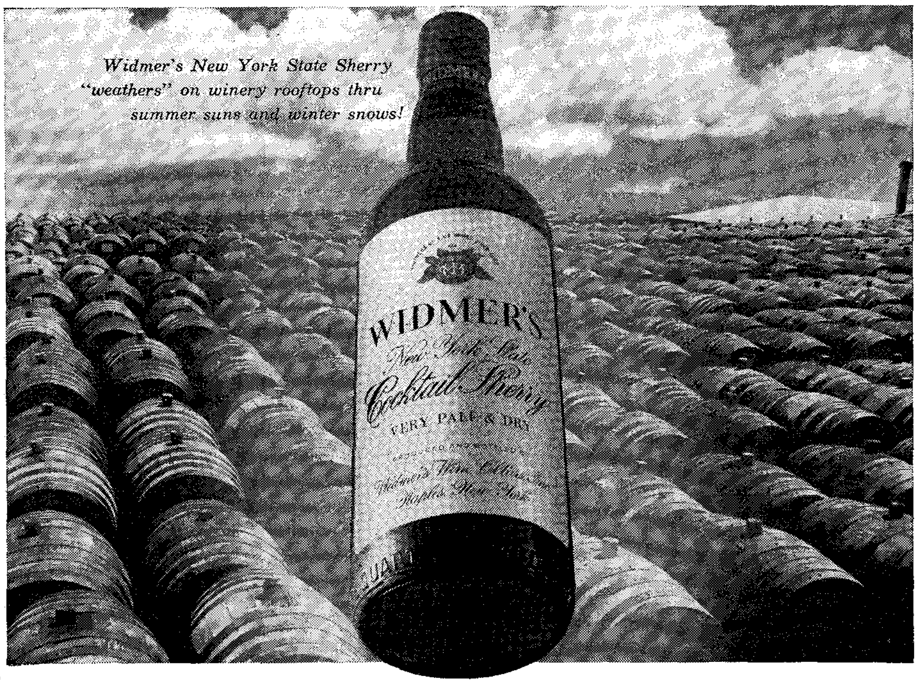
done sporadically in the early nineteenth century in England and France, and even occasionally in America—crystal obelisks with designs cut into the back that create a three-dimensional illusion when seen from the front. Since this work is not associated with any one factory, it is believed that glassworkers from all over produced the objects in their spare time as tours de force—which, of course, is exactly what they are. A few amorphous squiggles and scratches ground into the back of an obelisk become, when viewed from the front, graceful urns, fountains, and pagodas, and a source of mystified fascination. The Murano factory, in Venice, appears to share our pleasure in this work, for it has recently brought out a number of skillful reproductions, about a foot high, which are included in Macy's collection, at around $24 each. Among the antique, or at least old, obelisks, a fourteen-inch pair made of opaque glass in a most effective shade of clear blue are $19.97 each; a fifteen-inch hexagonal specimen, very striking in black glass, is $49.95; and a number involving colored spirals within spirals are also $49.95. And, in addition to all this ingenious glasswork, Macy has had copied a pair of eighteenth-century delft obelisks in an antique-looking pottery that is extremely decorative; these, which are eighteen inches high, cost $29.95.

WE could count on the fingers of one hand the friends and acquaintances who don't want, and don't desperately need, a good-looking lamp, and it is only consideration for those five that keeps us from drastically shortening this week's list by advising everybody to give everybody else a lamp and be done with it. To make a good light an especially auspicious choice this Christmas, there is a crop of bases on hand—both antique and modern—that can be made into perfectly stunning lamps. Some of the finest of these are to be seen in Lord & Taylor's new Far Eastern collection, where a group of wonderful Japanese bronze urns and vases of the early nineteenth century are ready to be transformed into table lights suitable for rooms of any period. Some of these works of art have beautifully wrought decorations in high relief, some are deeply incised, and some are classically plain; all stand sufficiently high (from eighteen to twenty-four inches) to make an important central light on a living-room or library table. Prices run from $79 to $250.

It is our earnest hope that the ancient



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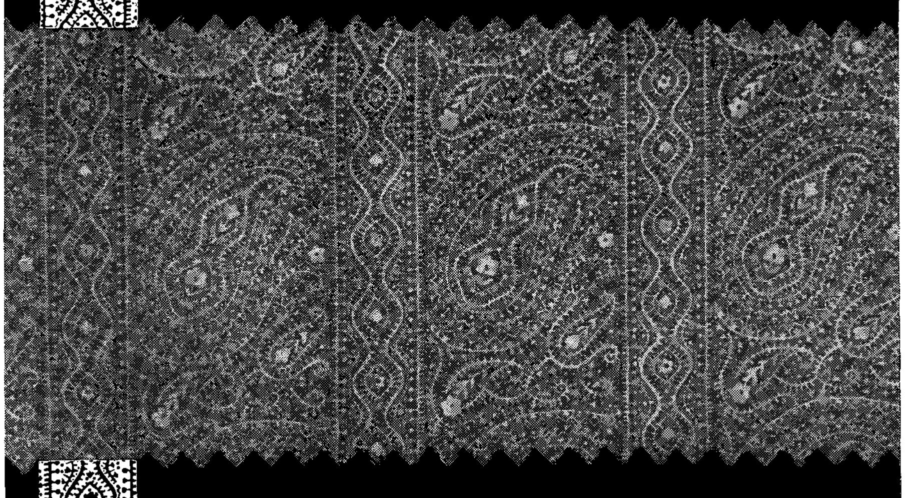

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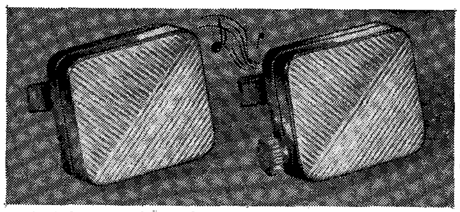

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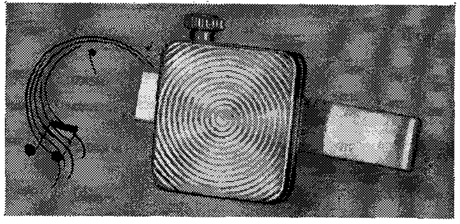

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silver water jars recently imported from India and wired as lamps by the Decorative Accessories Company will land only in the homes of people who cherish such objects of beauty. No two of the jars are exactly alike, but all are of majestic proportions (about fifteen inches high, and almost round) and are made of silver-plated brass with a two- or three-inch collar at the top and classically simple decorations chased on the sides or deeply incised at the mouth. Prices range from $200 to $225, and do not include shades.

Among the Murano factory's Venini glassware currently being shown at the shop called Venini Glass, at 125 East 55th Street, are some lovely vases that almost beg to be converted into lamps. The most notable of these are forms copied from ancient Chinese (mostly Ming) vases in an opaque glass that looks like the most lustrous porcelain and is done in thrilling colors—a deep, rich yellow, intense blue, pearly gray, and so on. Most of the vases are fifteen inches high and cost $22.50. Among the smaller sizes, at prices ranging upward from $14, are some eight-inch grayish-blue vases, a pair of which would make charming dressing-table lights.

Both America House and Rabun Studios are now showing ceramic pieces by the Chinese-American ceramist Fong Chow. While the works on view at America House are among the finest turned out by this talented potter, it was only at Rabun Studios that we found vases and other decorative pieces of his that are suitable for converting into lamps. Many of them are in a rough stoneware that has something of the look of antique Portuguese pottery about it. A vase ten inches high of this material is $25, an eleven-and-a-half-inch one is $35, and so on. Rabun Studios will undertake to wire any of its vases at a small extra charge, but since many shops are not equipped to have this service done, maybe you had better jot down the address of Joseph Richter, 831 Third Avenue (50th), who is expert at converting valuable ceramic, glass, or metal bases into lamps.

JUST in the nick of time for Christmas, the International Graphic Arts Society, 65 West 56th Street, has brought out seven new prints, which it considers among the best it has ever presented. These include a remarkable engraving by Gabor Peterdi, called "In the Forest;" a color lithograph of flowers, by Mariano Villalta; a color wood-block print of fruit in a yellow

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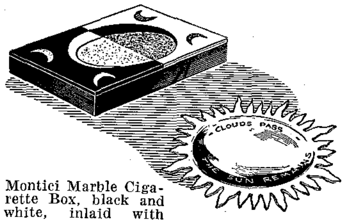

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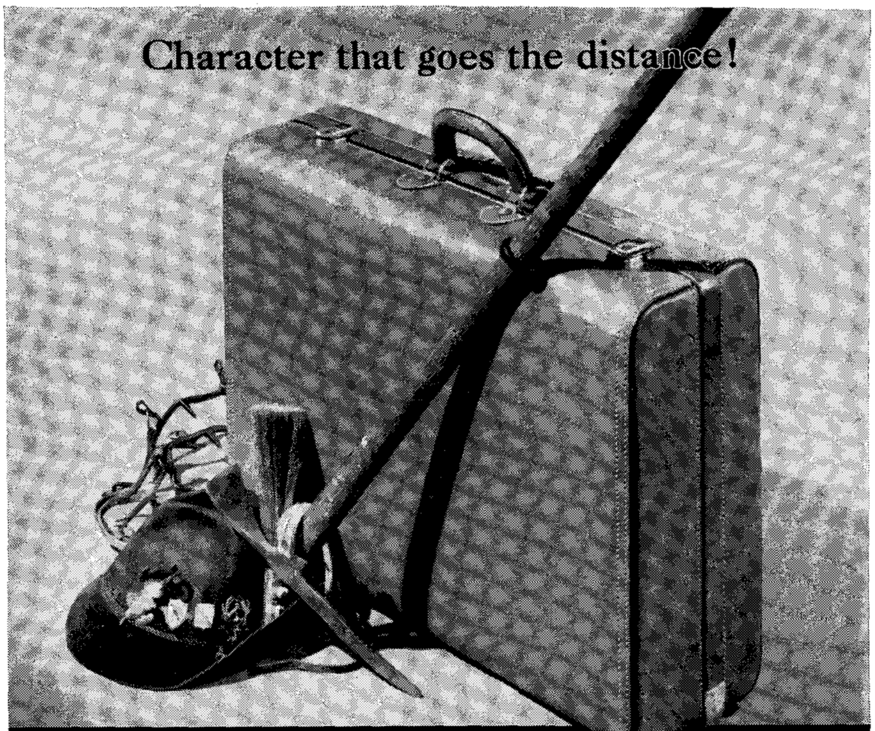
bowl, by Eugene Larkin; "Summit," a combined etching and engraving by Anthony Gross; "Mount Hodaka at Daybreak," a color wood-block print by Yamaguchi; "Bulls and Horses," a color lithograph by Georges Item; and "Moon in the City," a color serigraph by Dorothy Bowman. They are all about fourteen inches by eighteen and are printed on sheets approximately sixteen inches by twenty. In case you don't know how I.G.A.S. functions, we should explain that the prints—which are not reproductions but original signed lithographs, engravings, serigraphs, or whatever—are sold only to members of the society. A ten-dollar fee, however, pays for a life membership, and also entitles the member to one print of his choice; the price of subsequent purchases varies between $8 and $9.50, depending upon the technique employed. This arrangement would seem to suggest that a good many householders interested in the graphic arts will get I.G.A.S. prints for Christmas, and in case your friends have more prints than frames to put them in, you might have a look at an ingenious device for framing and simultaneously storing its prints that I.G.A.S. offers its members for $11.50. The frame, made in Switzerland of natural-finish blond maple, has storage space in the back for ten prints; is furnished with glass and two mats, which have openings of different sizes; and can be hung horizontally or vertically. Either a print or a frame would, we should think, solve certain Christmas-present problems very satisfactorily, or you could, of course, shoot the works with frame *and* print, for not more than $21.

AND now, before we bring this report to a close, we shall list a few unrelated items that may just possibly turn out to be precisely what somebody or other is looking for. On Lord & Taylor's eighth floor, there are quite a lot of those pretty brass fenders across which the English lay their fire irons; these were salvaged by L. & T. from



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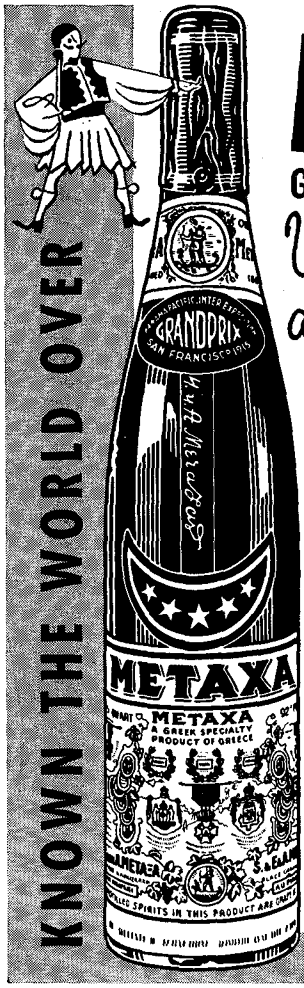

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an about-to-be-demolished London hotel and are being offered at the reasonable price of $35 each. . . . Bloomingdale has brought over from Norway some enchanting antique birch baskets, with naïve decorations and a high, curving handle, which, we are told, were once used by Norwegian farm women for taking butter to market. These attractively rural containers will almost certainly be snapped up by hostesses who will inevitably fill them with potato chips, but we hope that a few of the larger size will fall into the hands of ladies who knit, to be piled high with balls of colored wool. That would make a pretty sight. Prices begin at $15 and go up, according to size. . . . Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th), has some old-fashioned *seaux à champagne*, which, in spite of their festive sound, cool more humble white wines just as effectively. The bucket, made of yellow-brown papier-mâché, will have a comfortably familiar look to anybody who has done his drinking in France; $6.50. . . . A pretty kitchen trifle to be had at Temptations, 107 East 60th Street, is a set of four plastic measuring spoons, enamelled in as many vivid colors, for $5.

And now, this being absolutely all we know about household Christmas gifts, we turn you loose on your own—until next week, at any rate.

•

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There was a curious incident at luncheon, when he [Hopkins] arrived a few minutes late and the President did not even greet him. It was remarkable how definitely my contacts with the President improved, and our affairs moved quicker as Hopkins appeared to regain his influence. In two days it seemed to be like old times. He said to me, "You must know I am not what I was." He had tried too much at once. Even his greatness of spirit broke under his variegated activities. —*"Closing the Ring," page 82, referring to Harry Hopkins' arrival at Hyde Park prior to the first Quebec Conference, in August, 1943.*

There was a curious incident at luncheon, when he [Hopkins] arrived a few minutes late and the President did not even greet him. It was remarkable how definitely my contacts with the President improved and our affairs moved quicker as Hopkins appeared to regain his influence. In two days it seemed to be like old times. He said to me, "You must know I am not what I was." He had tried too much at once. Even his fullness of spirit broke under his variegated activities. —*"Triumph and Tragedy," page 161, referring to Churchill's farewell visit to the President at Hyde Park after the second Quebec Conference, in September, 1944.*

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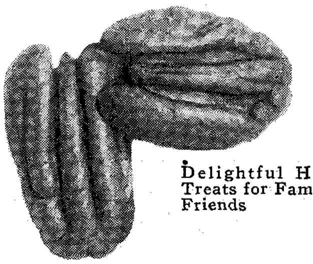

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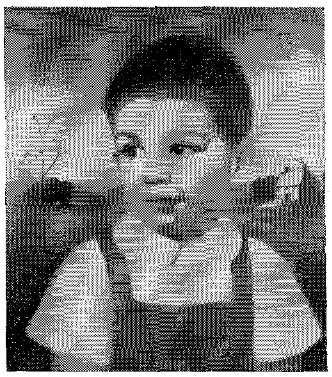

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THE AIR

One Historical Sunday

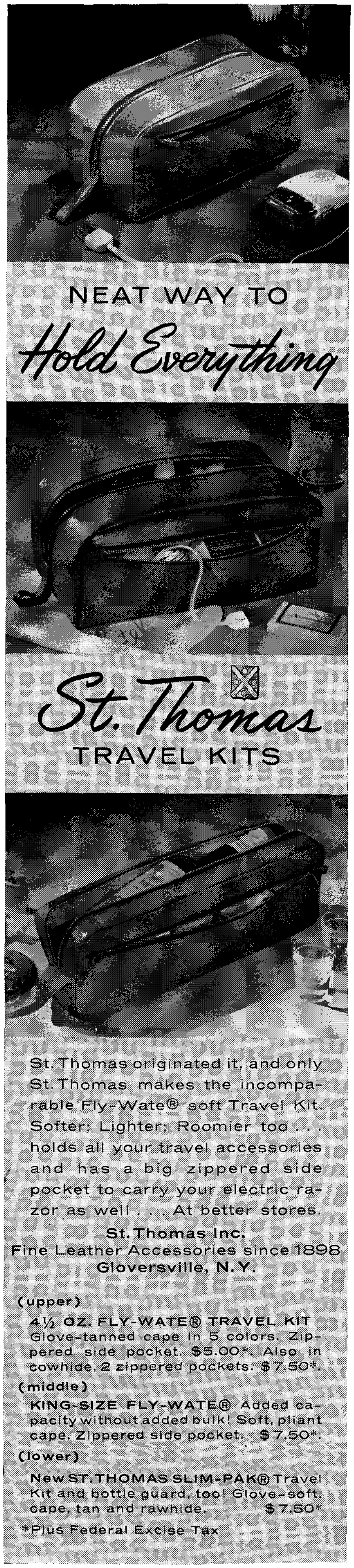
RADIO-TELEVISION

TWO makers of history, Alexander Kerensky and Milton Berle, appeared on Channel 4 in the course of a single afternoon recently, to discuss the two great modern developments in which they pioneered; namely, Russian revolution and popular television. Mr. Kerensky answered questions on the program "Meet the Press" (Sundays, 6-6:30), Mr. Berle was a featured speaker on "Wide Wide World" (alternate Sundays, 4-5:30). Inevitably, the air was heavy with a sense of the epic past, with the memory of vast (if confusing) events. It was much heavier, though, during Mr. Berle's appearance than it was during Mr. Kerensky's—a state of affairs that demonstrated once more TV's rich gift for incongruity. The loud, irrepressible clown of old was as sentimentally solemn as a Commencement Day orator. The outcast politician, one of this century's most complete and unforgiving losers, sounded by contrast as gay as a cricket. Once or twice, deliberately or not, he got off a line that might have made the earlier Berle water at the mouth. For instance, Kerensky was asked by a "Meet the Press" panelist "what the free world can do" about unsettling the present Russian government. "That is the question of—how you say?—sixty-eight dollars," the guest said, and the panelists rolled in the aisles.

At other times, the very fact of his being there, in the studio and on the screen, a historical figure talking informally, thinking and gesturing before our eyes, performing for us and sharing the moment with us, was impressive; it was one of those things television can do for us that nothing else has ever done. Television—that is, public, wide-scale, "network" television—has now been doing things of one kind and another, it appears, for ten years. It was in recognition of this inscrutable truth that the producers of "Wide Wide World" made a study—which it called "The Fabulous Infant"—of the medium's history to date, with Mr. Berle serving as, in effect, the keynote speaker. As I've suggested, the stone-age hero seemed to feel the weight of the occasion much more keenly than Mr. Kerensky felt the burden of his own share in history. Mr. Berle, of course, was feeling for the entire industry as well as for himself; he was also, as it turned out, feeling for the future as well as for the past. "Talent has got to be discovered, looked for, cared for," he said with melancholy urgency. "Somebody with a lot of guts and energy has got to look for 'em."

During the balance of the show, many high moments of the years from 1947 to 1957 were relived, on kinescope. Many more were left out. In a field as congested and various as television, it's obviously hard, in an hour and a half, to touch on everything that has been significant—especially when your project has no real purpose or shape or viewpoint to begin with, as was the case, I thought, with this particular dose of introspection. I got the impression from "The Fabulous Infant" that television can't make head or tail of itself on the strength of a mere ten years of clues. To be fair, I had an idea that Mr. Kerensky was a little uncertain, too, after forty years, about some aspects of his own subject, Russian revolution.

GOING back for a minute to the unusual gravity of Mr. Berle, I should say that in the circumstances it was neither unattractive nor entirely out of place. A distinguished old grad is probably entitled to give the school a fight talk and to wallow in memory when they throw the forum open to him. There's an important difference between the seriousness of sentimentality and another kind of seriousness that seems to grip television pretty often—the seriousness of conventionality, of resistance to any thought or trend that threatens to move life more than an inch from the status quo. A few days ago, I hear, a major sponsor ordered a ban against mention of Sputnik on any of its television shows, in songs, jokes, or whatever, on the ground that the word has implications that lie too deep for music, laughter, or even tears. Kerensky, who is at least as wary an enemy of the Soviet government as General Motors is, apparently feels no such awe; he was speaking freely and briskly of "thees Spootnik and Mootnik" a week ago Sunday. That raises the point that the kind of serious-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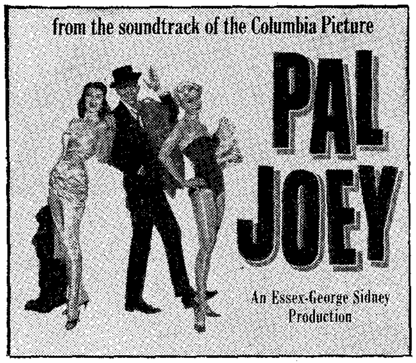
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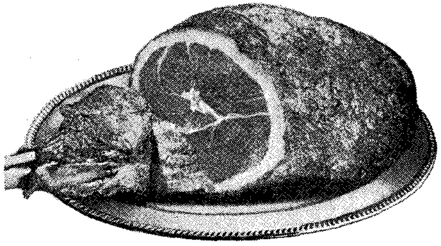

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ness I mean, the gloom of caution, tends to be an institutional trait, rather than an individual one. It is also something with which one institution, such as a sponsor, can easily infect another institution, such as television.

Educational television is a branch—a frail and shaky one so far—of television in general. I don't know just how educational TV will react in the long run to an attack of institutional seriousness that suddenly seized a sponsor, the New York Public Library, the other day. The Library was down for fifteen hundred dollars' worth of sponsorship of a program produced by the Metropolitan Educational Television Association, commonly called META (and pronounced "Meeta"). On the same busy Sunday I've been talking about, the META show (Channel 2, 3:30-4:30) was one entitled "The Faces of War." The following day, it became known that the Library had cancelled its association (which involved a televised announcement as well as money) with "The Faces of War" after a reading of the script, and before the program went on. In at least one place, the script—and the show, too, which was apparently staged without changes, except for the dropping of the Library's name—expressed the idea that war has become unthinkable and peace indispensable. It was this notion, specifically, that cost META fifteen hundred dollars. As I understood the Library's subsequent statement, such beliefs can be taken as being hostile to the national security. The Library, its president said, has learned to avoid "sensitive areas" of public discussion; its collection of books must speak for it; everything is there.

If the latter argument is intended to mean that there is an exactly equal representation of pro-war books and anti-war books in the Library, it is probably nonsense. If the Library is going to endorse any educational television whatever, it's hard to see how it can draw a line between endorsing all books and endorsing all education. What is more to the point at the moment, it's hard to see how educational television, which is frankly needy, will be able to provide education in any intelligible sense of the word if other potential sponsors take a tip from the Library and insist on total discretion for their money.

"The Faces of War," which I saw before I knew that the Library had saved its reputation, and how and why, didn't strike me as an especially bold or radical show. The point about the es-

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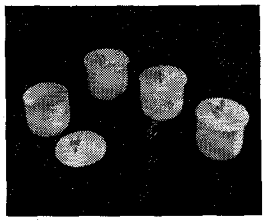

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sentiality of peace was made chiefly in a sort of round-table conversation involving Margaret Mead, Norman Cousins, and James Jones. Although all the speakers were clearly against war, the tone of their remarks was mild, general, and schoolroomish. The rest of the show had a soft, broad quality, too; it was even a little woolly, except for some eloquent outbursts of song by Cynthia Gooding, who has a voice like a trombone and accompanies it on a guitar.

It was an honest show, though, and pleasant to look at and listen to throughout. If it was not "pure entertainment"—which is a phrase used by Hollywood producers to describe their ideal of boneless unreality, and which is what the New York Public Library may also have been yearning for—so much the better. That's a goal that META can probably be depended on to fall short of as long as its funds hold out.

—JOHN LARDNER

◆

He dodged a mule wagon; in it sat an old Negro plodding along. "Yes!" yelled Dean. "Yes! Dig him! Now consider his soul—stop awhile and consider." And he slowed down the car for all of us to turn and look at the old jazzbo moaning along. "Oh yes, dig him sweet; now there's thoughts in that mind that I would give my last arm to know; to climb in there and find out just what he's poor-ass pondering about this year's turnip greens and ham. Sal, you don't know it but I once lived with a farmer in Arkansas for a whole year, when I was eleven. I had awful chores, I had to skin a dead horse once. Haven't been to Arkansas since Christmas nineteen-forty-three, five years ago, when Ben Gavin and I were chased by a man with a gun who owned the car we were trying to steal; I say all this to show you that of the South I can speak. I have known—I mean, man, I dig the South, I know it in and out—I've dug your letters to me about it. Oh, yes, oh yes," he said, trailing off and stopping altogether, and suddenly jumping the car back to seventy and hunching over the wheel. He stared doggedly ahead. Marylou was smiling serenely. This was the new and complete Dean, grown to maturity.—*From "On the Road," by Jack Kerouac.*

Oh?

◆

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK—IF YOU CAN GET ANYBODY TO GO TO WORK ON IT

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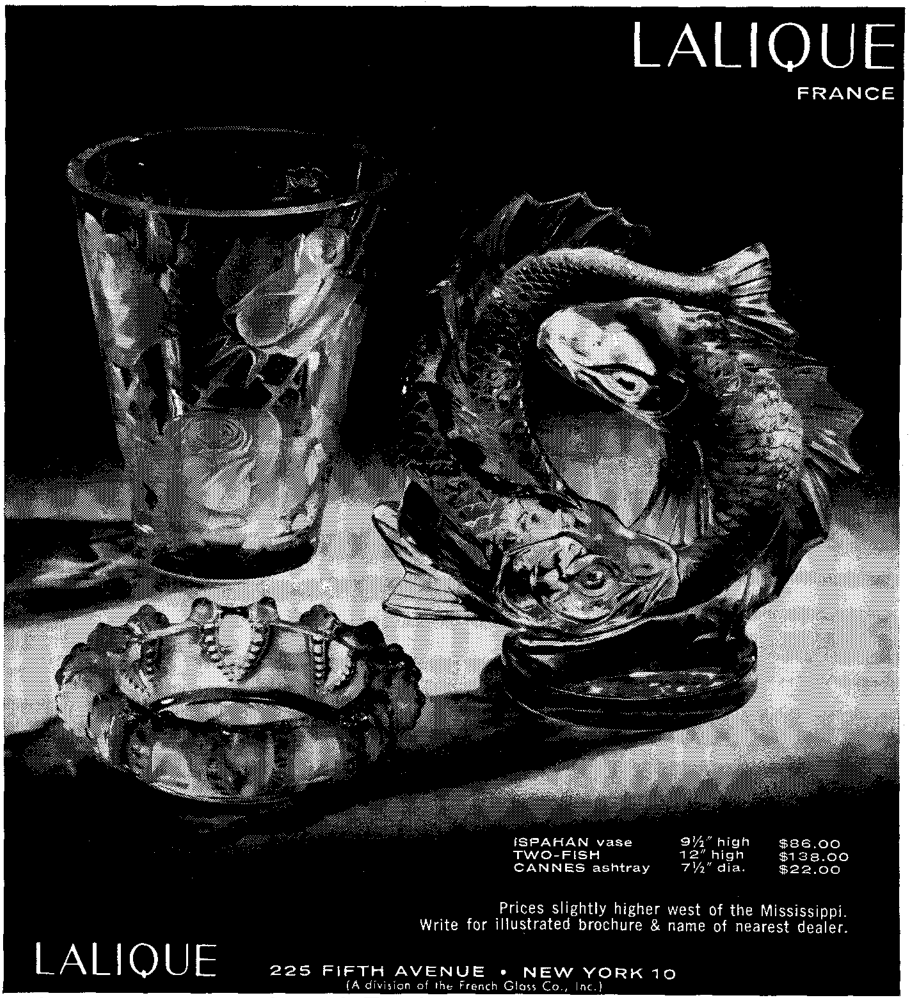

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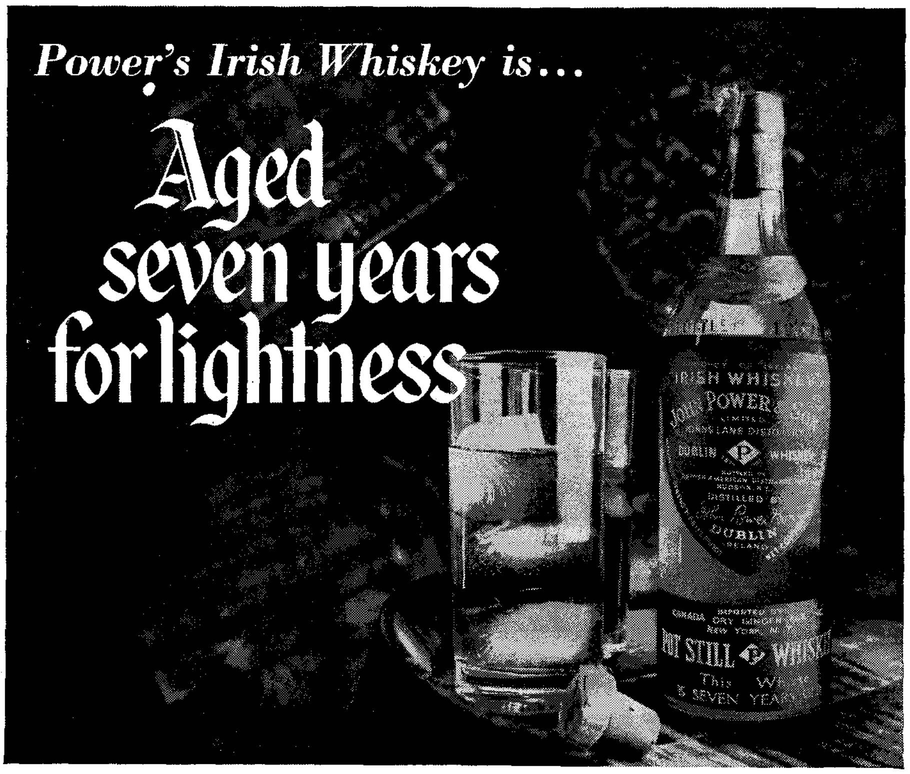
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 12

THIS last Wellsian week seems to have excited people here more than anything in recent years. As far as can be judged from the way ordinary citizens have been talking, the London reaction to the launching of Sputnik II was mostly honest and unstinted admiration, qualified by worry on behalf of the dog—and accompanied, one must add, by the slight chuckle with which a man might note the discomfiture of the rich neighbor across the way whose Cadillac has suddenly refused to start. The first unreflective comment on the news certainly centered on the contrast between the Soviet's bringing off this second stupendous feat so quietly and the American rockets' fizzling, just as many of the rain-soaked bonfires in London back yards did last Tuesday—Guy Fawkes night—when thousands of prettier, less lethal skyrockets went popping up toward the stars. The Sputniks' military significance (though it was, of course, present in all the arguments in Thursday's defense debate in the House of Commons) has apparently come second in ordinary conversations to the larger view of the fantastic new chapter it has opened to man—if he does not succeed in blowing himself off this planet before having a shot at new ones, that is. In a Gallup Poll run by the *News Chronicle* after the first satellite was launched, forty-six per cent of those questioned said that it had made them wonder what the future holds (in the way of interplanetary travel, presumably—not wars), thirty-six per cent felt an increased respect for the Russians, twenty-seven per cent wondered why the Americans had been beaten to it, and only a jumpy fourteen per cent found that Sputnik had made them more frightened of Russia. There's no doubt, however, that the way people are thinking about all sorts of things has been subtly affected since the little dog began circulating in outer space, and many thoughtful Britons believe that this reappraisal, agonizing or not, may be all to the good in the long run.

The new catchword running through the newspaper editorials and the politicians' speeches is "interdependence," which someone seems to feel has just been invented. In the Prime Minister's opening speech after the post-Sputnik Parliament reassembled, the sentence that got the most attention was his remark that he had returned from Washington with the impression that the United States is no longer confident of being able to survive without its allies—an astounding and relaxing idea to lots of British, who have cynically considered that up to now this island's importance in Washington's strategy was chiefly as a No. 1 airstrip. There was also much interest, and some confusion, over Mr. Macmillan's saying that as a result of Russia's spectacular two steps ahead into the clouds and its dramatic seizing of world attention, the West would have to come up with some dynamic counterattraction, which might necessarily include the surrender of "an even more significant [measure] of . . . national sovereignty." Just what surrender he had in mind he did not say, but this cryptic line caused people here and across the Channel to prick up their ears and wonder if it was not a hint of closer European coöperation, mention of which has been somewhat soft-pedalled in recent Government speeches. Whether his remark and all the talk of "interdependence" now blowing around Westminster refer to the mooted pooling of Anglo-American talents and knowledge, or whether they imply, as some hope, that all the scattered bits of the European potential had better push on sharply with the job of looking like a unified whole, is still guesswork. If Mr. Macmillan was really floating a small trial balloon for the idea of Europe's drawing closer together, then the NATO summit meetings next month could moor it to something far more solid—though there is, of course, a sizable body of criticism here, among both the Conservative and the Labour ranks, that dislikes the prospect of Britain's tying herself too firmly into any European bowknot, either political or defensive. (Not only Labour supporters, incidentally, felt a nasty slow chill down their spines at the recent chat about arming the West Germans with nuclear weapons.) A good many Britons disappointedly remember how similar experimental half-moves toward Europe have seemed to come to nothing much, and they are now waiting to see what emerges from the discussions, not yet resolved, about how far the Government intends to go in the matter of a partial free-trade area under the common-market project. At the moment, the general impression that, as a result of the Sputniks, the Anglo-American partnership may get around to acting like a real, trusting, and profitable two-way concern is already bracing.

THE amount of passion stirred up here over the fate of the Sputnik dog was astonishing, though maybe not to foreigners, who have acidly remarked before now that the British are frequently more tenderhearted toward their pets than they are toward their children. It was comic but true that millions of Britons, faced with the creepy thought that an invisible object made in Russia was careering over their heads daily, were principally troubled by anxiety for the canine passenger, and not in the least by what the phenomenon might imply as a threat to their own skins. It was certainly comic that the London press could not even agree on the beast's name. The *Daily Mail* and the *Daily Mirror* gave it as Curly. The *News Chronicle* settled for Fluffy, but later changed to the sterner Husky. The Labour *Daily Herald* announced that the bitch was called Little Barker, and gave her encouragement in the comradely headline "STEADY BARKER!," while Lord Beaverbrook's papers insisted that she was Little Lemon, and stuck to the citrus diminutive throughout. Whatever she was, she obsessed the public imagination. A pavement artist who crawls about with his chalks over a strip of sidewalk outside—appropriately—the National Gallery was attracting appreciative knots of passersby and a capful of pennies the other afternoon for his portrait of a perky fox terrier cocking its head at Nelson's Column and demanding "Who the 'ell said Sputnik?" The R.S.P.C.A. headquarters has been getting plaintive telephone calls asking it to do something right away—just what not being specified—because the caller could not sleep for thinking of "that dog." Since the Society has been advising all troubled citizens to take a bus to the Soviet Embassy, in Kensington, and lodge their protests there, it is possible that the Russians are finding rest difficult, too. The newspapers' correspondence columns have been crackling, with some angry letters saying that the Russians were wicked to use a dog so, and with others saying that the British are fools for getting more agitated, as the writers scornfully insisted, over one dog than they had over Hungary or Hiroshima. "My earnest wish is for the little dog to make a safe return



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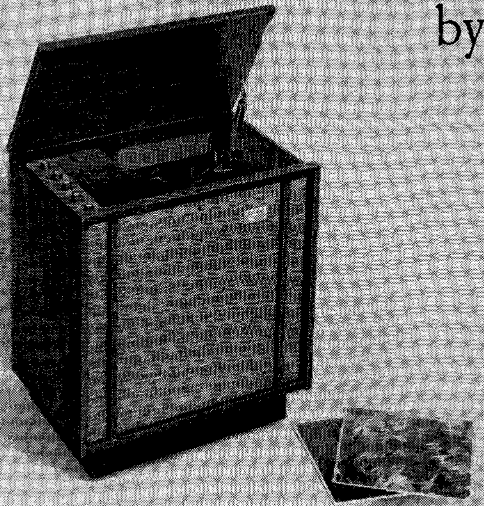

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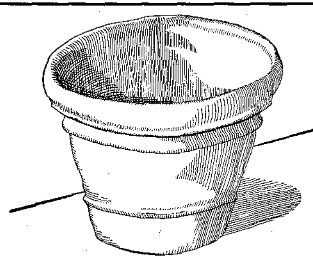

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unhurt—in my garden," a typical example of the first school of letter writing piously put it, adding belligerently, "God help the Russian Embassy official who comes to collect." The other side pointed out sarcastically that much of the outcry possibly came from ladies cheerfully hung round with the skins of trapped animals or from sportsmen who hunted stags into the sea without seizing their pens to write to the papers about it, and that, anyhow, few people bothered to protest on behalf of the animals being used every day for biological or medical experiments. Well, that may be so, but those animals are not flying overhead daily, like a perambulating conscience. During the last week, or until the reports that Little Lemon had died in the line of duty, few Britons, it is pretty safe to guess, glanced up at the sky without remembering her with a queer shock, as though at some nudging reminder of man's inventive inhumanity to man and dog alike.

THE principal down-to-earth worry that the Government found waiting for it when it got back to Westminster from the long vacation was precisely the same unpleasant item it waved goodbye to from the doorstep in early August—how to convince the country that the Government is determined to take all measures to beat inflation while at the same time convincing the working sections of the community that it is not simply determined to beat down their interests, and nobody else's. The Conservative rank and file have long been urging their leaders to get tough with the trade unions and their snowballing wage claims, and now it would seem that the Government has at last done just that. The place where it has chosen to put its foot down—bang in the middle of a public service—is what has really startled most citizens. The Minister of Health has just given a loud, clear, and (it appears) unbudging refusal to an increased pay award for forty thousand admittedly poorly paid clerical and other workers in the National Health Service. The rise had already been fixed by the approved tribunal on pay and working conditions—the Whitley Council—and the Government's decision to ignore its ruling has, in the furious Labour view, not only made nonsense of the whole system of collective bargaining but bluntly served notice to the trade unions that this winter the fight is on. The disappointed Health Service workers have said that they do not want to do anything to make the sick people in hospitals suffer,

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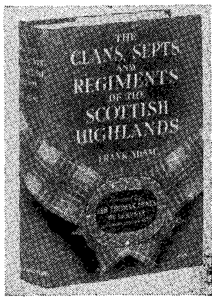

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but their union has just declared a ban on overtime, starting next week, which, considering the enormous cocoon of paperwork the whole service nestles in, is bound to amount to a serious day-to-day slowdown. Some of their complaints will certainly strike a sympathetic note among other hard-pressed sections of the public—for instance, their point that some of the junior white-collar grades are being paid less than the laborers pushing barrows on the hospital grounds. The Government has now stated that it will continue to veto the National Health Service pay rises just as long as the national economic situation remains as perilous as it is, and this is probably the line with which it proposes to square up to the mounting demands ahead. Mr. Macmillan told Parliament the other day that he had trust in the common sense of the British people—who are, indeed, already fed up to the teeth with inflation and might well back any government that came out with the intention of stopping it, by whatever unpopular means. Right now, it looks as though there will be enough unpopularity to please even the most disgruntled Conservative critics. The railwaymen and the locomotive engineers and firemen have already slapped down new wage claims, and the post-office workers, the printers, and the fire brigades have all lodged protests against the Government's stiff "No" to the hospital pay rise. Whether the Conservative critics, who have principally complained of cruel pinches in the middle-class shoe, will be so happy when this new squeeze bears down—as it will surely do on everybody this winter—remains to be seen. It may be a time when the British public will need that common sense, all right. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

The average poet turns to writing because he can't compete with his schoolmates in track and football. High school dances frighten him. He never learns the proper passes that score with a chick in the back seat of a Thunderbird. In fact, he never gets near a Thunderbird.—*Kenneth Rexroth in the Nation.*

We know somebody else who's never been near a Thunderbird.

•

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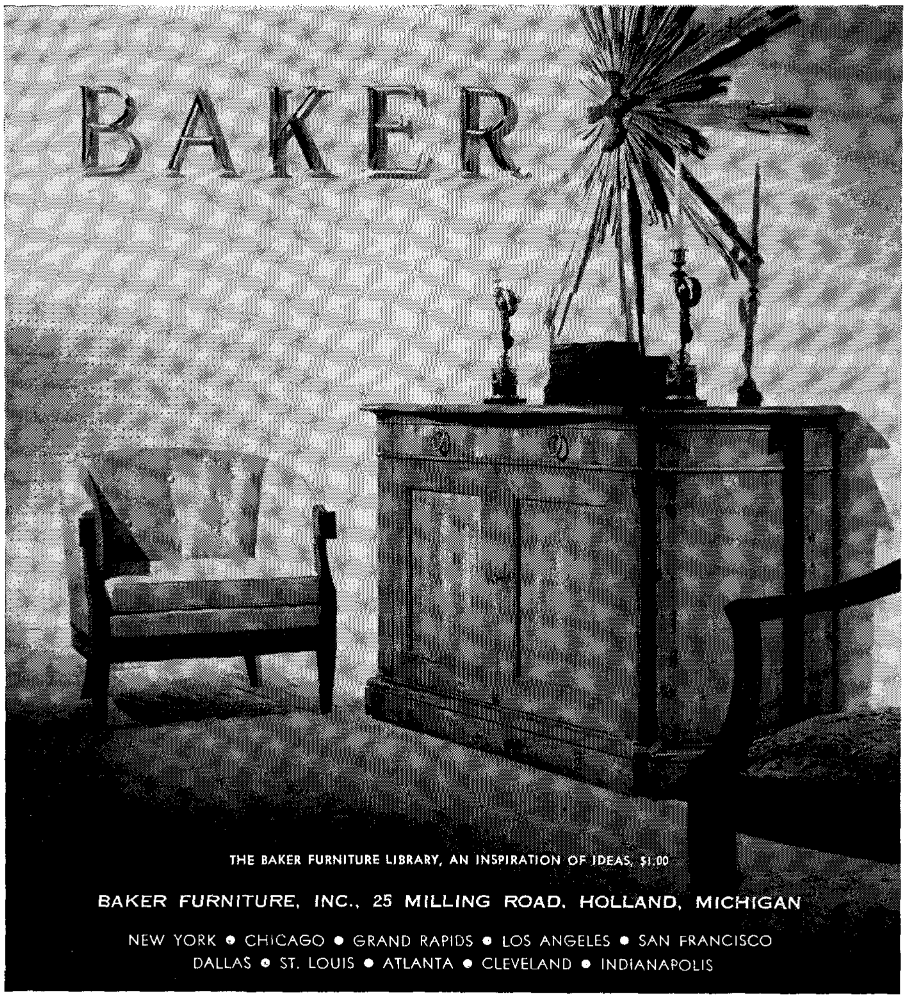

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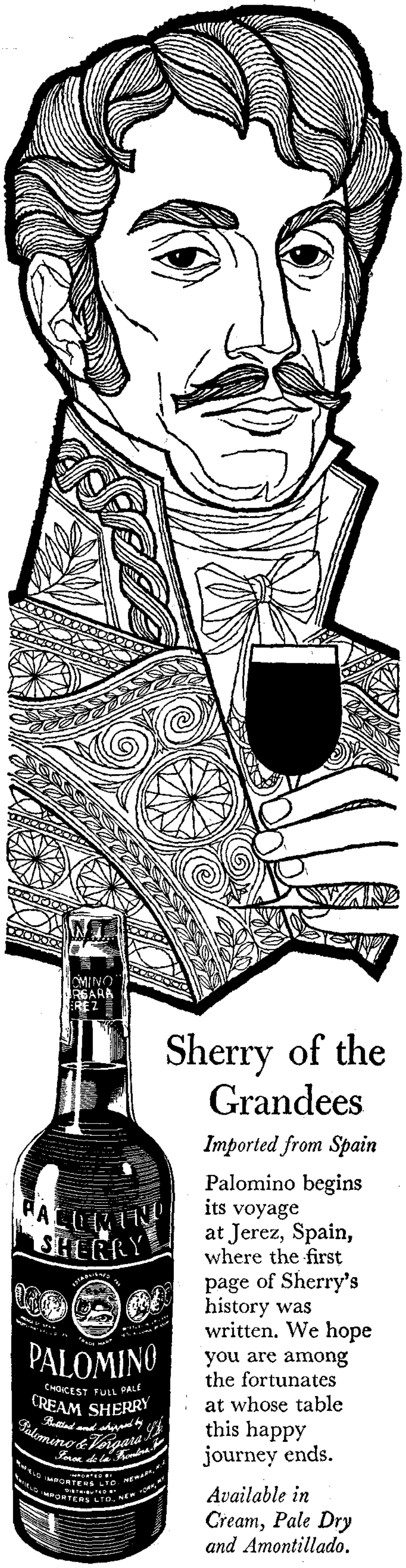

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FOOTBALL

Lost Causes

TWO big jazz bands—the Third Herd, conducted by Woody Herman, and a group conducted by Les and Larry Elgart—got to Princeton last Friday night, and long before daybreak their crafty evolutions had thoroughly bemused the native populace. A few hours later, the Yale team, conducted by Dick Winterbauer, got to Princeton and finished off the job. This wasn't altogether easy, for now and then Princeton, which owns the finest collection of manpower in the Ivy League, came out of shock and played the sort of football it is capable of, but it quickly slipped back into its favorite bad habits—collecting penalties, and standing by admiringly while the opposition throws forward passes. Sapoch, in accordance with a custom adhered to by few other Princetonians in recent memory, knocked down what Yale passes he could, but Sapoch is still just a boy, and hasn't figured out how to be in four places at once, guarding four separate Yale men. Although Princeton has now lost its first Ivy League game (Yale 20, Princeton 13), it can go on to win the League championship by knocking off Dartmouth this Saturday, but Dartmouth has the look of being more resourceful.

Weeks of preparation are put into the playing of a Yale-Princeton football match, and then all the work of scouting each other's plays and setting up countermeasures goes for nothing. One of Princeton's pet schemes—Tiley's delayed smash through center—was used hardly at all, and its most famous device, known to the trade as the buck-lateral sequence, wasn't used once. An old Yale specialty—the option play—was equally inconspicuous, largely because it was absent. And so it went all afternoon, with both teams trying one novelty after another. The winning touchdown, in fact, came on a long throw by Yale's Coker, and no one could remember having seen Coker throw a ball in his entire college career. Well, as everyone agreed on the way home, it was a day in which the feint rather than the sledge hammer prevailed.

A COUPLE of other causes were lost last Saturday. A matter of rather local but nevertheless intense interest was the game between Amherst and Williams. Amherst, which no one had been able to lay by the heels this fall, was roundly laid low by Williams, losing both the game (39–14) and the Little Three championship in one reasonably fell swoop. A matter of national interest was the game between Oklahoma and Notre Dame. Notre Dame, though nobody's fool, had dropped two matches this season; Oklahoma had won forty-seven in a row. The obvious conclusion to be drawn from this accumulation of facts was Oklahoma 7, Notre Dame 0. The obvious suspicion to be drawn from the emergence of the exact reverse of this score is that a few of Oklahoma's opponents on that long, long road could have been what boxing matchmakers call setups.

SATURDAY'S game on Dartmouth's home grounds, against Cornell, was the Yale-Dartmouth game all over again, with Dartmouth coming from behind at the very end to catch the enemy. It caught Yale, 14–14; it beat Cornell, 20–19. This was a pretty good Cornell, too, the same Cornell that had surprisingly beaten Brown the week before, and still under the same new management—Tom Skypeck, who a lot of observers thought should have been Cornell's regular quarterback all along. When he has any kind of line to protect him, he can throw a pass or work the rollout with the best of them.

Another comer from behind was Army, which has been living a precarious life of late; Army 39, Utah 33 was some recent evidence. Army, which also has a fine collection of first-team manpower, has the skill to use it. It came from behind twice on Saturday—the second time five minutes or so before the deadline—to make it Army 20, Tulane 14. Whether it can do this against Navy, which is full of oats this year, is a harder question, but Army—unlike the rest of us, who have to get out on the field again this Saturday—has the weekend off to think the problem over in peace and quiet.—J. W. L.

•

An unusual and practical gift for business associates is the new Protexall fire extinguisher made by American LaFrance. Styled in pastel shades of green and yellow, as well as white and red, Protexall blends with the decor of any office or home. A matching hanging bracket enables it to be placed in a convenient spot.—*News release from American LaFrance Corporation.*

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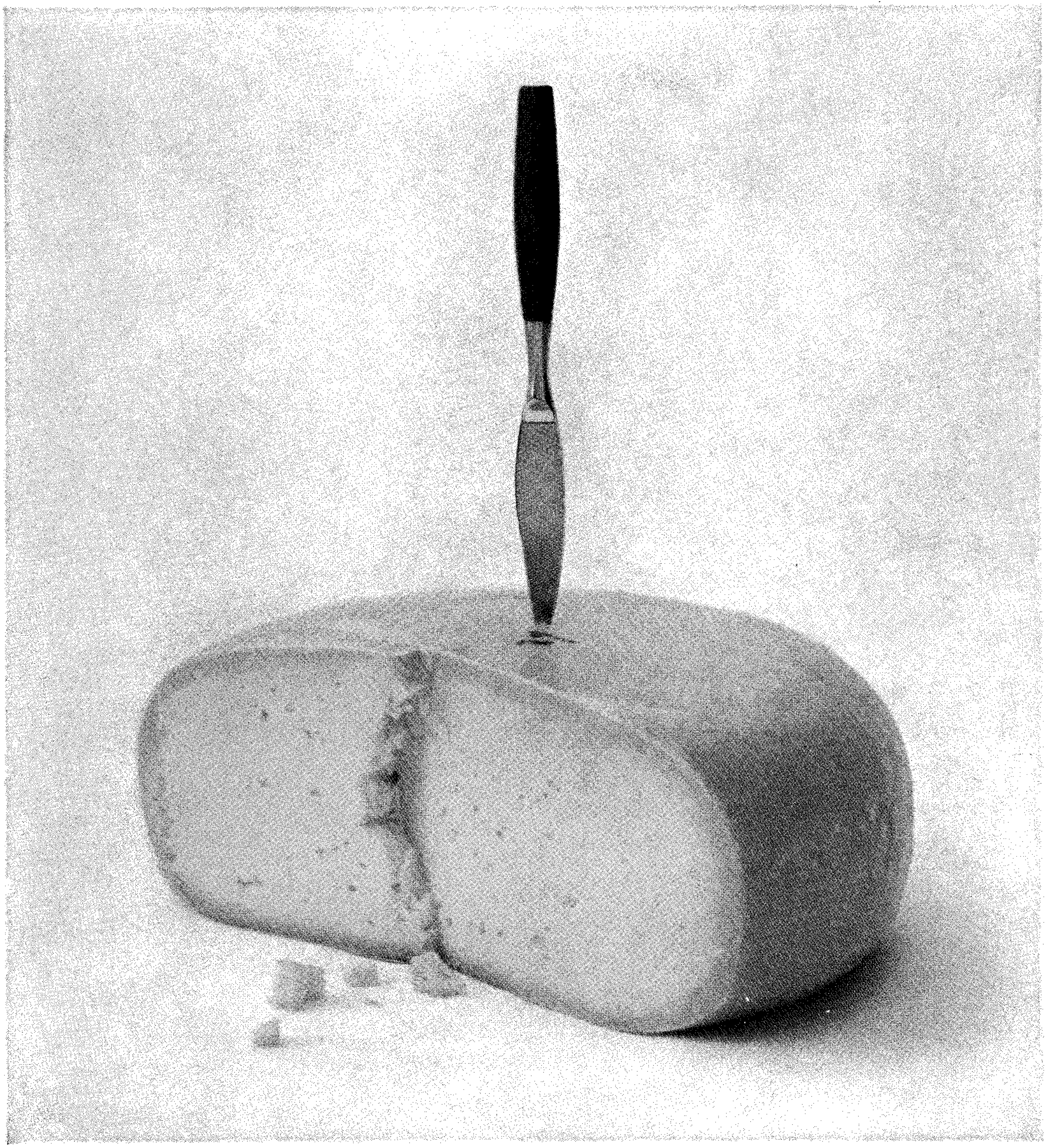

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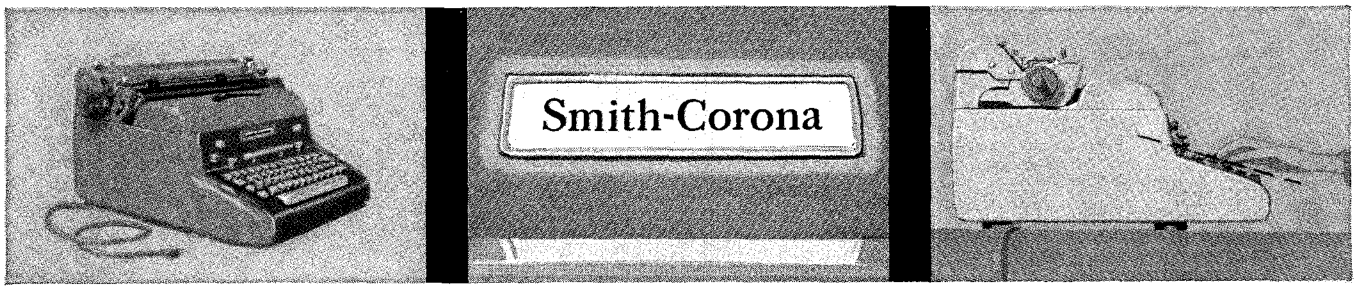

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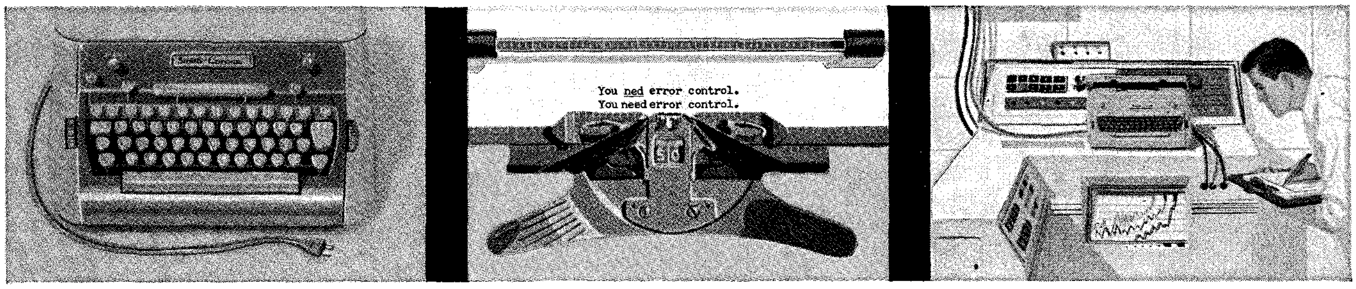

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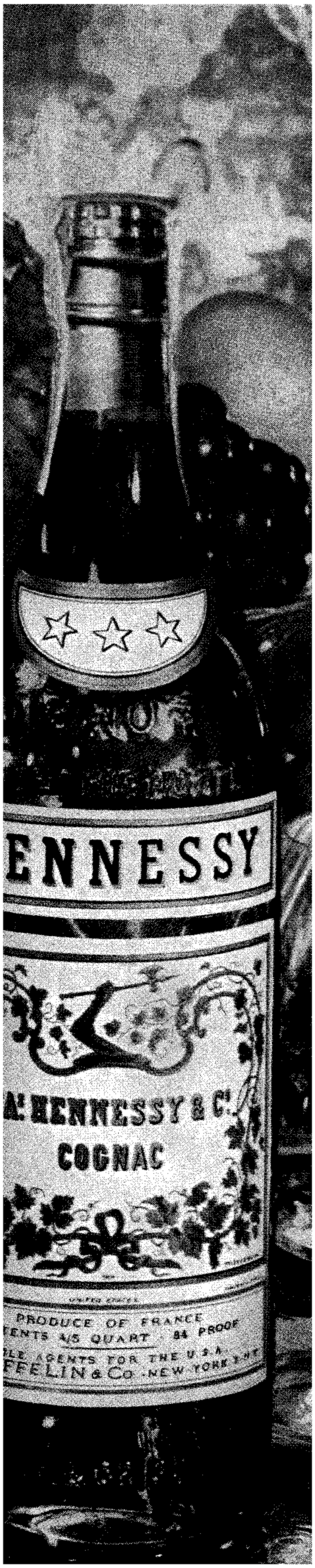
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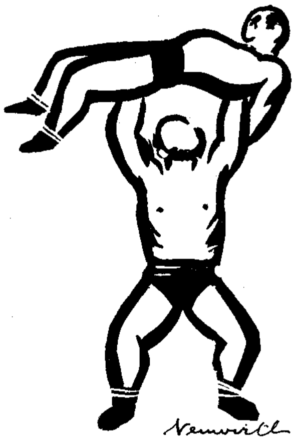
A HIGH LIFE OR TWO IN GHANA

THE important thing to bear in mind when you are planning a visit to what was once the Gold Coast and is now Ghana is that the advice liberally proffered by old Gold Coast hands in retirement will be designed to perpetuate a nostalgic legend. You will be warned to prepare yourself for a scarcely tamed White Man's Grave, where you take Sensible Precautions, stick to sundowners, keep your possessions in an antproof metal box, and wipe the mildew off your boots at regular intervals. I fell a victim to this propaganda to the extent of buying a pair of mosquito boots before I left London. They were made of soft, supple leather fitted very snug at the ankle, and they reached almost to the knee, beneath which they could be drawn tight with tapes. I put them on only once, in the privacy of a hotel bedroom, and noted that when they were worn with khaki drill shorts they made me look like some grotesque Balkan dancer. After that I packed them away. It was a symbolic act. I had observed that in Accra, the capital city, Europeans nowadays seemed to make it a point of honor to go bareheaded in the noonday sun. And the sundowners seemed to have gone out with sola topees. You popped into a bar and drank a pint of good German or Danish lager whenever you felt like it. It was hot in Accra, but not as hot as New York at its worst, and—at least in the dry season, which is usually quite pleasant—not as humid, either, and down by the shore there was generally a cool breeze blowing in from the Atlantic.



I found Accra a cheerful, vociferous town, with an architectural bone structure of old, arcaded colonial buildings, some of them vaguely Dutch or Danish in style. The streets had been cut in all directions, in the English manner. There were warrens of corrugated-iron shacks right in the heart of the town, a wide belt of garden-sprigged suburbs, and, here and there, isolated slabs of modern architecture, looking like enormous units of sectional furniture. As usual, the English had thrown away the chance—always seized by the French in their colonies—of turning the sea front into a pleasant, tree-shaded promenade. The surf crashing on the beaches was out of sight behind warehouses built at a time when trade was all and merchants were content to put off their gracious living until they had made their pile on the Coast and could get back to England with it before malaria or yellow jack finished them off. Everywhere I went, the streets were crowded with a slow-moving mass of humanity, the men mostly in togas, the women in the Victorian and Edwardian dresses introduced by the missionaries but now transformed by the barbaric gaiety of the material from which they are confected. The designs printed on these cottons demand some comment: they are produced in Manchester, Brussels, and Paris, from African originals, and although they suggest the most striking Indian saris, there is something fevered and apocalyptic in the vision behind the drawings that seems to be purely African. The most successful patterns are said to be produced by West African artists as the result of dreams, and the artists often mix abstract symbols and realism in designs that have a drugged and demonic quality, like a descriptive passage from "The Palm Wine Drinkard," the first novel of any consequence to have sprung from West Africa. (It was written by a young African named Amos Tutuola.) Dark-blue birds flit across these materials through an ashen forest of petrified trees; silver horses with snake-entwined legs charge furiously into a sable sky; huge metallic insects glint among the lianas of a macabre jungle; the black bowmen of Lascaux pursue griffins, firebirds, and tigers over fields of gold, with autumn leaves the size of shields tumbling about their shoulders. Why do European women rarely, if ever, wear these materials, which are stocked in a few out-of-the-way shops in both London and Paris? Perhaps because to do so would be to risk extinguishing themselves.

Amazingly, an Englishman can be at home in this atmosphere, which somehow, in defiance of the genial African sun, the color, and the seething vitality, succeeds in reproducing a little of the flavor of life in England. The African citizen of Ghana, for example, is reserved in his manner compared with his opposite number in, say, Dakar, the

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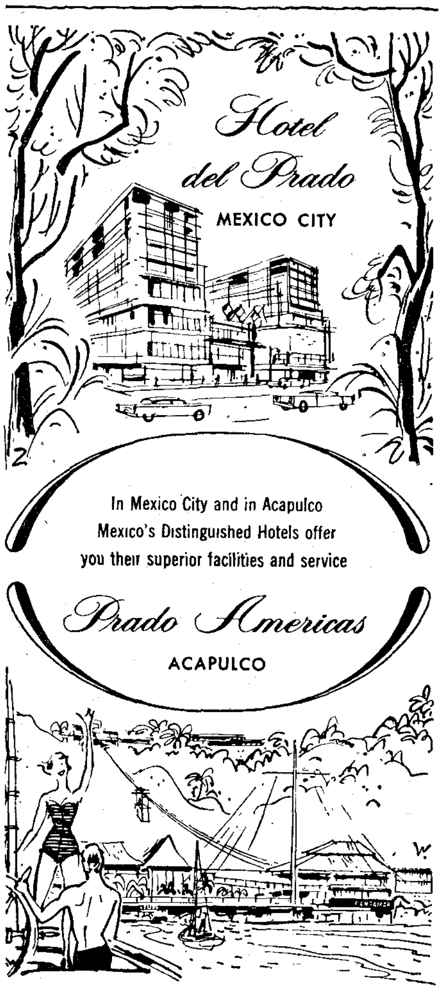
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capital of French West Africa. In fact, it is hard to believe that a century of independence will be long enough to expunge the essentially British odor of Gold Coast life—the cooking (brown Windsor soup and steak-and-kidney pie), the class observances, the flannel dances, the tea parties, and the cricketing metaphors in the speech. Even the paint on the fences in a suburb of Accra is of a sour-apple green never found outside Britain and her dominions, and the middle-class African of Accra lives in home surroundings indistinguishable from those favored by his equivalent in the London suburbs. There is the same affection for whimsey and humorous pretense—china ducks in flight up the wallpaper, Rin-Tin-Tin bookends, Toby jugs, telephones disguised as dolls, poker-work mottoes, and jolly earthenware elves in the back garden.

IT is generally believed that fraternization between whites and blacks is less complete in African territories colonized by the British than in those colonized by the French. This does not apply in West Africa. In Dakar, the color bar is officially nonexistent, but it is extraordinary to see an African in a good hotel or a fashionable restaurant. The reason given is that Africans do not feel comfortable in such surroundings. The natives of Accra are not overawed in this way, and for years there has been a fairly proportional color representation—say, ten Africans to one European—in all public places of entertainment. The same ratio prevailed in the better-known spots during the independence celebrations last spring, when I had some little experience with Accra night life, which can be strenuous. My host one evening was a minor political figure I will call Joseph, and he had brought with him his secretary, Corinne. We started the evening at the new Ambassador Hotel, which is said to be one of the three best hotels in Africa. At this time there was no chance of getting a room there, since the government of Ghana had filled it with foreign V.I.P.s, invited for the occasion. The festivities had already been going on for a week, and the streets outside were awash with restless, slightly jaded revellers. We sat in the bar and admired the photomontage on the wall, which included a dancing scene from "Guys and Dolls" and a shot of the towers of the Kremlin. Behind potted palms, a pianist in tails was striking soft, rich chords on a grand piano. Joseph and Corinne ordered Pimm's No. 1,

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which is currently *de mode* in Accra. I noticed that the V.I.P.s present included firebrands from British Guiana and Tunisia, temporarily domesticated and transformed in glistening sharkskin, and a berobed African chief, wearing ropes of beautiful, ancient beads, who waved genially and said "Ta-ta" as we came in. There was no hope of a table for dinner at the Ambassador, so we went on to its only competitor, and there, in sombre and seedy surroundings typical of an English commercial hotel in a small Midland town, we made the best of a typical Midland meal of fried liver, tomatoes, and chips.

After that, we visited a night club called A Weekend in Havana, outside which Joseph got into an altercation with a policeman over the parking of his car. There is often a fine Johnsonian rumble about such exchanges in Accra: "You were attracted by the glamour of your profession. Now you must work" was Joseph's parting shot. (Later in the evening, when a Cabinet Minister offered him an extremely stiff whiskey, he said, "I am not, sir, a member of your staff, and am not, therefore, accustomed to more than singles." Still later, when an enormous Nigerian emir, gathering his robes about him, joined our table, Joseph remarked, "I hear, sir, that you people reproduce at an alarming rate," and the emir, taking this as a compliment, grinned hugely and replied, "You have been correctly informed.") A Weekend in Havana was an open-air place, with tables set up around a thick-leaved tree that gave off the odor of jasmine. A white, dove-like bird circled continually overhead, probably attracted by the powerful fluorescent lighting. When we arrived, the band was playing "It's a Sin to Tell a Lie," and the dancers were gliding round in a stately *palais-de-danse* manner. About half the people on the floor were in national costume and the rest were in evening dress. The few European women seemed to me to be outclassed by the African girls, with their splendidly becoming gowns and their majestic carriage. Corinne sat happily commenting on the private lives of those present, and, closing my eyes and listening to her remarks, I could hardly believe I was not sitting in a similar night spot in London. "Good heavens! Isn't that Dr. Kajomar with Mrs. Chapman? Had *you* any idea that show was still going on, Joseph?" A girl wearing one of the new slogan dresses, with "JUSTICE AND LIBERTY" printed across her ample hips, swung past in the arms of her partner, and Corinne,

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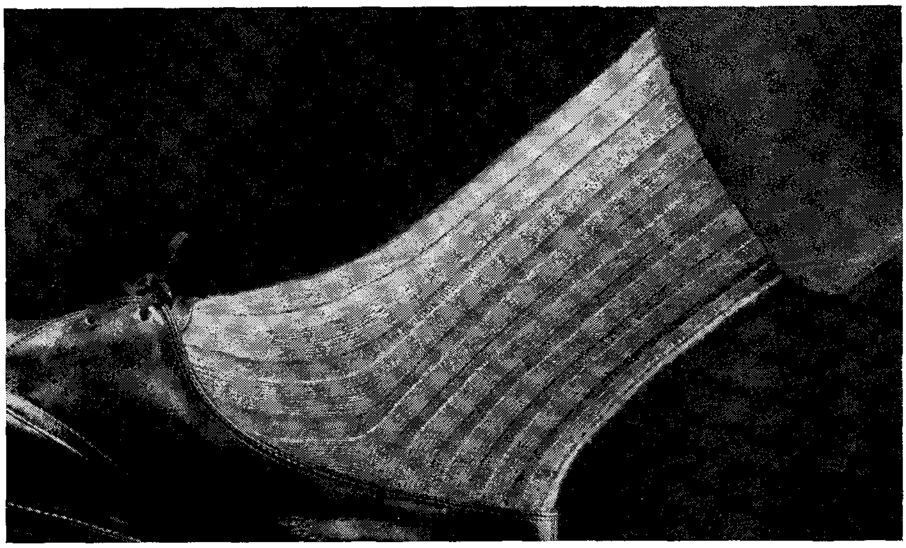

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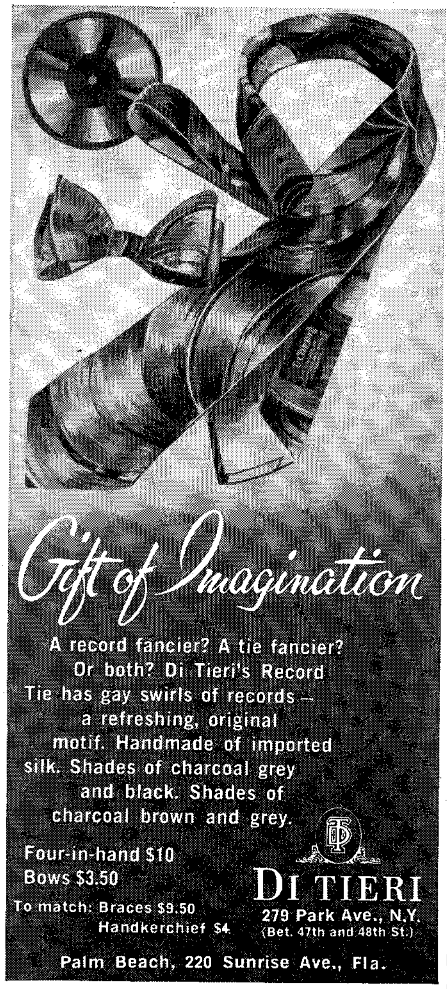

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looking away as if pained, said, "Do you know, I do think people should draw the line somewhere!" Soon after this, the band played a High Life—a dance of Gold Coast invention that resembles a frenzied and individualistic samba. A party of British sailors from a naval vessel, helping themselves to partners from among the local girls, joined in this to the best of their ability, and were much applauded by the Africans. The trouble with the British, Corinne had just remarked, was that they never let themselves go. Her former employer had been a Scotsman who had unnerved her by his habit of concealing his anger.

This episode gave me an opening to indulge in a pastime that is a favorite of mine when I am in regions that are slipping, or have slipped, through colonialist fingers—carrying out a post-mortem on the relationship between the two peoples involved, in the full knowledge that the findings, allowing for local variations, will be the same. Joseph said that to get right down to the root of the trouble, it amounted to the fact that the Englishman had never learned to stop complete strangers in the street, shake hands with them warmly, and ask them where they were going and why. What was even worse, the English had almost succeeded in breaking the people of the Gold Coast of such traditional African displays of good breeding, inculcated in all the bush schools before the European came along with his version of education and his insistence on the formal introduction. I knew this to be true. Only a few weeks spent in Africa—especially if not too much time is wasted in big towns, where the real flavor of the country is subdued—are enough to convince anyone of the African's extreme and innate sociability. Africans as one discovers them in the villages of the interior are never standoffish, rude, or aggressive; they are always ready to receive the visitor in a courteous and dignified way. This is the tradition of the country, and even in such Europeanized areas as the Gold Coast, where a boy no longer spends four years or more learning the ideals of manhood under the strict discipline of the bush school, a stern training in manners is usually carried out in the home, with what seem excellent results.

It might be reasonable to suggest that behind the façade of politics there are strong temperamental and emotional factors that are helping to strip the Briton of his colonies. Even in the Gold Coast colony, where the Englishman had learned to become a better mixer

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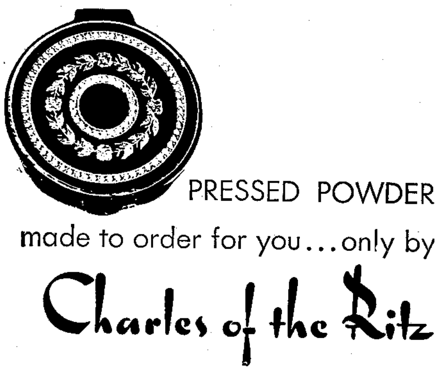

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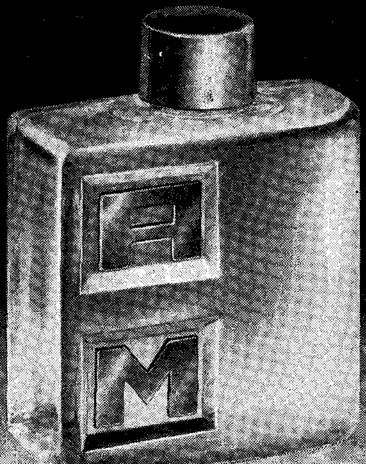
than his French neighbor, there remained a trace of the aloofness, the inability to get together with the African on a footing of absolute social equality, that make it so difficult for him to be loved as well as respected. Here, as in India and Burma, the European clubs defended their exclusiveness to the last ditch. The Englishman was received socially by the educated African without any reserve whatever, but the African's civility was not fully returned, and there was an offensive aura of patronage about this lack of reciprocity. The most important white man's club in Accra admitted no African members or African guests, and only two influential chiefs succeeded in joining the one in Cape Coast, a smaller port, seventy-five miles southwest of Accra. In Kumasi, the second-largest city in the country, the white man's club underlined its determination to hold out to the end by posting a notice to inform the members that "due to the development of events" they would be permitted, on and after Independence Day, to introduce guests of "any nationality"—though such guests had to be approved by the secretary ahead of time. The Africans had submitted to these pinpricks cheerfully and without rancor, but more serious wounds were added when they went to England as students and found that under some dishonest pretext—since the color bar has no admitted existence in England—eighty-five per cent of the hotels and boarding houses refused to admit them. No demonstration of the virtues of imperialism—the high-minded incorruptibility of the white overlords, and all that—could quite compensate the new, nationalistic African for the treatment he received in England, overt or otherwise, as a member of an inferior race. Thus, many Africans who had been hurt by the coolness of their reception in England returned to Africa carrying the germ of a disease that is fairly new in this continent—anti-white racial feeling. When independence came, and the European clubs had belatedly opened their doors to all, and the British Governor General, Sir Charles Noble Arden-Clarke, had surrendered his impressive apartments in Christiansborg Castle to Ghana's first Prime Minister, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, and retired to the modest accommodations previously prepared for Dr. Nkrumah in the State House, one of the first steps of the new nation was to replace, despite the protests of the parliamentary Opposition, the portrait of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth on postage stamps with a por-

bearing the initials of a gentleman



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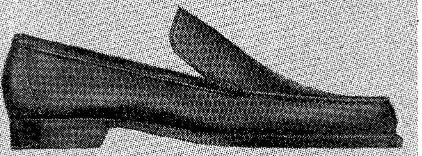

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trait of Dr. Nkrumah. But even before the great day, editorials in the Ghanaian newspapers began to sound a little less dizzy with success. There would be no colonial scapegoats around when things went wrong in the future. The Ghanaians would have only themselves to blame if the much publicized corruption among their public men brought about their undoing as a nation, or if the disputes with the Ashanti and Togoland minorities in the interior were allowed to deteriorate until they exploded in civil war.

Many members of the newly freed nation regarded the victory of Kwame Nkrumah and his followers, who now have almost absolute control of the country, as the victory of an energetic political clique that had been able to impose its will—sometimes by dubious means—on the politically lethargic masses. Such disgruntled opponents of the regime, who were expecting no share in the fruits of the victory, were on the whole unhappy to see their white rulers depart, and there were refusals in several parts of the country to put out flags. That the English could take their leave as they did, with so little apparent reluctance and so many protestations of good will all round, is due to the nature of their stake in the country, which does not demand their physical presence in large numbers. Ghana has been saved from the tragic situation of Algeria, and the almost equally unhappy situations of Kenya and South Africa, by the fact that it has never been considered suitable for European settlement. West Africa as a whole has been protected from white ownership by malarial mosquitoes, an inexorable rainy season, and an absence of salubrious highlands where European farmers could establish themselves. When the demand for independence came, there was no reason not to accede to it. As things were, a handful of British traders, technicians, and colonial officials got a living from the country, and these would not be compelled to leave. The only conceivable losers might be certain African underlings with a preference for the devil they knew to the devil they didn't know, and a suspicion that they might be exchanging King Log for King Stork—these, and the three hundred thousand small farmers of the Ashanti tribe who produce the cocoa that is the country's wealth and who, in the long run, must foot the bills run up by the politicians in Accra.

FROM the very beginning, it was commerce that drew the European to the Gold Coast, and from this commerce developed one of the gravest social cancers that have ever cursed the human race—the slave trade. With the exception of Spain and Italy, nearly all the maritime European nations—Portugal, Holland, Denmark, England, Sweden, and Germany—at one time or another established strongholds on the Gold Coast and squabbled among themselves over the rich loot in captives. The British proved to possess the most staying power. In recognition of their straightforward and efficient business dealings, they were finally given the much-sought-after contract for the supply of slaves to the Spanish colonies—a contract that had been held first by the French and then by the Dutch. In the end, over half the slave trade fell into British hands. It has been estimated that between 1680 and 1786 more than two million slaves were exported from the Guinea Coast, as that part of Africa was then called. The wastage of life was tremendous. Livingstone believed that ten lives were lost for every slave delivered to a slave ship, and at sea the carnage continued. French ships' stores included chloride of mercury, with which slaves were poisoned if the ship was becalmed in the Middle Passage and supplies ran low. (The French defended the practice as more humane than the British and Dutch one of simply tossing the starving slaves into the sea.)

The slave trade was always carried on in a shamefaced manner, and contemporary accounts by those who took part in it are full of conscience-salving devices. Much was made of the slaves' happy opportunity to be brought into contact with Christianity. Slavers piously presented themselves as the rescuers of prisoners taken in African wars who would otherwise have been slaughtered, making no mention of the fact that it was they, the slavers, who encouraged, or even organized the wars. The slave merchants could be sensitive, too. One of them, a William Bosman, in a letter to a friend dispatched in 1700 from the castle of St. George d'Elmina, a hundred miles up the coast from Accra, wrote, "I doubt not but that this trade seems very barbarous to you, but since it is followed by mere necessity it must go on; but yet [in branding the slaves] we take all possible care that they are not burned too hard, especially the women, who are more tender than the men." I have visited this castle and seen the rooms where the slaves were confined and where they were auctioned. What struck me most was the delicacy of feeling evidenced by the arrangement that permitted heads of families who had brought some dependent to be auctioned to watch the proceedings from a chamber overlooking the auction room, so that they would not be exposed to the reproachful gaze of their victim.

Bosman, a Dutchman, was a man of severe morality and regular habits, who deplored the intemperances of his English trade rivals entrenched at nearby Cape Coast Castle. "The English never being better pleased than when the soldier spends his money in drink . . . they taking no care whether the soldier at pay-day saves gold enough to buy victuals, for it is sufficient if he have but spent it in punch; by which excessive tipling and sorry feeding most of the garrison look as if they were hag-ridden." The English, Bosman observed, were also much given to a plurality of wives—particularly the chief officers and governors of the castle, though two of the Royal African Company's agents had married six of the local ladies apiece. This company was promoted under a charter granted by Charles II. His Majesty was the principal shareholder in the venture, and the whole of the royal family invested money in it. However the garrison may have behaved, a dignified protocol befitting a royal enterprise was observed in all the company transactions. As a compliment to the Duke of York, the company's governor, its slaves were branded with the letters "D.Y.," and the branding device was of sterling silver.

Denmark was the first European power to abolish the slave trade—by a royal order issued in 1792. The British followed this lead in 1807, but a general European agreement was delayed twelve years by the French, who hoped to gain time to crush the rebellion in Haiti and then restock that colony with fresh slaves. The century that followed saw the gradual adjustment of the Gold Coast to legitimate trade, at first based principally on the extraction of gold (the guinea was originally coined from metal obtained on the Gold Coast) and after that on the cocoa bean. The seeds of the first cocoa tree to be grown on the African mainland are supposed to have been smuggled out of Fernando Po, an island in the Gulf of Guinea, in the eighteen-seventies, by a native blacksmith. The pods were sold for a pound apiece. By 1949, the Gold Coast was producing as much cocoa as the rest of the world put together. The area is now one of the richest in Africa, and the country's annual revenue from all sources is ten

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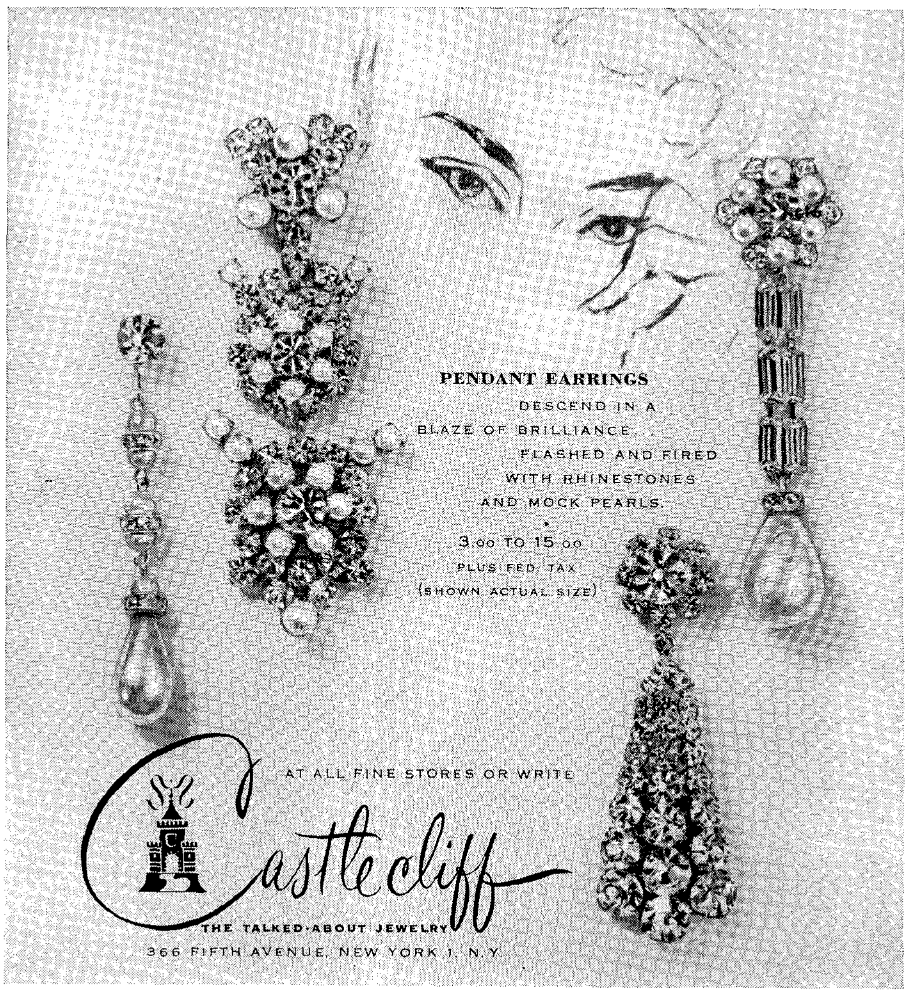

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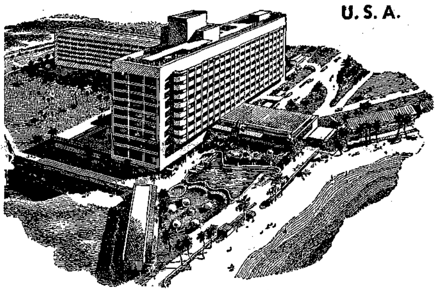
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times that of the nearby republic of Liberia, which has never been under colonial domination. It is a curious illustration of the mentality of nationalism that the politically educated citizen of Ghana now tends to play down the importance of the slave trade in the history of his country. If it is mentioned, he is likely to change the subject, or brush the whole question aside as historically insignificant. The memory is clearly considered derogatory to the dignity of a modern nation.

THE emergence of this modern nation was, of course, inevitable in time, but the fact that the Gold Coast became Ghana in the year 1957, and not perhaps twenty years later, is largely due to the energy and the tactics of its leader, Dr. Nkrumah. Dr. Nkrumah, whose father is said to have been a goldsmith and his mother a market woman, was born in 1909 and educated in mission schools. After a few years as a teacher, he went to America and obtained a degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology at Lincoln University, a Pennsylvania school, which later granted him an honorary doctorate. Soon after Nkrumah returned to Accra, a boycott of European goods began, and rioting and looting followed. He was imprisoned as a seditionist and emerged after a short term to take over the nationalist movement and launch a new party, the Convention People's Party, with its slogans "S.G. [Self-Government] Now" and "Freedom" (the two syllables pronounced as two separate words). Later on, he served another brief prison sentence for sedition, which was invaluable to the progress and propaganda of the C.P.P., and was released to become, first, the official Leader of Government Business (a job the local Parliament created for him) and then Prime Minister, with a predominantly African team of Ministers.

Democracy is liable to transmutation by the old tribal tradition of Africa into a parody of what is understood by the word in the West. Political issues are decided not so much by party programs—which are quite beyond the comprehension of village electors—as by the political personalities involved, and the crowds swarm to the support of an energetic and flamboyant leader. The enfranchisement of the black masses spells the end of the white man's domination in Ghana, not because there is any solidarity in color there (except the artificial one in the course of creation at this moment) but because the white man cannot compete with the African's

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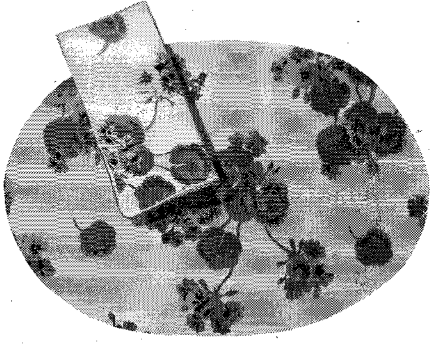
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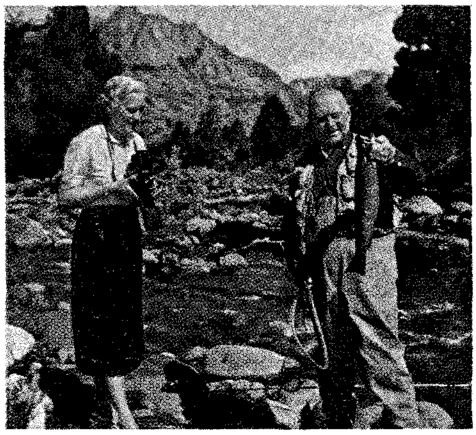

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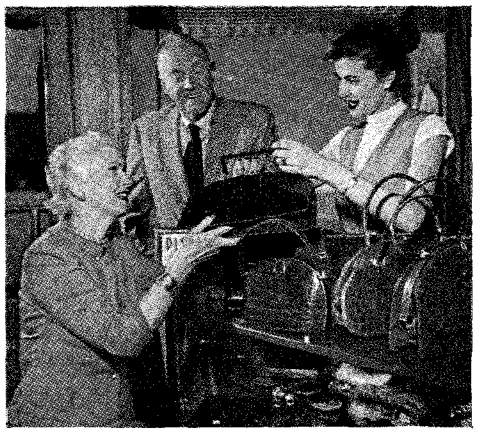

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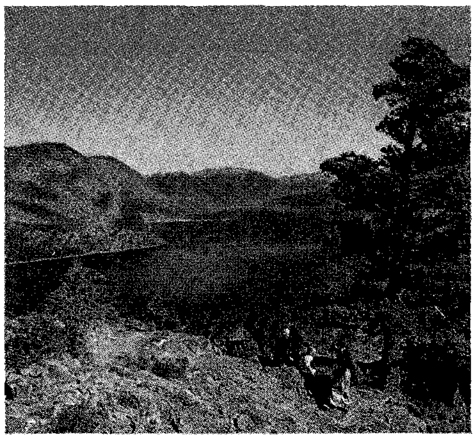

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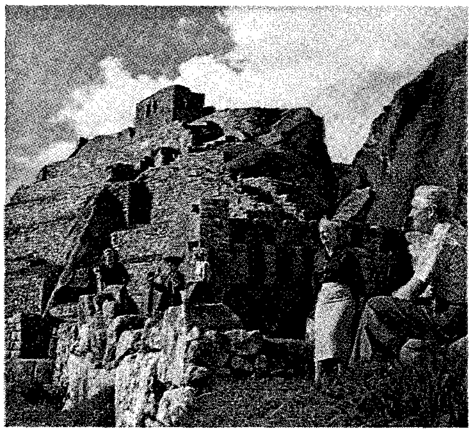

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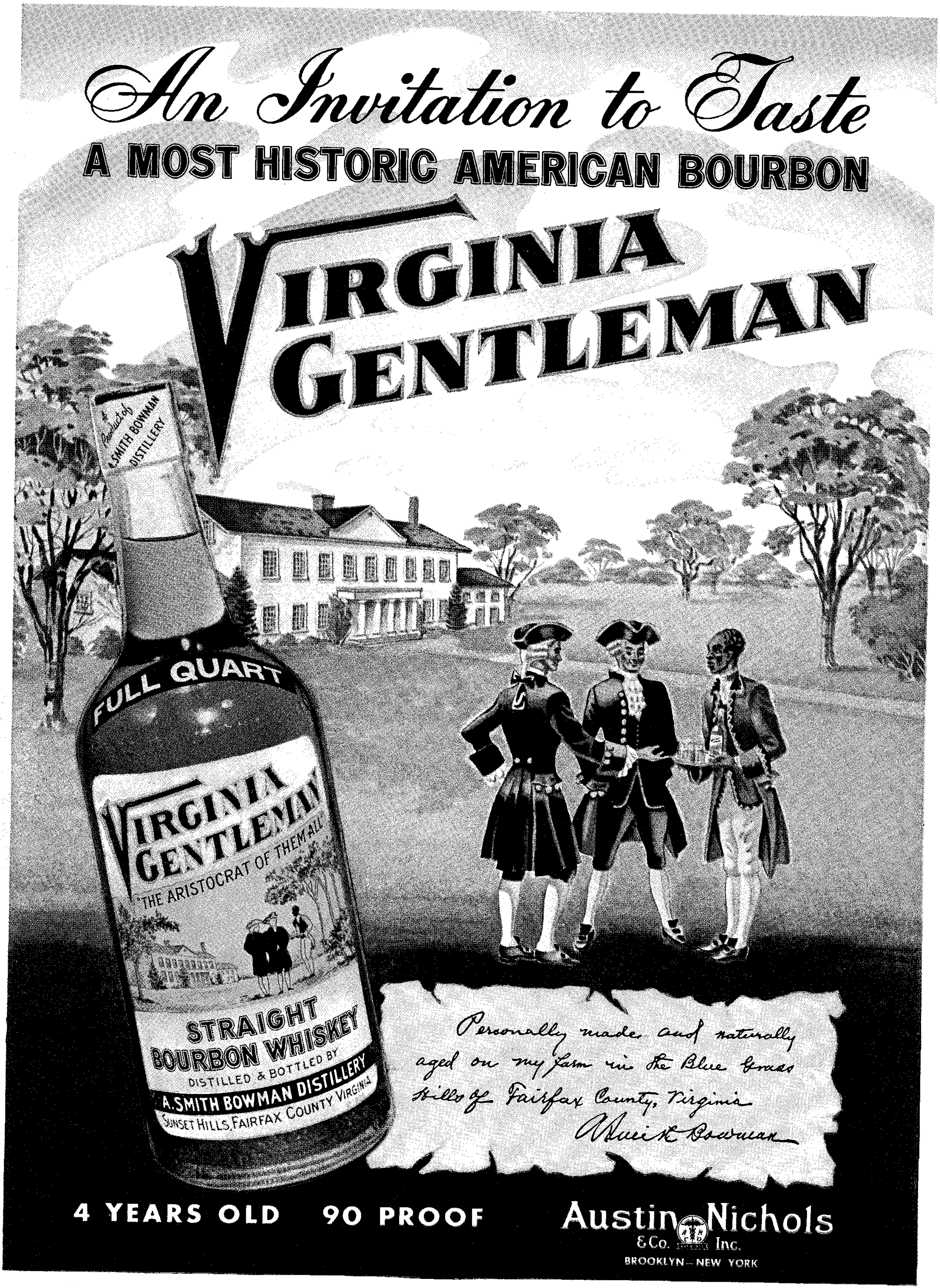
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knowledge of native psychology and cannot—even if he would—play on the African electors' hopes and fears with the deadly expertness of an ex-tribesman. Moreover, African political parties—and this applies not only to the parties in Ghana but to those of the whole of West Africa—change their programs and their affiliations in such a way that not even a trained student of politics can keep up with them. Their appeal to the mainly illiterate elector must be simplified to the point of absurdity. As an example of what is happening all over those parts of Africa where the electoral system has been introduced, let us say that a given party chooses as its emblem an animal known for its sagacity and strength—the elephant—while its opponents decide on the lion. In the unsophisticated countryside, the election now resolves itself into a contest between the merits of these two animals. The elephant candidates will obviously be unsuccessful in districts where a herd of elephants happens to be running wild and trampling the crops, while lion candidates can have no hope of gaining ground in remote pastoral areas where lions are carrying off livestock. The standard of political advancement of the village masses can be judged from the fact that when, just before the election, Nkrumah and members of his party carried out a perfectly normal animistic ceremony, which consisted of formally asking the help of the spirits of the Kpeshi lagoon, near Accra, the rumor became general that the Prime Minister had called on the gods to kill all who voted against him. Many electors, as a result of this, abstained from voting. Again, in the Ashanti country, where Nkrumah is not liked, his supporters spread the story that the Duchess of Kent, who attended the independence celebrations, had crowned Nkrumah King of Ghana, giving the impression that any opposition to him was useless. Many people, by the way, say that Dr. Nkrumah would like to be a real king instead of a mere Prime Minister—and not a king over Ghana alone. French newspapers in Dakar recently published a report that when, several years ago, he visited a famous witch doctor in Kankan, in French Guinea, a crown for Nkrumah was foretold when the auguries were taken from the blood of a sacrificed chicken. After the formalities Dr. Nkrumah visited Kankan again, but the old witch doctor had died and his successor was not yet fully trained, so no cock was sacrificed this time. A friend of mine who saw Nkrumah on

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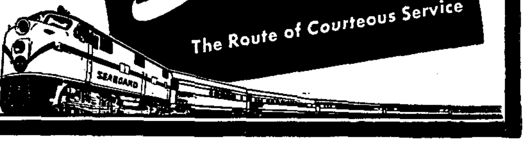

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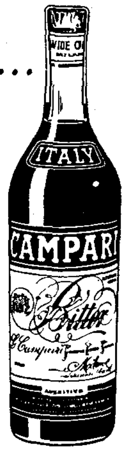

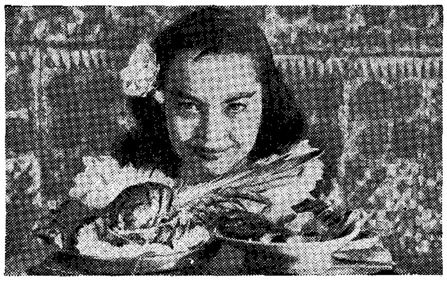

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this occasion noted that he was carrying a copy of Machiavelli's "The Prince."

The charge most frequently levelled against the C.P.P. is corruption, and even to the casual observer it would seem that many government functionaries live in a style remote from that made possible by their salaries. I have been told that no man can expect to get on the preferential list for any government appointment without a payment to the party funds on a scale commensurate with his ambitions, and a British senior police official who was staying on admitted to me shortly after independence that the length of his service probably depended entirely on how soon he received an order to turn a blind eye to the misdeeds of someone in a high place. This corruption in politics is excused—even defended—by some observers on the ground that it is entirely in line with the ancient tradition of the country. Every formal human contact calls for its appropriate offering. When a man leaves on a journey, all his friends make him a gift, however trivial, and when he returns he will be welcomed with another small offering. In the old days, the successful conclusion of a term in the bush school was signalled by a shower of congratulatory presents. A girl expected to receive tributes of beads and cosmetics not only for her wedding but upon the occasion of her being officially recognized as marriageable. No dispute could be brought to a chief for adjudication without the offering of a "mark of respect" by both parties in the case. Until recently, one of the worst torments of African travel for a white man arose out of this necessity of "dashing" every chief he visited, and of disposing of the livestock he was frequently "dashed" with in return. I once paid a courtesy call on an important dignitary living in a remote part of the country, where the old way of life was still followed, and was startled when the chief, after shaking hands with me, told me that he could not receive me "without warning." What he meant was that I had not given him time to find a suitable dash, and our meeting must therefore be considered to have no official existence. As for the two bottles of beer I had brought for him, they could not decently be handed over until I had gone. These are the usages of a highly complicated civilization; they are pervasive, and when the old order breaks down and politicians take over from the chiefs, nothing is easier than to make the transition, in almost imperceptible

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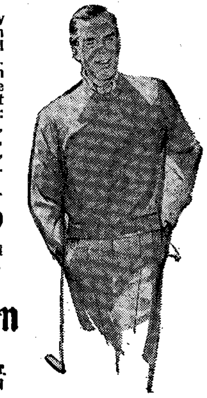

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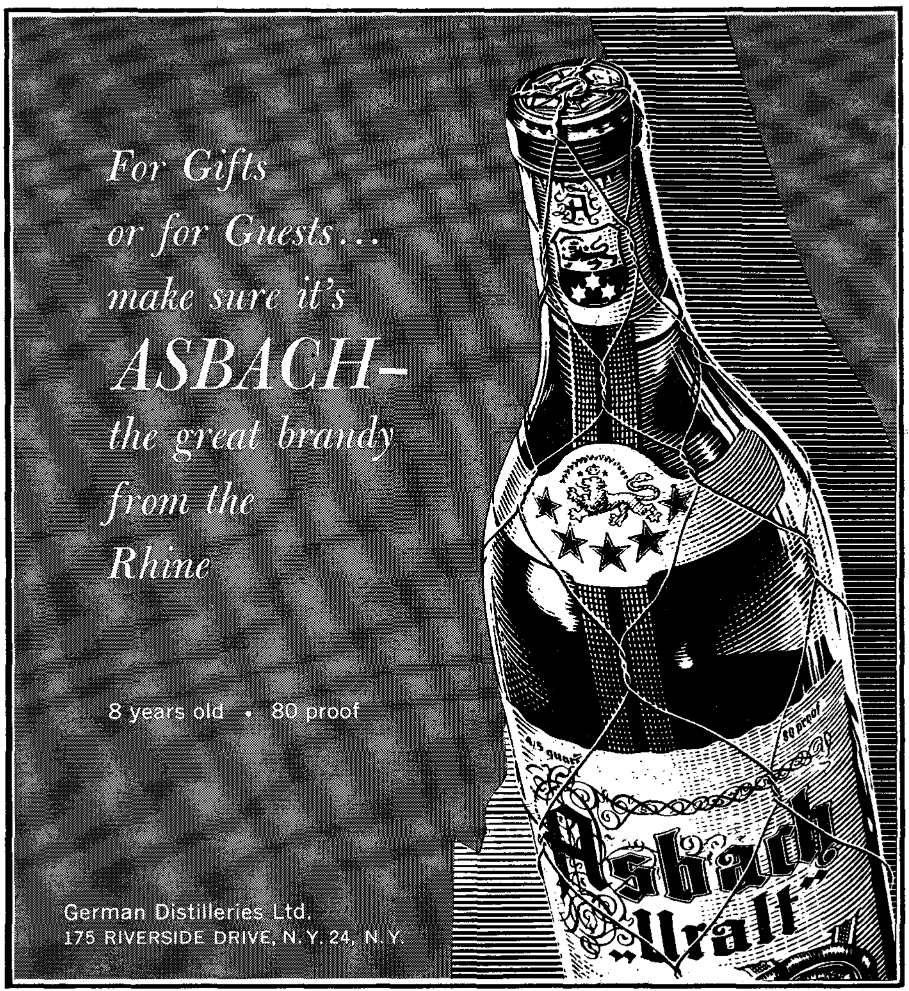
stages, from the ceremonial gift to the outright bribe.

THE official jollifications that occurred earlier this year in Accra, it should be stressed, celebrated a situation that had actually been in existence since 1952, the year Nkrumah became Prime Minister, so the country had been to all intents and purposes independent for half a decade. However, the formal take-over was accompanied by all manner of public junketings, and after a week of it, I wanted to get away, so, a couple of days before the climax, I hired a taxi and drove a hundred miles northeast in the interior to Ho, a market town of about thirty-five hundred people and the capital of the Togoland region of Ghana. Although it had been feared that the Ashanti country—many of the Ashantis were opposed to union with Ghana—might give trouble at this historic moment, it was in Togoland that the fiercest reaction occurred. Rioting was going on there, and troops had been sent.

The day turned out to be a rather cool one. My driver and I rode eastward from Accra along a good, asphalted road and then turned north, entering the rain-forest belt. Here opulent woods replaced the parched scrublands of the coast. There were frequent giant anthills along the roadside, pinnacled like the Rhine castles painted into the backgrounds of German Old Masters. I was disappointed to see no animals whatever, no flowers except a few meagre daisies growing at the roadside, and no birds except turtledoves and an occasional lean, dishevelled hornbill. The African native's access to firearms has brought about the virtual extermination of what few edible animal species existed in the Gold Coast. Indeed, it was a big event in my driver's life when, later in the trip, a native hunter offered us a large cane rat—practically the only form of game obtainable in these days. The price asked for this animal was twenty-five shillings, about three dollars. The driver beat the man down to fifteen shillings, and told me afterward that it was a bargain. We passed through nondescript villages plastered with advertisements for Ovaltine, Guinness, and Andrews Liver Salt. Africans, it seems, are easily persuaded to worry about their health. There was also Ye Olde Chop Bar, a decrepit shack of a restaurant, and the Honesty and Decency Saloon. We met a great number of what are called mammy-lorries, on their way to the Accra celebrations. These trucks, owned by Ghanaian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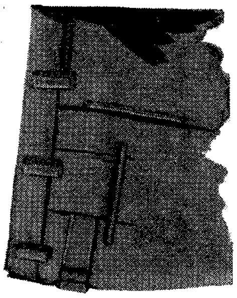
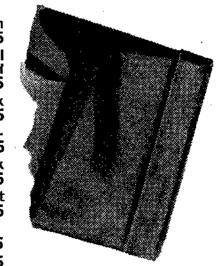

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market women called mammies, who are surely the most prosperous market women in the world (they control three-quarters of the country's retail trade), are famous for the slogans emblazoned on them, which—following the principle of tabloid headlines—usually attempt to crowd too much information or comment into too few words. The result is sometimes unintelligible to the outsider. We saw trucks with such battle cries as "Still Praying for Life," "Trust No Future," "Still As If," "One Pound Balance," "Look, People Like These," and "As If They Love You." The vehicles, which ply between farm and market, are operated by truckmen whose driving is notoriously abandoned, and wrecked and burned-out shells of trucks litter the roadside. The African brand of drivers' fatalism is worse than most, owing to the fact that the African tends not to believe in the existence of inanimate matter. Trees and rocks are capable of locomotion, so after an accident a driver, washing his hands of something completely outside his control, may simply say, "A tree ran into me."

We crossed a new bridge over the Volta River, where the Togoland region begins, and immediately entered a new kind of country. This had been German colonial territory until 1919, when it came under League of Nations control and was divided rather arbitrarily and purposelessly between the British and the French. There were few signs of jubilation in the villages we drove through. On the outskirts of Ho, a shop still carried the title *Buchhandlung*, though it no longer sold books. At this point, we ran through the tail end of a rainstorm, and a thick, spicy smell, like that of an old-fashioned grocery store, reached us from the wet jungle.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. T. A. Mead, who had once been formally known as the Resident of Togoland but whose official title was some time ago modified to Regional Officer. My arrival at Mr. Mead's headquarters in Ho could not possibly have been worse timed. The situation in the surrounding villages was officially described as explosive, and Mr. Mead, whose job it was to see that no explosion took place, had had no sleep for several nights. A minor upset had been caused by a tornado that ripped through the edge of the town earlier that afternoon, tearing off some roofs and putting the town's electric plant out of action. In addition, the R.O.'s wife was in the last stage of a difficult pregnancy, and

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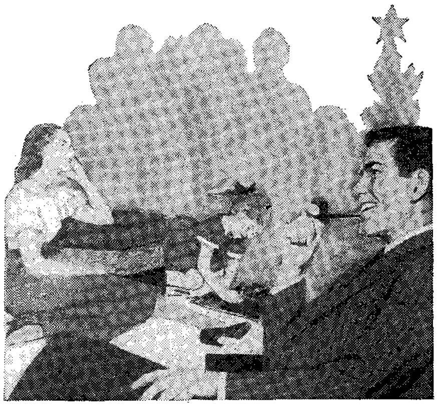

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a car was standing by to rush her to Lomé, the capital of French Togoland, where the medical services, Mr. Mead said, were better developed than the local ones.

Mr. Mead faced these difficulties with monolithic calm. We dined splendidly on the vast polished veranda of the Residency, served by white-coated, whispering stewards, who moved as stealthily as Indian stranglers. Having first, I am sure, discovered through the steward in charge of the guest bungalow that I was travelling very light, Mr. Mead had asked to be excused from dressing for dinner, and we ate in tieless comfort. Like all great administrators, the R.O. seemed to admire and respect the people he ruled, although he thought that they were rather letting the side down in their violent reaction to their integration with Ghana. My host was a master of magnificent understatement, and his only complaint was that there was a shortage of bath water. Halfway through the meal, a dispatch rider arrived with an urgent message, and the R.O., excusing himself hurriedly, departed for his headquarters. I guessed that he expected another sleepless night, for he went off carrying a copy of "A La Recherche du Temps Perdu."

NEXT day, I set out to see something of Togoland. Etiquette called for a visit first to the paramount chief of Ho, but a difficulty arose. A schism had taken place in the leadership of the Ewe tribe, which inhabits the district, over the issue of permanent incorporation with Ghana, and a strong minority had asked to remain under British rule until the local Ewes could unite with their brothers in French Togoland and form a separate nation. When Togoland was divided, in 1919, a hundred and seventy thousand Ewes were transferred to the British and four hundred thousand to the French. The Ewes complained that the tribe suffered by this division. The British section, in particular, they say, became no more than an unimportant appendage of the Gold Coast, and no Ewe had much hope of self-advancement unless he left his native country—as great numbers did—and migrated to Accra. The two political factions dividing the Ewes—the faction in favor of the C.P.P. and union with Ghana, and its opponents, who had lost the recent elections—now regarded each other with implacable hostility. What was perhaps the most extraordinary feature of this situation was that the original paramount chief,

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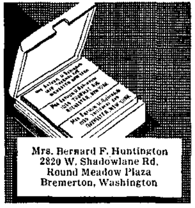

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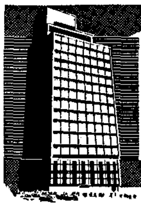

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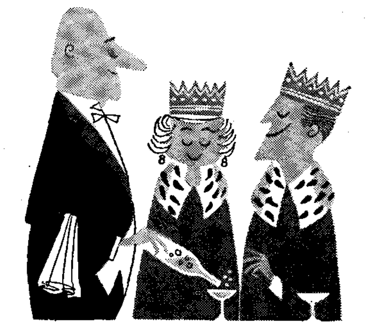

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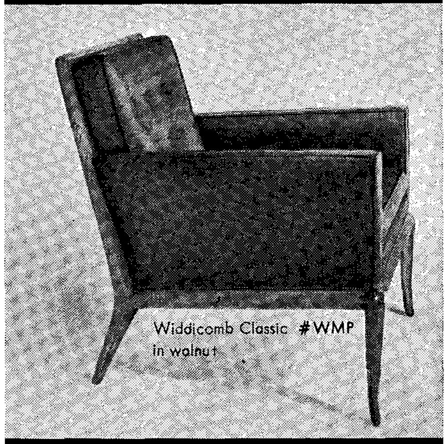

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who headed the apparently pro-British faction, had come under Mr. Mead's displeasure, and diplomatic relations had been broken off between this chief and the Residency. The British were now officially supporting another paramount chief, a pretender from the same royal family and a member of the once revolutionary C.P.P. (The Party still talks sometimes about breaking the chains of imperialism, though in these days with no really convincing show of acrimony.)

It was a problem to know which chief to visit first, since it had been hinted to me that either might feel slighted if it came to his knowledge that I had placed him second on the list. In the end, I decided to make it the dissident chief, or *togbe* (the one at odds with the R.O.), who was notorious for his readiness to take umbrage. This was Togbe Hodo, and I found him living in a small one-story house. From the sparseness of the furnishings and the absence of comfort, I got the impression that this chief—like so many minor potentates of West Africa—was a poor man. Chiefs are elected from among a number of suitable candidates, all members of the royal family, and I was told later that no Ewe candidate stood much chance of election unless he was the kind of man who got up early every morning and set off, hoe on shoulder, to work his farm.

Togbe Hodo's reception was not a genial one. When I arrived, he was in his living room, wearing his working clothes and seated on a piano stool. He was a man of about sixty. According to an old local custom, he affected not to notice my entry, appearing absorbed in his study of a faded picture of Queen Elizabeth's coronation, which provided the room's only decoration. A man who introduced himself as a linguist invited me to seat myself on a worn-out sofa, and whispered that the chief would answer my questions when his council of "wing chiefs" arrived. The linguist then fiddled with a radio until he found a station broadcasting hymns, and turned this up to a fair strength. The council of wing chiefs, who had evidently been fetched from their work—there were eight of them, and one was wearing a carpenter's apron and carrying a plane—soon trooped in and seated themselves on a miscellany of chairs that had been brought in for them. This was my cue (Mr. Mead had coached me) to get up and shake hands with each wing chief in turn, starting with the man on my right and working my way round the circle. When I had done

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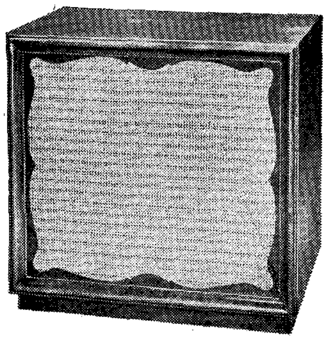

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this, the linguist, speaking on behalf of the paramount chief, who now appeared to have noticed my presence for the first time, said, "You are welcome. Pray begin your questions." Formal palavers of this kind form a great part of African small-town life, and any visitor from another country, however unimportant he may be, is expected to enter with good grace into the spirit of the thing. I don't remember the questions I asked, but, whatever they were, they only provided an excuse for the exposition of the council's views on the burning theme of union with Ghana. Togbe Hodo's *éminence grise*, who hurried in shortly after the courtly conversation had begun, turned out to be a nonconformist clergyman, the Reverend Francis Ametowobla, who had been at Edinburgh University, and who spoke with persuasion and grandiloquence in the soft accent of the Scottish capital. There had not been much hope for Togolanders, he said, since the departure of the Germans, who had wanted to make the colony a show place. Now that the Togolanders were to be delivered to the mercies of the Gold Coast politicians, there would be no hope at all. One of the wing chiefs was old enough to remember what it was like under the Germans. Adolf Herzog zu Mecklenburg, the German governor, had wanted to outshine the Gold Coast and had set to work with tremendous energy to develop the country. There had been compulsory schooling for all, whereas today, the wing chief complained, illiteracy runs to eighty-five per cent. On the other hand, he conceded, the Germans had introduced forced labor. Togbe Hodo made no contribution to this discussion except in his native tongue. I believe that he understood English but would have considered it undignified to dispense with his interpreter on such an occasion.

The opposition chief, Togbe Afede Asor, was a young man and an agreeably expansive one. When I called on him, there was again the business of waiting for the assembly of wing chiefs before the paramount chief could speak, but after this he brushed ceremony aside. We shook hands. I said "How do you do?" and the chief smiled widely and said "O.K." After a brief discussion of local affairs, he asked if I had any objection to his performing a libation. This pagan custom is widely observed on the Gold Coast, despite the most vehement protests from the Christian clergy (and from the Bishop of Accra in particular), and on national occasions it is carried out by Dr. Nkrumah himself, in the

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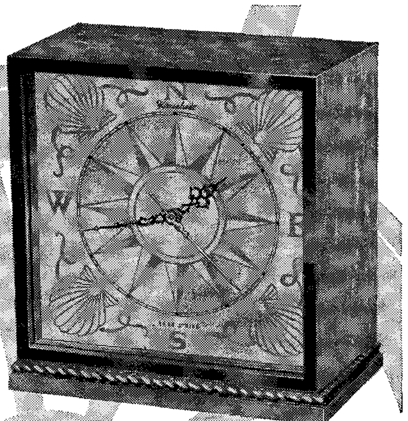
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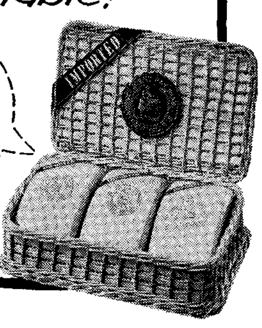
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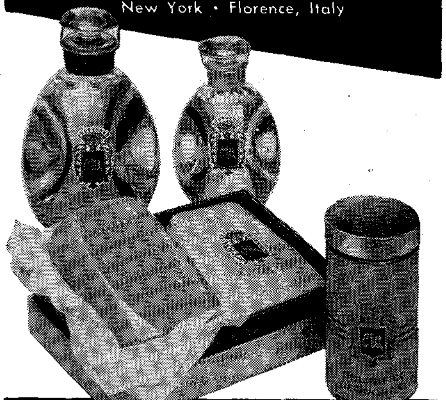

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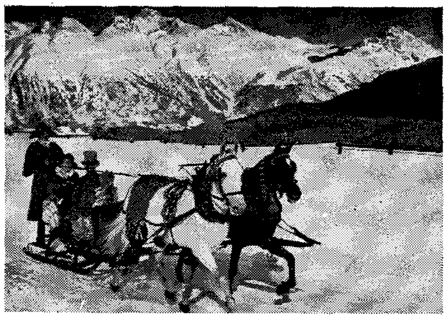
same way a European Prime Minister might lay a wreath on a cenotaph. When Dr. Nkrumah makes a public libation, he uses Hollands gin, which is traditional for the ritual, but Togbe Asor said that in his opinion Black & White whiskey would be just as acceptable to the ancestral shades to whom the libation would be made, and he liked it better himself. We went into the chief's living room, which was densely furnished in a sort of Victorian style, and there the chief poured a teaspoonful of the whiskey onto the green linoleum, at the same time praying in a loud and matter-of-fact voice for the success of whatever mission I happened to be on, and—since he still supposed me to be a government servant—promotion in my particular department. After that, we completed the ceremony in the approved fashion by drinking a stiff whiskey apiece ourselves. Chief Asor told me that he was a Catholic, and that among the Catholic flock in Togoland only chiefs were allowed to pour libations and to possess more than one wife. Another chiefly privilege permitted him to bury "medicine" in his back yard to protect the household from malevolent spirits. When I left, he invited me to come around the next morning at six, when he would sacrifice a sheep in honor of the flag-raising ceremony of the new nation. I was obliged to refuse, since I had already made arrangements to drive on to Kpandu, one of the principal centers of the resistance movement.

Abandoned rebel training camps had been found in the bush around Kpandu, and several caches of weapons and explosives had been unearthed. This was the very eve of Independence Day, and it was feared that despite the precautions taken, and the military units sent, rebellion might break out at any moment. There were few signs of life in the villages we passed through. Houses and shops were shut up, and there were no decorations to be seen. The driver, who was reasonably nervous about the possibility of running into a battle, took to stopping at every village to inquire about the situation immediately ahead. This meant a *de-rigueur* call on the chief and his council, and a certain amount of punctilious time-wasting.

Our stop at Dzolokpuita stands out in the memory. Dzolokpuita was a pretty little Italianate cluster of neat stone houses built on rust-red earth and shaded by flame trees in full blossom. Here the opposing factions had withdrawn to the far ends of the village



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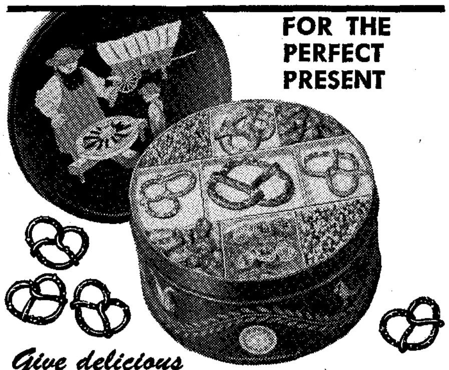

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and, the chief told us, were waiting, with their cudgels and knives, for the coming of night. This chief was a rare pro-government one—that is to say, he was in favor of integration with Ghana—and he was in fear of his life, because his party was in the minority. He was the poorest chief I had so far met. He received me on the veranda of his hut, seated in a deck chair, and his linguist was literally dressed in sackcloth. When the wing chiefs came scrambling in, I noted that some of them wore old French firemen's helmets—a suggestion of better times in the past. The wing chiefs were scared stiff—they expected to have their throats cut that night—and they fidgeted and peered nervously about while the interminable formal routine of questions and answers was being got through. Even in the shadow of bloody revolt, the chief was not going to be deprived of a prolonged exchange of courtesies. After I had asked him how many children he had begotten, and he had gravely replied "They are numerous," he was going on with a full recital of their names, together with those of their mothers, as far as he could remember them, but he was stopped by an outburst of cries from his thanes. An Army truck with a soldier crouched purposefully behind a Bren gun rolled into the square, and one of the wing chiefs went rushing out to demand its protection, but the driver hastily accelerated, and the wing chief was left waving his helmet in the empty square. "We shall die tonight," the paramount chief said. He asked me to bring their desperate situation to the notice of Queen Elizabeth. After that, he poured a libation of locally distilled bootleg gin, and I was allowed to get away.

I went on to Kpandu through a brilliant and menaced countryside. In open spaces near small towns, soldiers were drilling in groups of three or four, with the passion and dedication that West Africans bring to their military exercises. Where there were no soldiers, there were lurking groups of men armed with cudgels. The market in Kpandu was nearly deserted and dreadfully malodorous. The wares included millions of tiny, sun-dried fish and a number of smoke-cured cane rats, which filled the air with a fierce ammoniacal stench. You could also buy lovely, ancient-looking beads copied in spurious Japanese-made amber from Phoenician models; short swords, used in this section of the country to protect oneself from hyenas; pictures of Princess Margaret and Burt Lancaster;

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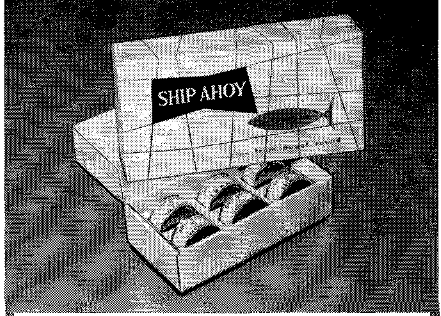

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and, marked down for clearance, glossy prints of Dorothy Lamour in her sarong. While I was looking about, a small, spruce soldier arrived in the market place with a portable record player, wound it up, and put on a tune called "Ghana, Land of Freedom," which, while serving as a kind of unofficial national anthem, has the unusual advantage of being a High Life, and is danced to as such. (The other side of the record offers the Calypso singer Lord Kitchener in "Don't Touch Me Nylon.") While the record played—to the ostentatiously turned backs of the few traders who were present—the soldier stood at attention. A moment later, a local man of obvious substance came up to me. He was wearing toga and sandals, and after offering me his hand, in the easy, genial way of unspoiled Africa, he nodded at the back of the retreating soldier and we exchanged knowing smiles. "I fear, sir, he is batting on a sticky wicket," the new arrival said. I was inclined to agree with him. And although the night, to most people's astonishment, passed peaceably, and no one slit the throats of the chief and council of Dzolokpuita, it was a judgment that I was afraid might be applied to the nascent State of Ghana as a whole. —NORMAN LEWIS

•

RAT RACE

This is the age
Of the half-read page,
And the quick hash
And the mad dash,
The bright night
With the nerves tight,
The plane hop
And the brief stop,
The lamp tan
In a short span,
The Big Shot
In a soft spot,
And the brain strain
And the heart pain,
And the cat naps
Till the spring snaps.
And the fun's
Done!

—R. BLAGDEN

•

Her husband, who is a member of the news staff of The New York Times, also has served as executive assistant to the governor of the Virgin Islands.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Freeman have been married previously. Their unions were terminated legally.—*The Times.*

That's nice. Typical of a *Times* man, too.

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THE RACE TRACK

Sixth International

WITH American-owned horses first and second, and one from Ireland third, the sixth Washington, D.C., International at Laurel wound up in something pretty close to a blaze of glory down in Maryland last week. Hasty House Farms' Mahan won it by more than three lengths from C. T. Chenery's Third Brother, who was a neck in front of Mrs. Arpad Plesch's Stephanotis. Nisos, a German three-year-old, was fourth, and led home the other visitors—two fillies and a colt from France and a colt from Venezuela. The warm sunshine of a fine afternoon found the runners at their best, and a big crowd gathered early in the paddock to have a look at them. I thought that Nisos, a big, handsome animal, was the picture horse of the race. McKinley, the entry from Venezuela, also caught my eye, but he's too heavy and coarse to be called handsome. Prince Aly Khan's Rose Royale II, a filly of beautiful quality, but small, was easily the best of the French lot. As luck would have it, her long trip by plane was too much of a strain; her nerves got the better of her, and she tried to bear out on the turns. Montaval, who has had occasional moments of greatness at home in France, and also in England, but never seems to run the same way twice (you can say the same thing about Third Brother), looked fit, and so did his compatriot Denisy. Without exception, the racers from abroad were smartly turned out, and it was a pleasure to see them on parade. Stephanotis, the least impressive of the visitors but the hardest runner, struck me as a tough, wiry type, lacking in distinction. I expect one reason he ran so well was that he arrived at Laurel later than the other animals and had less time to be affected by the changes in food and water. By the way, Mr. Arpad Plesch, whose hobby is botany, names his wife's horses, and names them all for plants. A stephanotis, as I didn't know till now, is a tropical vine with fragrant white flowers. Around the race track, you learn everything.

Mahan, who simply had too much speed for anybody else in the race (he mowed down Third Brother, the early pacemaker, before he'd gone a mile of the mile and a half), is something of a cosmopolitan. A half brother to Worden II, who won the 1953 International, he was bred in England by Ralph B. Strassburger, and he raced so well in France that he was invited to Laurel for the 1955 International. He finished tenth. Shortly after that, he was bought by Mr. and Mrs. Allie Reuben of Hasty House Farms at a private sale. Last year, he made quite a mark on turf courses—he beat Swaps in the Arch Ward Memorial Handicap at Washington Park in Chicago—but then he hurt a leg in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City and didn't start again until June of this year. Since then he hasn't done too badly—three firsts in eleven starts.

There is something about the International that raises it above the level of other races. It's not merely the six-figure purse (there are more than twenty equally rich stakes elsewhere) or the excellence of the turf course it's run over, or the quality of the runners. I don't know just what it is, but year after year the International has been a good show. It seems to me that it's time more of our better horses were sent abroad for a race or two, if only as a sporting gesture.

I suppose it's the wrong thing to say, but it's my opinion that if Round Table had run in the International at Laurel instead of the Trenton Handicap at Garden State, he would have won easily. (I saw him win the American Derby at Washington Park and, with everything against him, the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City, both over turf courses.) And if he had won the International, he'd be Horse of the Year hands down. As it is, he's just an also-ran.

THERE'S still another week of racing left at Jamaica, so button up your overcoat. Last Saturday, Promised Land, who I daresay is the most improved racer under colors, beat Vertex, the darling of Jersey horseplayers, in the Roamer Handicap. It was his second victory this month. If he gets another, I know racegoers who will vote him Horse of the Year.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

KHRUSHCHEV HAS
TO CARRY THE BALL

"And why not?" Demanded the Soviet Communist Party Leader, Bristling.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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BOOKS

Christmas for First and Second Readers

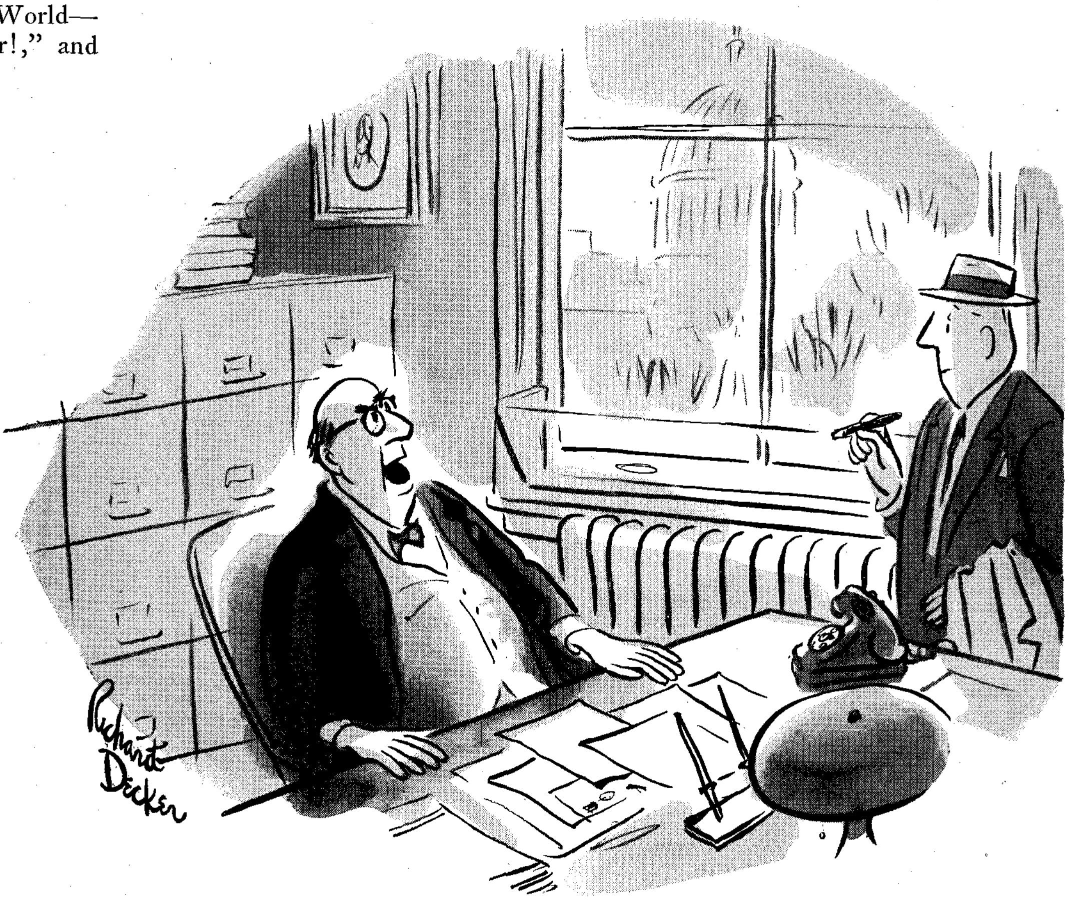
THIS year we aren't attempting to cover the field of children's books but are merely listing certain ones that because of their freshness or beauty or general excellence seem to us to make admirable Christmas presents. As for narratives, we have kept to books for young children, in the belief that by the age of fourteen or so children are reading the novels that adults read or are not reading novels at all. The illustrations for picture books seem, as a rule, superior to the text, with the exception of stories that are illustrated by the author. Surprisingly, ten of the fifteen picture books mentioned below are illustrated by the author.

There is in our house a young bibliophile, aged two and three-quarters, who has been of assistance to us in forming an opinion of some of the books. When she first saw the three by Bruno Munari, all published by World—"who's there? open the door!," and "tic, tac, and toc," and "animals for sale" (ages one to four)—her reaction was conservative. They have doors that open one within another, holes you can peek through, and pages of diminishing size, and they are quite wonderful. "Those are Valentine books!" she said. "*I* like *children's* books!" Once having heard them, she demanded them over and over. Mr. Munari is an Italian artist, and these are the first of his books for children to be published here. They were printed in Italy and put together, obviously, by hand. They are large books in hard white covers, and the colors are clean and beautiful.

"Little Bear" (ages two to six), by Else Holmelund Minarik, and illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Harper), is a tender and eloquent book, and represents a genuine collaboration between author and artist. It is made up of four stories, the first three reappearing in the last in such a way as to induce Little Bear (and Little Reader) to give up and go to sleep. Mother Bear, moving about with heavy grace in the cumbersome skirts of 1903, is an endearing character. Her maternal patience, forbearance, amusement, and dignified pride in her little bear are apparent in spite of herself. Her jokes with him are in a very low key, sometimes nothing more than tiny variations in the repetitions of a question. What makes this book different from all the other children's books in which animals wear clothes and live in houses is that instead of being a tale told to amuse children it all seems to be happening within a child's head. Also, the fact that it is so full of love.

Maurice Sendak has illustrated several other books this year—his own "Very Far Away," Jack Sendak's "Circus Girl," and Ruth Krauss's "The Birthday Party" (all Harper). In every one of them the illustrations have distinction.

There are two new Dr. Seuss books (both Random House) this year—"The Cat in the Hat" (ages three to six) and "How the Grinch Stole Christmas!" (ages four to eight). They are stories in verse, accompanied by very lowbrow cartoons. "The Cat in the Hat" uses only words familiar to first-grade readers and pretends to be intended to make learning to read palatable, but it really is the sort of book children insist on taking to bed with them. The Cat is a self-appointed entertainment committee for two children who are bored stiff on a rainy day when their mother is away. The roughhouse gets out of hand, the worst fears of the family goldfish are realized, and the day is saved when the overconfident but resourceful Cat produces a machine (before long there will be one in every home) for picking up playthings. In "How the Grinch Stole Christmas!" the wicked Grinch climbs down the chimney on Christmas Eve and fills a lot of empty bags with Christmas stock-



"Joe, we've got to find a way to make it damned clear to the folks back home that when I say I'm utterly opposed to handouts, I don't mean all handouts."

OVER IN THE MEADOW

By John Langstaff and Feodor Rojankovsky. "An enchanting rendition of the tuneful old counting song about our meadowland neighbors. The superb illustrations of Rojankovsky surpass any he has ever done." —*Saturday Review.* Ages 3-8. $2.75

SPARKLE AND SPIN

A BOOK ABOUT WORDS

By Ann and Paul Rand. "Original, perceptive, well-written . . . coupled with strong, bold, and merry drawings in color . . . an unusual and attractive picture book for the child from 4-8." —*Junior Libraries* $2.95

THE DAY THE COW SNEEZED

Written and illustrated by James Flora. "A wonderful lively comedy about a wildly complicated chain of incidents set off by the sneeze of a cow. The pictures are just as funny as the text."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 4-8. $2.95

SLEEPYHEAD

By Will and Nicolas. "A natural delight for five-to-eight-year-old boys. Those reading or listening will not soon forget the romping rhymes in which the story is told." — *Christian Science Monitor.* $3.00

DANIEL BOONE'S ECHO

By William O. Steele. Illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff. "Mr. Steele's dry humor is priceless. Tall-tale lovers of any age would be delighted with this as a Christmas gift." — *The Horn Book.* Ages 6-10. $2.50

JUDY'S SURPRISING DAY

By Sally Scott. Illustrated by Beth Krush. "The whole family should enjoy this rollicking chronicle of a typical family trip."— *Virginia Kirkus* Ages 6-10. $2.25

THE PAINTED CAVE

Written and illustrated by Harry Behn. "This story of a small Indian boy who lived in the Grand Canyon is original and beautiful . . . It has been given exceptionally good bookmaking . . . a fine Christmas gift." —*The Horn Book.* Ages 6 up. $3.00

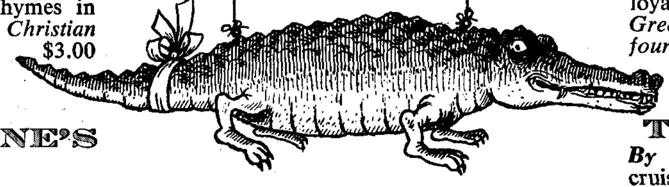
BED-KNOB AND BROOMSTICK

By Mary Norton. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. "Has a place on our shelf of favorite fantasies with *Alice, The Wind in the Willows* . . . This is a treasure everyone will want." —*N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.* Ages 8-12. $3.00

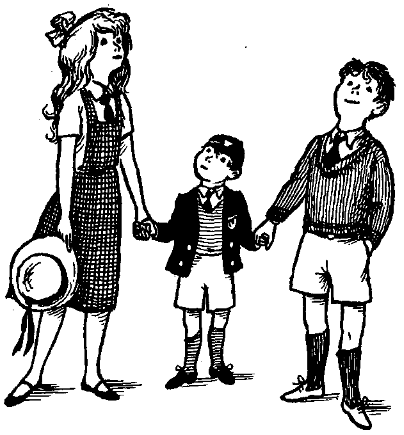
STAR GIRL

By Henry Winterfeld. Illustrated by Fritz Wegner. "This story of a child from outer space who accidentally falls to earth is a charming modern fairy tale." —*Publishers' Weekly.* "Science fantasy at its best." —*The Horn Book.* Ages 8-12. $2.75

Some children might like an alligator for Christmas...



but all children love good books



RING OF FATE

By Jean Bothwell. "An interesting picture of modern India. The heroine is a 17-year-old girl who is in conflict with her grandfather because he wants to arrange a marriage for her." —*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 14 up. $3.00

At all booksellers

TROUBLE AFTER SCHOOL

By Jerrold Beim. Illustrated by Don Sibley. "When Lee found that his gang was planning to wreck the new recreation center, he was faced with the problem of his life. Swift moving." —*Charleston News and Courier.* Ages 10-14. $2.75

LEAVE IT TO THE FRIPSEYS

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ings, toys, presents, the pudding, and even the roast beast [*sic*]. Then he nimbly stuffs all the bags, the Christmas tree, and the Yule log up the chimbley. He doesn't, of course, succeed in abolishing Christmas, but he make a creditable try.

"Tim All Alone" (ages four to eight), by Edward Ardizzone (Oxford), is an affecting Dickensian story about a little boy who has such spindly legs (though of a well-to-do family and merely the victim of circumstances, and *what* circumstances!) and such a pure heart that he might as well be a chimney sweep. Once having resolved on a bold action, the hero proceeds in a straightforward way, but he is a creature of sensibility as well as fortitude, and he can on occasion give way to tears and even, when everything seems lost, take to bed. High adventures are compressed into a very few words and lofty traits into a very small figure. The story is made even more dramatic by Mr. Ardizzone's expressive water colors and sketches (again with a nineteenth-century air) and the balloons of conversation, which greatly extend and fill out and speed on the action.

In "Madeline and the Bad Hat" (ages four to six), by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking), the *mauvais chapeau* in question is the son of the Spanish ambassador. He makes faces at those perennial twelve little girls in two straight lines. He has a slingshot, is a showoff, and should have attracted the attention of the Humane Society. Madeline is as formidable as ever, Bemelmans has done still another series of delightful pictures of Paris—the Bois de Boulogne, the flower market, the Zoo at Vincennes—and, since Miss Clavel even takes her charges for a walk at the Hameau, small Madelineites may have the pleasure of reminiscing over their own visit to the Petit Trianon.

In their very different way, Bettina's wash and water-color illustrations for her "Pantaloni" (ages four to six, and put out by Harper) are just as successful at summoning up the Italian countryside, with its cypresses and willows, the cathedral square in Udine, and the streets and market of Grado as Bemelmans is at making the reader homesick for Paris. Pantaloni is a little loose-eared brown-and-white dog who comes to his young master as part payment for a pair of trousers, and is named for the transaction. Pantaloni is stolen, gets away, and runs wild, scaring some geese and chickens, trampling down some roses. Rumor soon makes him out to be a fierce wolf, and from that time

...then he said that I was different from anyone he had ever met, and I said, 'I've heard that line before.' And then he said I ought to be in pictures, and I said, 'You don't say. Well, I already am. You can see me in

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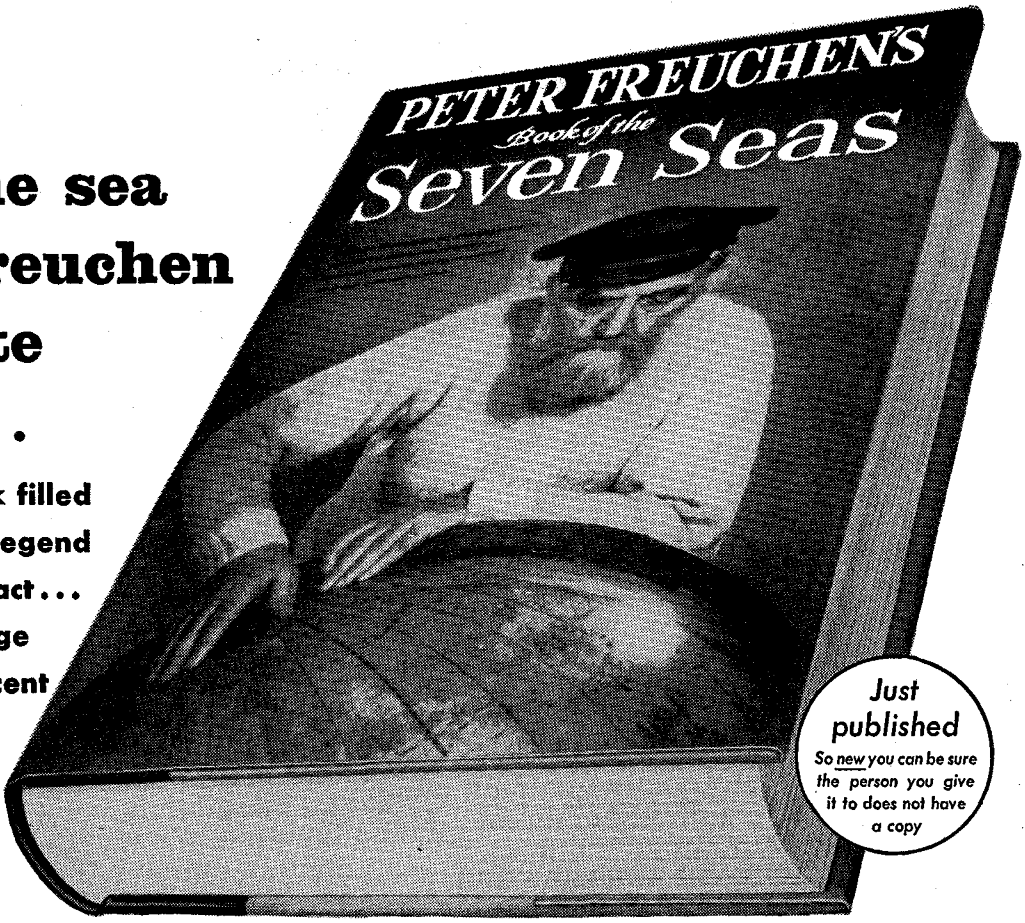

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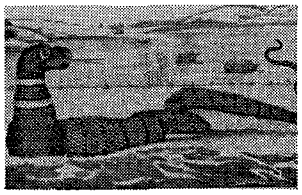

Peter Freuchen writes not only about the past and the present, but predicts what may happen to the oceans in the future – how melting glaciers could raise the level of the ocean and flood our coastal cities . . . what would happen if a major earthquake knocked out the Gulf Stream . . . and a bizarre but feasible plan to dam the Bering Strait and pump warm Pacific waters into the Arctic, converting Siberia and Northern Canada into a flourishing and fertile agricultural region.

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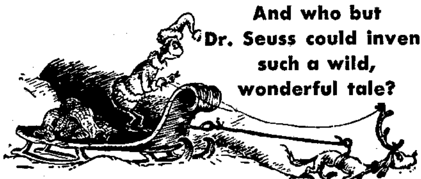

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on, the townspeople behave as though they were in an Italian movie. You can all but hear the shouting.

In Whittlesey House's "The Magic Stones" (ages four to eight), Alain has made the broad principles of Romanesque and Gothic architecture vivid and unforgettable. The villain of the story, a demon known as Monsieur Down, is the pull of gravity, and the heroes are the French architects who discovered, step by step, the round arch, the buttress, the cross vault, the pointed arch, and the flying buttress. Accompanied by drawings so clear that a not very experienced block builder can actually see the distribution of weight, and so appealing that he will want to try to duplicate them, the story tells of the French people's desire to build cathedrals of great height, and of how they solved the problems of light and learned eventually to free the pillars and walls of side thrust so that cathedrals could have fragile walls of stained glass. In addition to the explanatory drawings, there are lovely pen-and-ink ones of a church in Poitiers, of Notre-Dame, and of the façade of Notre-Dame seen from directly below, showing Monsieur Down as a gargoyle, looking dejectedly out over the roofs of Paris.

Two of the Grimm fairy tales have been made into unusually beautiful picture books that reflect the taste and manner of contemporary art. The illustrations for "The Fisherman and His Wife" (ages four to eight), by Madeleine Gekiere (Pantheon), are abstract and aesthetically sophisticated pen-and-ink drawings. They have a kind of Old Testament anger about them, and really do suggest ambition momentarily fulfilled but insatiable, and the sickening swell of great waves and the danger in them. Hans Fischer's illustrations for "The Good-for-Nothings" (Harcourt, Brace), for children of from three to six, are rhythmic and handsomely colored. The fowls are all feathers and impudence, the Pin pierces, and the ferns on the forest floor are aromatic.

In turning from the Grimm fairy tales, with which we are so familiar, to "The Hat-Shaking Dance and Other Tales from the Gold Coast" (ages eight and up), by Harold Courlander and Albert Kofi Prempeh (Harcourt, Brace), one feels the presence of an unaccustomed point of view that extends to everything, from what is considered funny to moral philosophy. The same thing is true, of course, of "The Thousand and One Nights," and in

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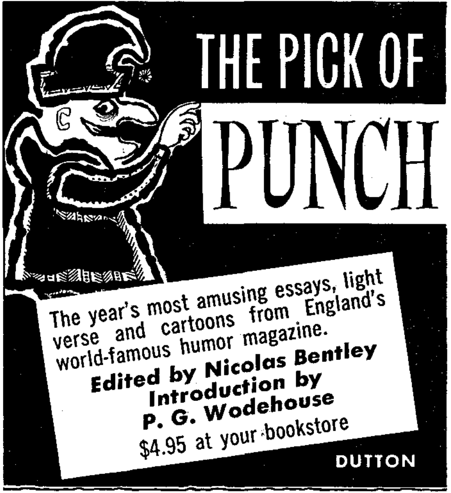

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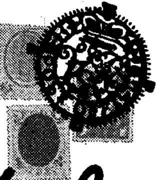

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

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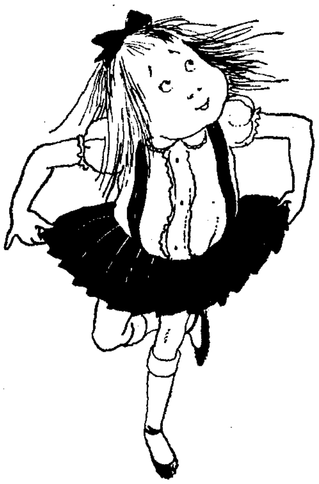
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

both cases it is a source of pleasure. These African folk tales are certainly not for the squeamish, but any boy who keeps frogs in his pocket will like them, and so will a great many adults. The hero is a spider named Anansi. Like Monkey in Chinese literature, he lives by his wits in the midst of the terrifying creatures of the jungle. He is shrewd and courageous, but, on the dark side of his nature, he is greedy, overweening, and dissembling. All tales belong to him; he bought all the stories in the world from the Sky God, for the price of delivering to him the hornets, the great python, and the leopard. How Anansi trapped them, why he is bald, how the moon came to be in the sky, why the elephant is large in front and small behind, and many other natural enigmas are here accounted for with style and sagacity and humor. Enrico Arno's drawings, particularly of Anansi, have a becoming ferocity.

"The Wonderful World of the Sea" (ages ten and up) is the only non-fiction on this list (Garden City). It is by the English naturalist and explorer James Fisher, and no child who reads it will ever think of the sea in the same way again. Its history, geography, and science are not simply lifted from other sources but have taken form in the author's own mind and are colored by his enthusiasm. The language is clear and just right for the young reader. There are two hundred full-color illustrations—paintings of marine life, old prints, maps, and scientific diagrams.

Walter de la Mare's "Come Hither" (ages fourteen and upward without limit), first published in 1923, is available in a new edition this fall (Knopf). It is an annotated collection of "rhymes and poems for the young of all ages." All English poetry is here, from Chaucer to Robert Graves. There are anonymous lyrics of great beauty, not easily come by. Chaucer is printed as he wrote it, with only the most difficult words translated and a dot over syllables that are not now pronounced but were then, so that he can be read aloud. No concession whatever is made to the youth (laziness) of his readers, but de la Mare is not unreasonable. The old Scots poem that begins "Hay, nou the day dauis;/The jolie Cok crauis . . ." has a literal translation printed beside it. The anthology proper is divided into sixteen sections, with such headings as "Mother, Home, and Sweetheart" and "Feasts: Fairs: Beggars: Gipsies" and " 'Like Stars upon Some Gloomy Grove,' " and the arrangement of



Bonjour!

Here's the thing of it.

Kay Thompson has written a new book about the little girl from the Plaza. It is called

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the poems is so calculated that they not only enrich, they *surprise* one another.

The book has a long introduction in the form of a narrative that is full of riddles, and it ends with three hundred pages of notes whose range and charm it is not easy to convey. Under "M" the index of notes reads, "Madrigals, Magi, The, Mandrake, Manners (table), Marchpane, Mariana, Mark, St., Marvell, Andrew, Masks, May Day, Metre, Mice, Midsummer Day, Milkmaids, Monkeys, Months, names of, Moon, More, Sir Thomas, Mourning, Music." The interchange between the poems and the many additional poems in the notes and the notes on the poems flows like conversation, as when an astonishingly vivid excerpt from "The Outline of Science" acts on Mary Coleridge's poem "In Dispraise of the Moon" and precipitates Keats' "Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art—" A twenty-six-line passage from Chaucer's "The Legend of Good Women," on the subject of the English daisy, leads de la Mare to try to discover why Shakespeare neglects the foxglove, the snowdrop, and the forget-me-not (or mouse-ear), and, having disposed of this problem, with the assistance of Canon Ellacombe's "Plant-lore and Garden-craft of Shakespeare" and "British Flowering Plants," he finds, to his dismay, "that while honourable place has been given to the eryngo, to coloquintida and the pomegranate; while onions, pignuts, rhubarb, cabbage, potatoes, and turnips have won their niche (the last three in 'The Merry Wives'), bindweed, cornflower, dandelion, London Pride, buttercup, and *Sweet William!* had bloomed for him in vain." Then, leaving the reader to justify these omissions, de la Mare returns to the daisy. " 'A yellow cup, it hath,' says Pliny, 'and the same is crowned, as it were with a garland, consisting of five and fifty little leaves, set round about it in manner of fine pales. These be flowers of the meadow, and most of such are of no use at all!' " "No use at all," de la Mare says, "except to make skylark of every heart whose owner has eyes in his head for a daisy's simple looks, its marvellous workmanship, and the sheer happiness of their multitudes wide open in the sun or round-headed and adrowse in the evening twilight." Then follows an excerpt from "The Second Brother," by Thomas Beddoes, containing the "loveliest daisy in poetry," and after that a verse portrait of Chaucer by Robert Greene, and then, lest the read-

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—ALFRED KAZIN, *N. Y. Times*

Two portions of this compelling novel appeared in *The New Yorker* this Fall. It is a selection of the New York Area Booksellers Association.
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A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

McDowell, Obolensky Inc.

er be reluctant to let this shining handful of subjects slip through his fingers too soon, he sees Chaucer out by gentle stages (and only temporarily), by way of a list of epithets applied to him by his contemporaries and by other poets.

"Come Hither" was intended as a kind of introduction to poetry, and so it is. But what other poet of de la Mare's virtuosity and lyric gifts ever set out to teach the nature and principles of poetry to the young? It is sending them to a Friday-afternoon dancing school where Nijinsky is the teacher.

—Emily Maxwell

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Amelie and Pierre, by Henri Troyat, translated from the French by Mary V. Dodge (Simon & Schuster). Amelie is a delightful young French girl whose marriage has taken her from her quiet provincial home to Paris, where she and her young husband, Pierre, have opened a small neighborhood café called the Champion Cyclist. As this book begins—it is the second book about Amelie to be translated—Pierre is away fighting in the First World War, and Amelie, with her infant daughter to care for, is running the café alone. M. Troyat tells about the excitements and anxieties and hopes that color Amelie's daily life, and describes the few enchanted reunions she manages to have with Pierre before he comes home from the war for good. It is a wonderful book, translated with understanding.

March the Ninth, by R. C. Hutchinson (Rinehart). Eugen Reichenbach, an Austrian surgeon who has become an American citizen and is working for a world relief organization in postwar Trieste, performs an emergency operation on an escaped German war criminal, Siegfried Zempelmarck. Zempelmarck, of course, is wanted by the police, and he is also being sought by some private individuals who would like to have the pleasure and satisfaction of executing him themselves. Reichenbach, who has jeopardized his career and perhaps his life by helping Zempelmarck, proceeds to fall in love with the beautiful, saintly Frau Zempelmarck and involve himself in a series of frantic, elaborate plans for spiriting the German and his wife and son to safety in Spain. This could have been a very good

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melodrama of adventure and escape—the background, the danger, and the intrigue are all at hand, and the cast of villains and heroes and heroines is complete—but Mr. Hutchinson prefers to devote his attention to the course of Reichenbach's sickly passion, which, through glum necessity, is transformed from schoolboy adoration and longing into schoolboy veneration, and is studiously unacknowledged, in all its aspects, by Frau Zempelmarck, her one idea of life being that it offers her an opportunity for daily self-sacrifice and, with any luck, for complete renunciation of it in martyrdom. The writing is earnest and thorough and workmanlike. The time is 1947.

DUNBAR'S COVE, by Borden Deal (Scribner). Matthew Dunbar, whose family has owned and farmed Dunbar's Cove, on the Tennessee River, for generations, fiercely resists the plan of the T.V.A. to appropriate his land and settle him and his sons and daughters someplace else. It is certain from the beginning that Matthew is fighting a losing battle, and Mr. Deal concerns himself mainly with the changes that take place among the Dunbars during the long interval before they are finally dispossessed. We see the family scattered and divided until it seems that, of the whole big, happy household, only Matthew himself and his youngest daughter, Miss Hattie, aged twelve, will remain steadfast to the land and to the past. Mr. Deal has written a big, showy, warmhearted book in language so high-flown that the effect is often comic when it should be dramatic, and comic again when it should be solemn.

LINES OF LIFE, by François Mauriac, translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A spare and sorrowful book about the destructive path, ruinous to himself and no good to anyone else, taken by a handsome young man of peasant family who comes to his first great success—his only success—when he is barely out of adolescence, and then spends the rest of his short life hurtling himself toward the moment that will mark the end of his perpetual fear of being no longer the youngest, the handsomest, the most admired and loved and desired. The hero-victim's name is Bob Lagave, and the scene changes from Paris, where his family life is as mean and constricted as his social life is ex-

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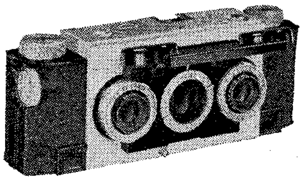

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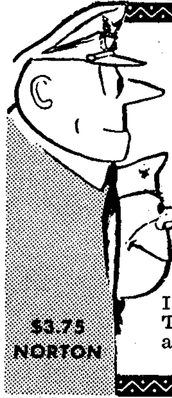

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travagant, to the winegrowing district of Bordeaux, where the Lagave family has its roots.

MANDEVILLA, by Kate Thompson (Houghton Mifflin). Not a complete work in itself, this is a sequel to Mrs. Thompson's first book, "Great House," in which she introduced the wealthy and vivacious Derain family of South Africa. In this installment—for it is evident now that the Derains will be with us for some time to come—we read of the sudden arrival in the household of a beautiful waif, Mandevilla; of the return after three years of the wild Derain son, Beau; and of the manner in which the capricious Derain daughter, Susan, smashes up her marriage to a quiet but busy country doctor. The writing is brisk and cheerful, but there is too much recapitulation for the benefit of those who missed "Great House," and too much preparation for the next appearance of the Derains.

GENERAL

CANDLES IN THE SUN, by Lady Emily Lutyens (Lippincott). A stunning account of Lady Emily's twenty years, from 1910 to 1930, in the Theosophy movement, centering on the grooming of a young Indian boy named Krishnamurti to be Lord and Savior of the world. Beneath all the bizarreness of nut-cutlet lamb chops and spiritually magnetized aspirin, this is a tremendous human story, told with unsparing honesty. The principal characters stagger credulity: Mrs. Annie Besant, an absurd and touchingly sincere figure, who left her clergyman husband when she became a freethinker, and later renounced her occult powers to work for Indian home rule; the so-called Bishop Leadbeater, the discoverer of Krishnamurti, who read "Dracula" aloud to the future Savior and to Lady Emily's children, claimed that he played on a seven-stringed lyre made of emanations from the planets, and said that rocks felt tender emotions; and Krishnamurti himself, who progressed from a fascination with fine clothes, automobiles, and movies to a conviction that he *was* the World Teacher, then to a "public mission," which began in the Hollywood Bowl, and, finally, to a complete break with the Theosophists. Lady Emily was deeply attached to Krishnamurti, and she now is aware that her feeling toward him combined elements of ma-

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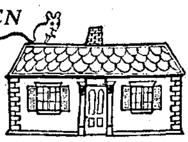
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ternal love (he, she says, had an answering "mother fixation") and grandiose pretensions, which led her to see herself as the new Virgin Mary, but now, in her eighties—having long since given up Theosophy herself—she still thinks of him as "the purest and most beautiful being I have ever come across, the perfect flower of humanity." Perhaps the most sensible comment on the whole pathetic story was made by Lady Emily's long-suffering husband, who remarked, "I do not believe any Christ was ever brought up to be a Christ—as a profession—as one might call it." Or perhaps it was made by Krishnamurti, who used to cry to Lady Emily, "Why did they ever pick on me?" Photographs.

A Guide to Communist Jargon, by R. N. Carew Hunt (Macmillan). This short book is more than its title suggests. To be sure, it is a glossary (of sorts) of the terms that Communists use in their long running argument with common sense, but it also examines the historical origins of those terms and the mutations effected by expediency. The author, who is an Oxford University specialist in Marxism, first reminds us that Communist definitions are framed in such a way that a desired conclusion will follow from them: Socialist states do not commit aggression, because non-aggression is a principle of Socialism (thus, any military action taken by a Socialist state cannot be defined as aggressive); free elections are not desirable, because the only inference to be drawn from a defeat of the Party is that the masses have been suborned by the forces of reaction. Mr. Carew Hunt then goes on to apply a litmus-paper test to such words and phrases as "agitation," "dictatorship of the proletariat," "proletarian democracy," "cosmopolitanism," "bourgeois nationalism," and the like. He is fair-minded in his discussion, and this is exactly what makes his book so trenchant.

Ernest Renan as an Essayist, by Richard M. Chadbourne (Cornell). Professor Chadbourne tries to rescue Renan from his current unfashionableness by demonstrating that "he is one of the greatest French essayists" and "a magnificent writer," and was a learned and subtle historical thinker. These evaluations are based on detailed analyses of Renan's ideas and style, and if they do not entirely convince us, they do make us nos-

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talgic for Renan's eloquence and gusto, seldom associated in our day with such matters as Semitic philology and the history of religion.

MERRY ENGLAND, etc., by Ronald Searle (Knopf). An album of drawings, with jokes attached, by one of England's most lapidary Expressionist cartoonists. Generally, the captions weaken the over-all effect of the pictures, for Mr. Searle tends to be satisfied with very slender ideas, but in evoking a kind of never-never Edwardian look he is unsurpassed.

JUBILEE, ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE "ATLANTIC," selected and edited by Edward Weeks and Emily Flint (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A big, rich book, uneven but absorbing, in which the editors have been preoccupied more with recording the procession of events and ideas from the Civil War to the Age of the Atom than with preserving the *Atlantic's* literary treasures. The material is arranged by category, rather than by chronology, with the result that contemporary writers are reprinted alongside the great names of the early days. Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne—the very roster of that first decade is exciting. From a somewhat later period, there are pleasures like a chapter from "Life on the Mississippi," Emily Dickinson's correspondence with Thomas Wentworth Higginson (which includes a dozen poems), stories by Sarah Orne Jewett and Bret Harte, and a stark segment of Owen Wister's Western journal. Unhappily, the word "segment" is a key to the editors' method, for they have heavily cut prose and even verse, except for the short stories and lyrics, which they reprint in full. (Edward Weeks, in his preface, says that he expects to be criticized for his cuts, and it is easy to accommodate him.) Two purely literary sections are "Atlantic Fiction," which contains six short stories by living writers, ranging from Hemingway's "Fifty Grand" (1927) to Nathaniel LaMar's "Creole Love Song" (1955), and "The Poets," which contains nineteen short poems, from Longfellow to Anne Lindbergh. (The really good ones are in between, by Frost, Yeats, Dylan Thomas, and Wallace Stevens.) Two of the strongest sections are "Portraits and Self-Portraits" (Emerson on Thoreau, Virginia Woolf on her father, and Max Beerbohm's affectionately wick-

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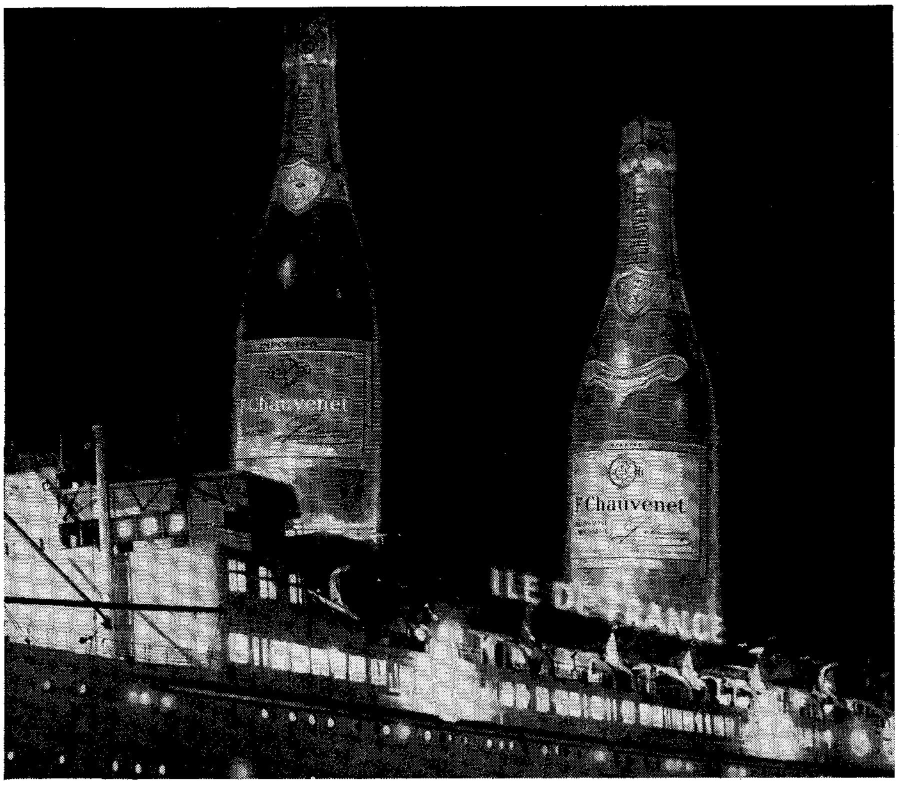

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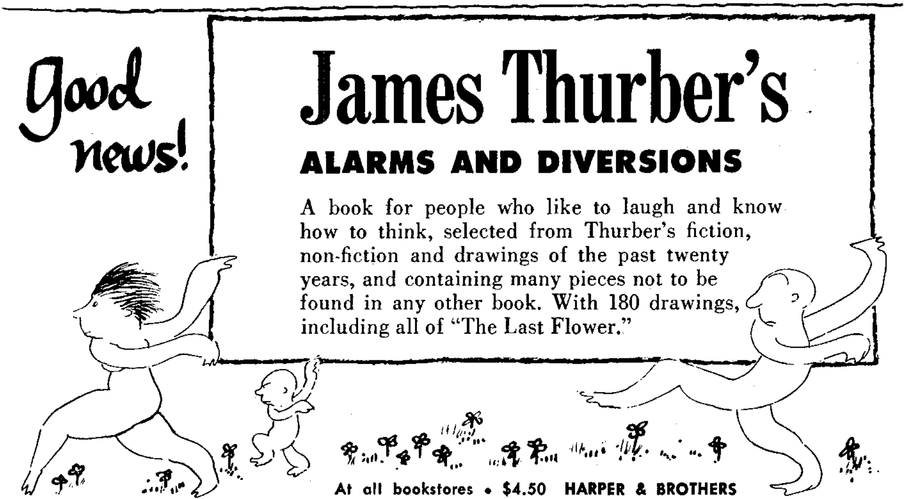

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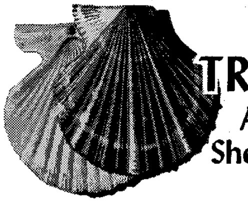

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If you're an investor or would-be investor, our advice to you is to lend an ear to both Panza and Quixote. In short, mind your P's and Q's.

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ed portrait of George Moore are among the best) and "Questions of Faith," which has such items as G. B. Shaw's astonishing letters to a nun and Alfred E. Smith's stirring reply to an article questioning his suitability, as a Roman Catholic, for the Presidency. Mr. Weeks has written a brief introduction to each section, and these, together with his preface, provide entertaining intramural information: Julia Ward Howe was paid four dollars for "The Battle Hymn of the Republic;" Howells, when he was editor, serialized seven of his own novels; Henry James was top man for the longest serial (it ran for seventeen months); Charles Eliot Norton, who had been commissioned by the first editor, Lowell, to shop around in London for a serial and some stories and poems, lost the trunk containing the manuscripts, and the British writers were so incensed that it was a long time before they came again. Thus, from the start, writes Mr. Weeks, the *Atlantic* had no choice but to be strongly American. The book gives one a sense of the nation, and yet retains the New England flavor that has always endeared the magazine to its readers. Norton wrote Lowell before the first issue appeared that an enterprise like the *Atlantic* might well "burn brightly for a while and then burn out," though he hoped the new magazine might live long enough to acquire, through affections and associations, "a steady glow." The bed of coals from that first fire was hot enough to last a century. May it long continue.

•

SORRY, WRONG MAN

In the Justice Court news in the Enterprise last week it was reported that Bill Barber, R.F.D., Williamston was picked up on a drunk and disorderly charge during the preceding week-end. The name should have been Edward Barber, R.F.D., Okemos.

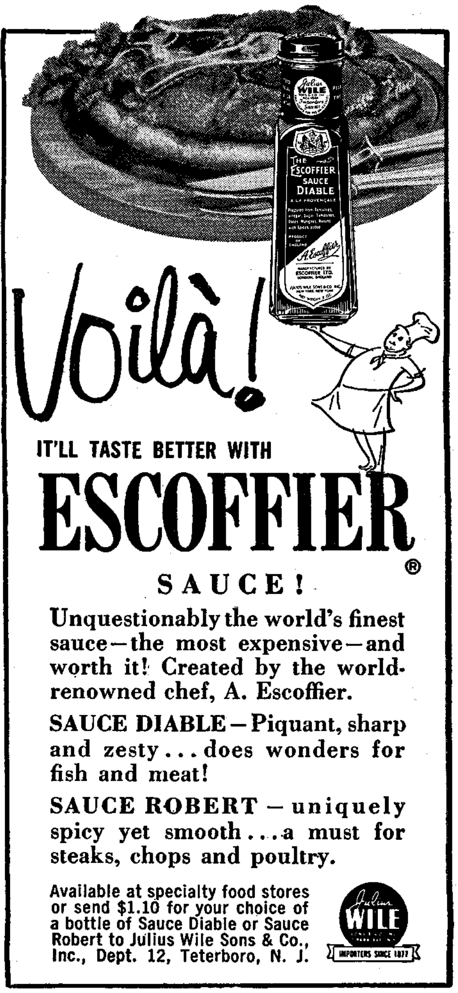
The matter was very embarrassing to Bill Barber who is a law abiding citizen of Williamston, for which we are very sorry.—*Williamston (Mich.) Enterprise.*

Well, you can't have *everything* your own way.

•

Subjects also included portraits, cats, interiors, flowers, and one very unique and outstanding Halloween party in a gravel pit. This by Alison Mason Kingsbury Bishop. It is meticulously rendered in her inimical way but a departure as to subject for the artist.—*Ithaca (N.Y.) Journal.*

Nobody loves a gravel pit.



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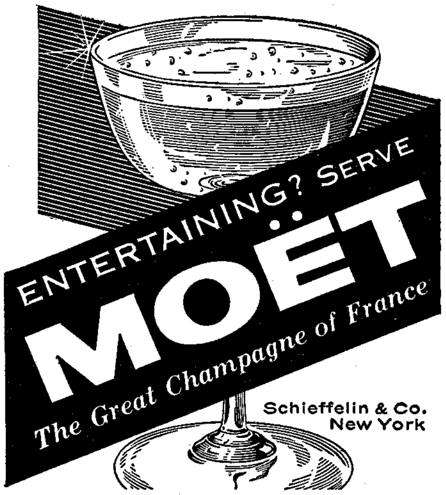
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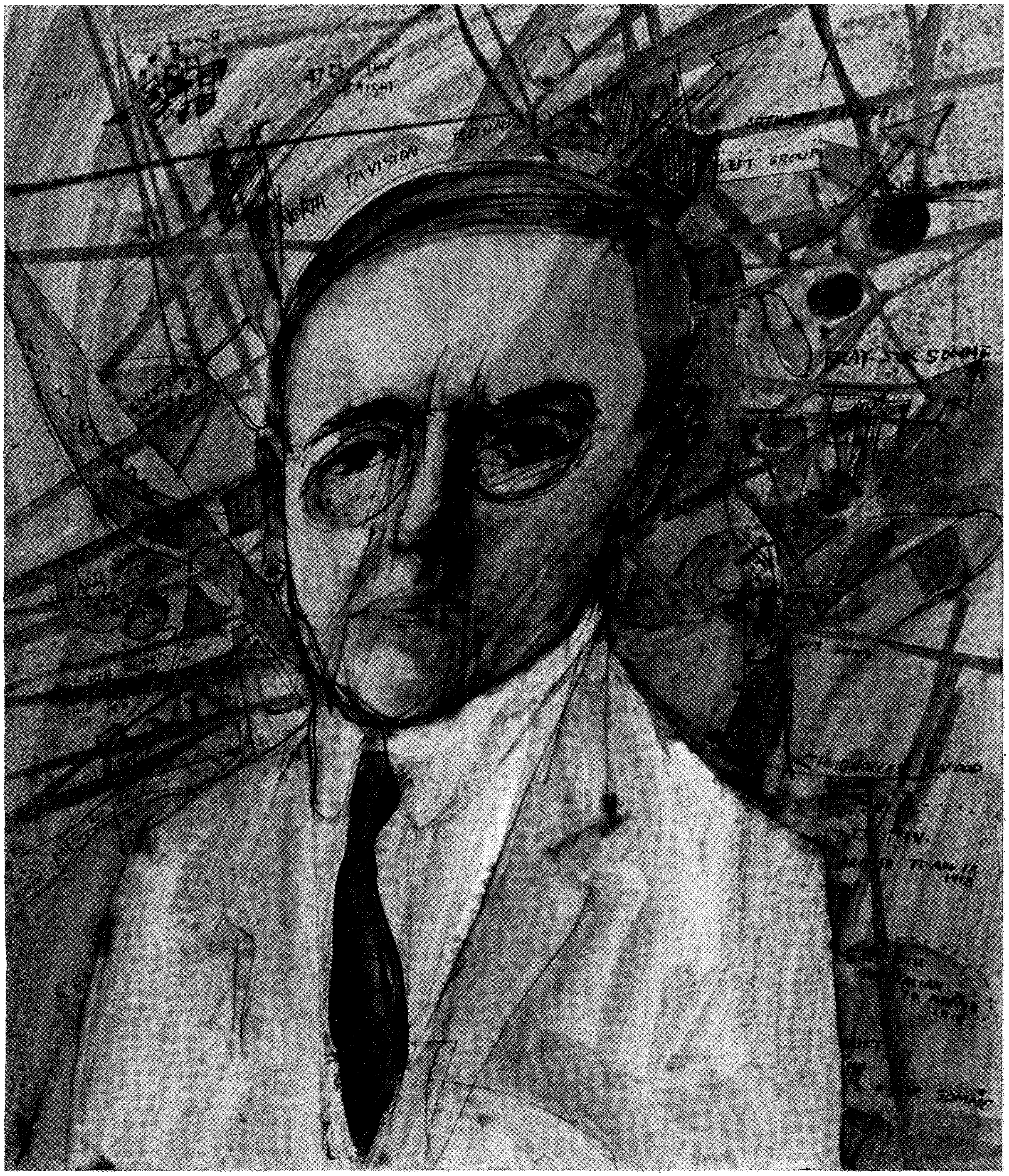
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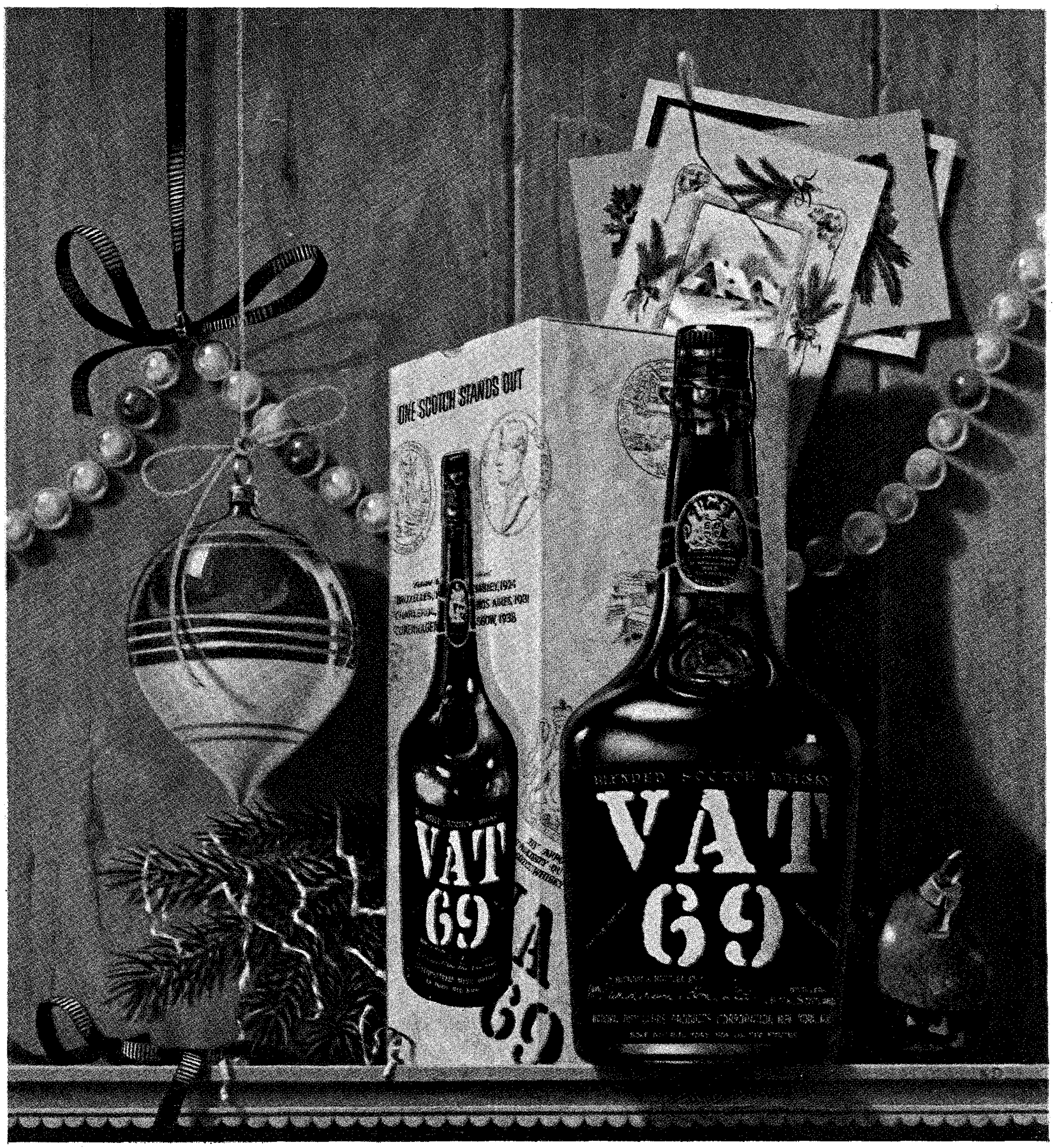

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